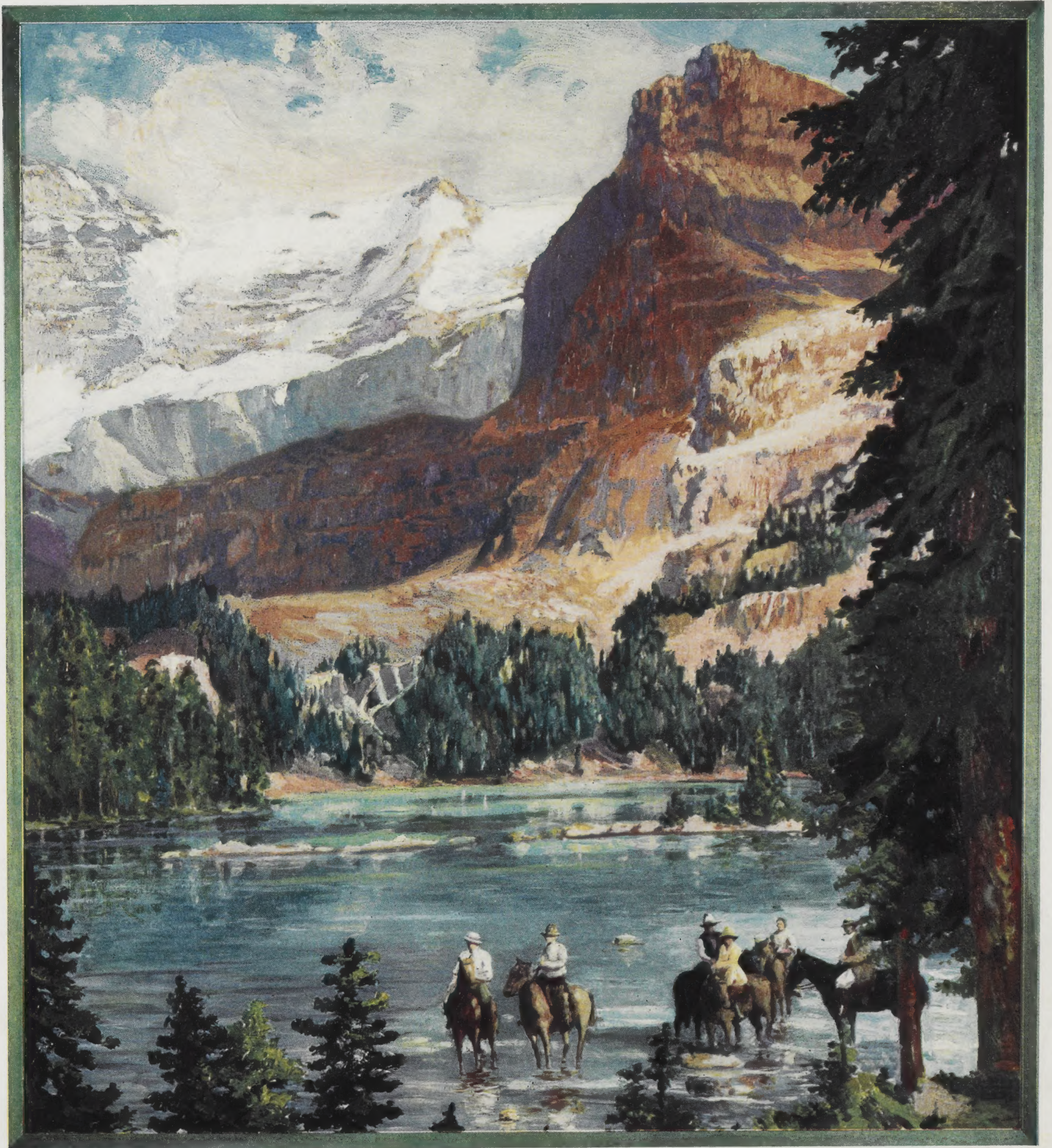


The WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

AUGUST
1926
WINNIPEG, CANADA



LAKE O'HARA

Commencing with this Issue

"Mantrap" By Sinclair Lewis

10
CENTS



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THAT youth can longer be retained, as experts know and urge, is proved on all sides today. It is being done by women everywhere. Start now with the simple skin care printed at the right. The result in youthful charm and skin clearness will amaze you.

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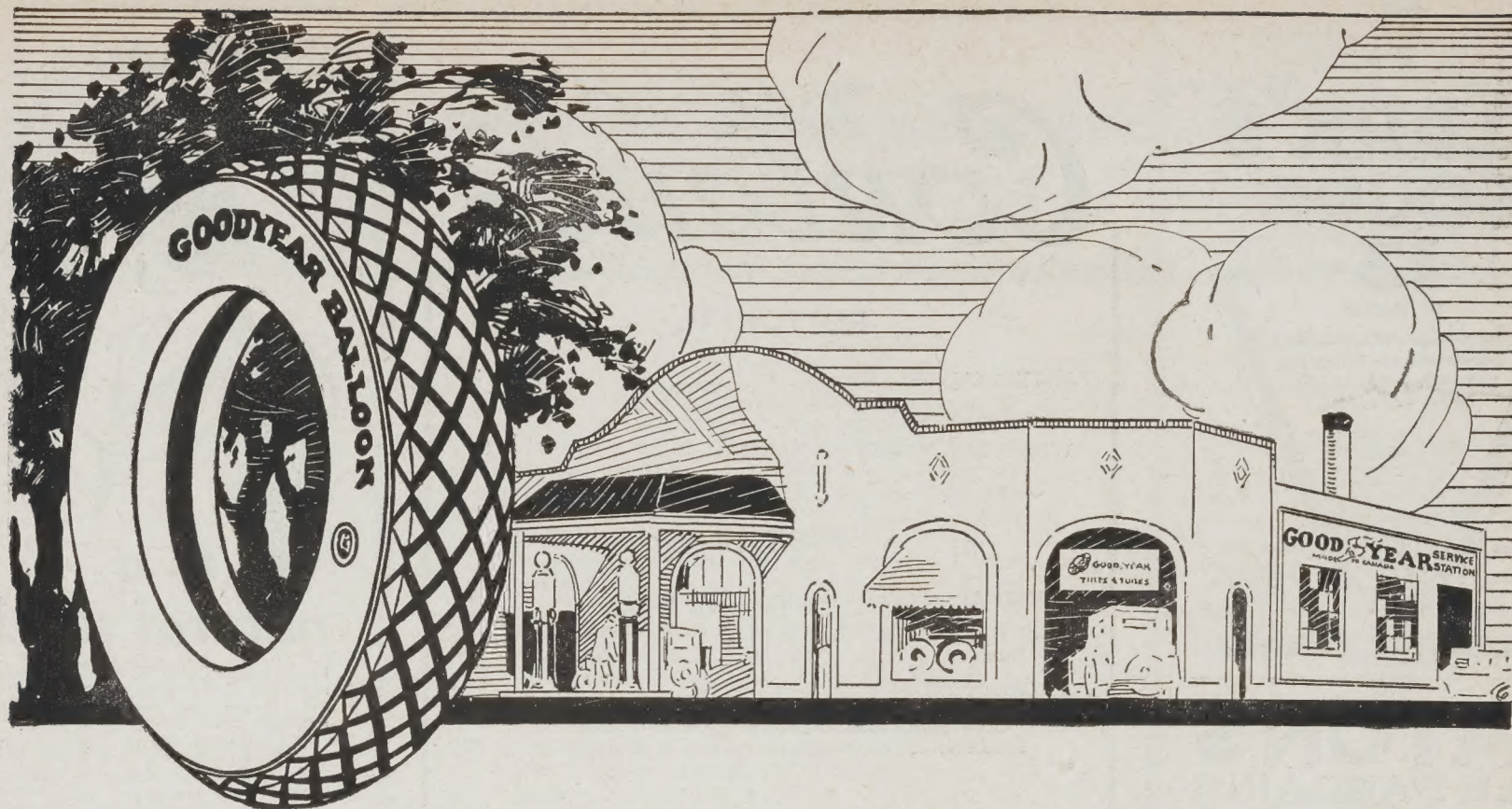
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The Western Home Monthly

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WINNIPEG, MAN.

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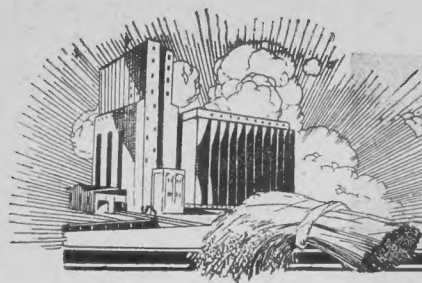
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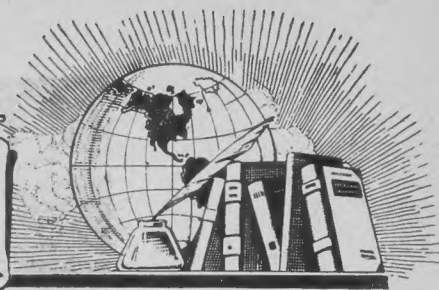
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EDITORIAL



Permanent Welfare

IT IS fitting at this particular time in our national experience to remember that permanent peace and prosperity depend not so much upon commercial and industrial progress or upon natural and acquired resources as upon the moral stamina of the population. The really important standards are not acres and dollars but personal integrity and genuine goodwill. In all departments of life these are our safeguards.

In personal life a man who is true to his trust and faithful to his promises needs no other recommendation. He may be imposed upon and at times derided, but in the end he will make good with his fellows and will from day to day have the approval of a good conscience. Nor does every man who is successful in business, nor every man who makes loud profession of religion come in this class. Neither does college training guarantee the moral qualities which are so desirable. True manhood respects not race nor class nor creed nor color.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene

The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear,

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,

And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

In family life this same personal integrity and friendly attitude are equally desirable. For wife and husband to be able to trust each other implicitly—this is the secret of all family happiness; for both parents to enjoy and seek the companionship of their children—this is the secret of permanent peace and understanding.

So, too, in the history of the nation. We must be led by men who are honest and upright, no matter how clever and wealthy they may be they are nothing if they are not to be depended upon. To men who know no deceit and who wink at no wrong-doing, there is no possibility of sectional bias and party blindness.

Nor can we succeed nationally unless there is genuine good will—a willingness to work with others, to see the good in others, to help others. This applies to distinctions of every kind. Recently we have had in Canada the spectacle of differing creeds ignoring their differences and concentrating on common policies. There was undoubtedly a good side to this. We say nothing as to methods nor as to sacrifice of principles. The same drawing together should be witnessed among the races and the classes and the geographical units that go to make up the Canadian nation.

If in the coming political contest we make it our duty to vote honestly and to elect men of integrity and with national spirit we need not fear for the future. In the long run it is ideals and practices that survive.

The Stampede

THE stampede held in Winnipeg some years ago was to the stampede of last month as champagne is to ginger ale. The real thrill of the old stampede was lacking, namely, the steer-chasing or bull-dogging, and the cruelty to animals so shocking that hundreds left the stands in disgust. It was said at the time that never again would Winnipeg stand for such an exhibition. It was fit only for countries that can tolerate bull-fights and gladiatorial combats. So, when the stampede was announced for last month good care was taken to omit the giant thrills. The result was that the public witnessed something rather tame, something, indeed, that might have appeared as a single act at a fall fair, but which had not enough spice and variety to attract for a whole evening. The fact is that the day of the stampede is gone. The West loves horse-riding and appreciates the skill of the lasso-thrower, but it will draw the line when cruelty is practiced. If there is necessary torture of horses and cattle on the ranges let there be no unnecessary display of it in the arena. What the public see is not the bravery and skill of the riders, but the inhuman treatment of defenceless creatures. We congratulate the West that the old-time exhibition is no longer possible.

Liberalism in England

IT IS interesting to read the English reviews on the Lloyd-George-Lord Oxford controversy. Clearly the untitled leader has lost little in public estimation, and if the party to which he belongs has lost power in parliament and is no longer one of the great forces in national life, he is not primarily the cause of the disaster. Says the *Nation*:

"The Oxford minority do not yet know what to do, and it is possible that they will, after all, try to preserve the appearance of unity in the House—at any rate until they see what happens outside. Failing a unanimous gesture which Lord Oxford was hardly likely to make, the result of Tuesday's meeting was inevitable. Lord Oxford sent the curt message that he had nothing to add, nothing to retract. The reconcilers at the meeting—the men who know what the constituencies think of this wretched business—failed to find a way of escape. The immediate victory was left with the master-tactician who, having the initial advantage of being in the right over the cause of the quarrel, had carefully marshalled his forces for the critical engagement."

The *Manchester Guardian* has this to say:

"Many Liberals who distrust Mr. Lloyd-George and who cannot forgive him for past mistakes frankly admit that on the issue of the general strike it was he and not the leader of the party who voiced the mind of Liberalism. There is also a very general feeling, by no means confined to Liberals, that he was not fairly treated by the colleagues who hastened to disown him. Certainly this is the view of two-thirds of the Liberal members of the House of Commons, who on Tuesday carried a resolution deprecating the publicity given to the differences between the leaders, which is, of course, by implication a censure on Lord Oxford."

A rank outsider, and certainly no lover of Lloyd-George—G. K. Chesterton—has this to say in his *Weekly*. He says in effect that Lloyd-George is not radical, but following a lost hope:

"There are many socialists whose whole aim at this moment is to retreat gracefully; quite apart from Mr. MacDonald who is never anything but graceful, and Mr. Thomas who never does anything but retreat. There are Labour men of a different style and at a different stage of conversion to common sense. They are not shifting their ground in any shifty sense; but rather seriously reconsidering and choosing their ground, even if it involve falling back on older but more solid ground; and we should be the last to wish to cut off their retreat. But it would be rather funny if Mr. George were forcing himself to agree with them at the very moment when they were beginning to agree with us. Perhaps he will eventually obtain the triumphant position of Leader of the English Socialist Party and find that it is no longer there."

Religion in Schools

DR. L. P. JACKS, principal of Manchester College, Oxford, in "*A Living Universe*" sets forth an idea that is worthy of reproduction in every land. It is a fitting answer to those people, somewhat lacking in real religion, who are continually clamoring for more formal dogmatic instruction in the schools:

"Not long ago I met one of our great school-masters—a veteran in that high service. 'Where in your time-table do you teach religion?' I asked him. 'We teach it all day long,' he answered. 'We teach it in arithmetic, by accuracy. We teach it in language, by learning to say what we mean. We teach it in history, by humanity. We teach it in geography, by breadth of mind. We teach it in handicraft, by thoroughness. We teach it in astronomy, by reverence. We teach it in the playground, by fair play. We teach it in kindness to animals, by courtesy to servants, by good manners to one another, and by truthfulness in all things.' 'But what,' I said, about the different denominations? Have you no trouble with the parents?' 'None at all,' he replied; 'we have half a dozen denominations. But we treat the children, not as

members of this church or that, but as members of the school, and we show them that, as members of the school, in work and in play, they are members of one another. We teach them to build the church of Christ out of the actual relations in which they stand to their teachers and their school-fellows, because we believe that unless they learn to build it where they are they will not learn to build it afterwards anywhere else. I do not want religion brought into the school from outside. What we have of it we grow ourselves."

Canada's Governor-Generalship

As the term of Lord Byng as Governor-General of Canada approaches its end this summer, rumors had multiplied as to his successor. According to current reports Lord Willingdon is to be the new Governor. It is officially stated that the Canadian government has acquiesced in the selection and that the British Government has offered him the appointment.

Lord Willingdon, whose name occurs as the likely choice, was born plain Freeman Freeman-Thomas, and in 1910 was created first Baron and in 1924 first Viscount Willingdon. He was born in 1866, attended Eton and Cambridge, being captain of the cricket eleven in both cases, married in 1892 Hon. Marie Adelaide, daughter of the late Lord Brassey, and his heir is Hon. Inigo Brassey Freeman-Thomas. His interest in Canadian affairs was manifested last year when he was one of those chiefly instrumental in urging the town council of Hastings, England, of which borough he is a freeman, to restore to the city of Quebec the ancient escutcheon of the kings of France, which had been taken away from over the gate of the city by the soldiers of General Murray at the time of the conquest in 1759.

When in Canada this year he was on his way to China as head of the Chinese Indemnity Fund Committee, which was going to China to arrange for the return by the British Government of the Boxer indemnity, amounting to some £11,000,000. —By John R. Bone, in the Boston Transcript.

Slang

THE following quotation from Professor Schelling in *Winter Topics*, has special significance for Canadians. We are inclined to lament the decline of our speech because so many words and phrases of foreign extraction and so many modifications in pronunciation and usage of ordinary words have recently come into being owing to the influence of the foreign-born. Yet if newcomers modify our speech they also enrich it. So too it is often regretted that people take expressions from one field of activity and transfer them to another. This is in the main the origin of figures of speech. Many slang expressions originate in the same way. They are not of necessity degrading to the language. They may possibly be a means of enrichment. The thing to be avoided is not slang, but slanginess—not the slang word but the slangy attitude. The person who tries to use the latest word, sing the latest song, take part in the latest dance, just because these are new, or "cute," is lost. Yet slang phrases properly employed have a value. Says Professor Schelling:

"As to slang, it is the one certain evidence that a language is still alive, for slang is the language of the people in the making. Moreover, a picturesque slang is a safeguard against profanity, which—peace to the clergy—is little more than inarticulate speech seeking utterance in explosion. Mechanical ingenuity has timed and regulated explosion into powerful motive force. Let all grammarians, logicians, and sufferers under foreign teachings know that English is not a degenerate offshoot of the old Teutonic stock, 'a base dialect gabbled by pirates in their depredations on the high seas,' as one of our late enemies politely put it. English is the free, masterful, adaptable speech of a free, masterful and adaptable people who are destined to rule the world, not because they are brute conquerors, but because they are the leaders of the world into the daylight of a true democracy."



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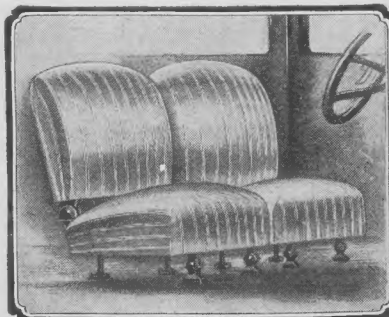
Many of these advantages you will recognize at a glance. But you will have a higher appreciation of their meaning when you know that a plant of 18 acres which with equipment approximated a cost of \$10,000,000, was first built and that special machinery had to be designed, to make possible the New Coach your dealer is now showing.

Again Essex "6" offers in the design and construction of the New Coach as radical an improvement as was the original Coach itself, which we created.

It is all steel, bolted and riveted, and so rigid that squeaks, rattles and distortions, are as unlikely as in a steel building. Doors are so hung that a man may hang on an open door while the car is being driven over rough roads, without springing it out of true.

And it is so designed and constructed as to permit the use in a totally new manner of a high baked enamel, most lustrous and lasting finish. This has made possible new combinations in finish that will please your eye.

There has been constant improvement in the chassis from the first Essex shipped. Every week has seen some betterment. But only by the accumulation of the resources, the information, experience, and the skill that have resulted from the purchase of 350,000 Essex "Sixes" in a short period of time, was it possible to erect the plants, to perfect the machinery, to create the designs that have resulted in this car which we ask you to inspect and to drive as the best looking, best value, best Essex ever built.



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MANTRAP

By Sinclair Lewis

Illustrations by Clark Fay

FIRST INSTALMENT

PRICKLY heat jabbed its claws into Ralph's sweaty neck as he staggered under the load. All through the long portage and the torture of paddling afterward, he had looked forward to the shooting of Ghost Rapids, as anxiously as he looked backward to the man who was in pursuit.

He was glad to get it done, to come at last to those notorious rapids and see Lawrence Jackfish leap up in the bow, pointing with his paddle toward the one safe passage through the frenzy of broken currents. The stream poured between gnarled rocks in a gush smooth as a sculpture of polished bronze. Ralph fancied that if he touched that swelling sleekness of water it would be hard and slippery to his hot fingers. But beyond the gate of danger the churning and frightened river spread into a hundred whirlpools among rocks half hidden in the foam.

As he bent over the paddle, bringing the canoe's head sharply to the right to follow the fantastic jagged course which Lawrence was choosing, the rocks ashore caught the tail of his eye and he realized that the canoe was going with aeroplane speed into the maelstrom.

Suddenly they were in the calm waters beyond the rapids, and in relief Ralph sobbed above his lifted paddle, so that the girl looked back in wonder, and the Indian snickered. There was a sacred moment of security. But always Ralph knew that they were fleeing from an angry man who might be following them—angry and swift and menacing.

Ralph Prescott was perhaps the most conservative member of that extraordinarily conservative firm of New York Lawyers, Beasley, Prescott, Braun and Braun. He played law as he played chess. A squabble was as inconceivable to him as a fist-fight, and it was a shock to find himself twitchy, irritable, likely to quarrel with clients and waiters and taxi-drivers.

He muttered, "Overwork—must take it a little easy—too much strain in the hydro-electric negotiations—try a little golf." But the little golf, or even the unprecedented dissipation of going to the "Follies" instead of staying home working over the documents with which his sober brief-case was always crammed, was insufficient to lull his jangling nerves, and night by night he awoke to obscure panics, lay rigid with black and anonymous apprehensions.

At forty Ralph Prescott was more than ever a bachelor. The explanation was a mother so much

"I wanted to ask her could she go to supper with me, but I didn't dare."

more serene and fine and instantly understanding than any girl he encountered that he had preferred her dear presence to insinuating romance. But she had been dead these two years, and where she had once coaxed him away from his desk at midnight for a chat and easy laughter and a glass of milk before she ordered him off to bed, he sought now to fill the vacuum of her absence by working till one—till two—till weary dawn.

A friendly, grave man was Ralph, quietly popular among his friends, the dozen lawyers, doctors, engineers and brokers whom he had known in college and whom he met nightly at the Yale Club; a man slight and eyeglassed and perhaps a little naive.

However sharp he was, and however formidably solid about following up a point of law, he was still as respectful toward all the Arts and all the Politenesses as he had been in college, when he had listened to Professor Phelps in literature classes and from afar, with a small flame of worship for sweetness and light, made his bow to Thoreau and Emerson and Ruskin. It was concentration, with a trick of being obligingly friendly to judges and juries, which had won his legal prestige, not that

thrusting power to bully and bluff and dazzle which distinguishes most realistic attorneys.

On a May day in the nineteen-hundred twenties Ralph Prescott perceived how badly his nerves were frayed.

He was driving, this Saturday afternoon, to the Buckingham Moors Country Club, beyond White Plains, for eighteen holes. He was driving his own coupe, which, with its prim nickel bumpers, its windows of speckless plate glass, its chaste seat coverings of much-laundered crash, was as depressingly proper as an undertaking parlor.

It was the first brilliant Saturday of late Spring, and everyone in New York who could drag out any sort of motor vehicle, from a 1910 Ford to a new Rolls-Royce, from a limousine to a passionately trembling old motorcycle, had been seized by the same enthusiastic notion and had dashed out to view Westchester County. When Ralph carefully turned from East to Thirty-Seventh, where was his small

restrained flat, to

Fifth Avenue, he found himself too tired to cope with the cruel and unyielding mass of cars.

Only by acrobatics and the risk of death could he zig-zag his way ahead of the others. For miles he crept behind a venerable sedan, stopping in a panic whenever it stopped, till he came to hate the refulgence of the sedan driver's bald head. Always he had to be attentive to the opposing line of cars so close to his left fender; had to be conscious of the car just behind him, which was apparently ambitious to run him down.

"And I'm supposed to be having an afternoon holiday!" he groaned. I've simply got to get away. This isn't living. I'd like to go some place where I can have elbow-room and breathe again."

Once, when a traffic policeman halted him just as he came to a crossing, once, when a small boy ran out into the street in front of him, his heart almost stopped, in a panic as grotesque and alarming as the shriek of a lunatic. Through all the drive he never relaxed but only waited desperately for the end of this ordeal.

He finally won past the distasteful litter of gas stations, hot-dog stands, ugly frame houses, and came into the spacious peace of the Buckingham Country Club grounds. He halted his car on the curving gravel road hedged with rhododendrons, and drooped flabbily over the wheel.

"Got to take more care of myself," he meditated. "Rotten shape. Smoking too much—"

In that limp mood he was more than usually depressed by the locker-room of the club.

Damp cement walls, gritty cement floor, odors of sweat and gin and ancient bath-towels, sight of paunchy middle-aged men trying to be boyish in athletic undershirts, sound of overconfident laughter and more or less humorous boasting about scores—he had always felt fastidious about this den, but today it was intolerable. It was a relief to be taken up by Mr. E. Wesson Woodbury.

Woodbury was the chairman of the greens committee, and vice-president and sales-manager of the fabulously powerful Twinkletoe Stocking Company, whose sleek wares are to be observed on the ankles of half the girls in the country, from Japanese cannery hands in Seattle to chorus ladies in New York. Mr. Woodbury was a round, thick, self-satisfied man. He gave the impression of a particularly large and juicy drumstick from the fricaseed chicken at Sunday dinner, and his loud sudden laughter had all the horror of gears jammed by an unskilled driver.

Woodbury was dressing at a locker only four removed from Ralph's. He was donning checked



knickers, and stockings with rings of crimson and yellow and pea-soup green, diversified by a few pretty adornments in the way of diamond-shaped blotches. While he dressed he shouted as though Ralph were a mile away:

"Better come join us—got three of a foursome—just got three—me and Judge Withers and Tom Ebenauer—just got three, but some gang, boy, some gang, great gang. Better join us—better come join us—the Judge might let you off easy when you come up for transporting liquor."

Usually Ralph avoided Woodbury. He preferred men quieter and more deft and honest. But today, in his alarming shakiness, he was buoyed up by Woodbury's pink, swelling, shining self-confidence. He felt like the small boy in prep school who may not esteem greatly the football captain's notion of Latin declensions but who is glowingly flattered by his friendliness.

"Well——" he said.

Somehow, Woodbury was the sort of chap who would take care of him. He needed someone to lift him out of his shaky depression.

Ralph played a precise and conscientious game of golf, and for all his recent quiverings he was easily the best of the foursome. Woodbury had faith that by bellowing, "Well, by golly, how'd happen t' do that?" he could make up for any slicing. As the four of them trailed along the serene pastures of the elm-shadowed course, Ralph found peace again and strength, and a certain affection for his jesting companions.

Woodbury was not always jesting, however. He had a grievance:

"I've certainly been having tough luck. Been planning a great ol' fishing and canoeing hike in northern Canada—way up north of railhead, along the Manitoba-Saskatchewan border—the Mantrap River country. Great place—get entirely away from civilization; just forget there are any dog-gone desks and phone calls and bad accounts. I was up there three years ago—didn't quite get to Mantrap but nearly there. And fishing! Say! Muskalonge, pike (only they call 'em doree in Canada), ten pound, fifteen-pound lake trout—boy! I had it all planned to go up there this summer with a friend of mine lives in Winnipeg — canoes bought, route picked, four corking Indians hired for guides; and then Lou — my friend — he had the rotten taste to up and get sick on me. Say, Prescott, you better think about coming along in his place. You lawyers don't have anything important to do anyway. Why don't you let up on your poor old clients for a while and give 'em a chance to grab a little money that you can take away from 'em next fall!"

"I'd rather like a vacation," mumbled Ralph, more attentive to the probable lie of his ball than to the Great Open Spaces.

"Like it? Ma-an! Pulling in a fifteen-pounder! Sitting by the camp-fire, listening to the Old Timers pull the long bow about pioneering! Sleeping in a tent, without any autos honking! And look, Prescott: seriously now: an awful easy trip, the way I make it. The Injuns do all the carrying on the portages; they cook the chow and clean the fish and put up the tents. And when we don't use the outboard motor, they do the paddling, not us."

"Motors? On canoes? In northern Canada?" gasped Ralph. It was sacrilegious.

Woodbury waved his mid-iron in a hysteria of laughter.

"You poor old tenderfoot! You Manhattan backwoodsman! Every Cree chief in Canada—I suppose you expect 'em to wear buckskin and paddle birch-bark canoes! Why, there isn't hardly a chief there that hasn't got an outboard motor and a white man's canvas canoe. Lord, you fellows make me tired. You—why, you know all about London and Paris and the Riviera—I've heard you gassing about 'em with Eddie Leroy—and you don't know these here North America no more'n a rabbit. Gosh, you're ignorant! Better come along and meet some real folks for a change!"

Ralph was both nettled and conscience-ridden. It was true. He knew nothing, nothing whatever, of the trappers and prospectors who still guard the frontier. He had never slept on the ground. He

was soft. He was soft and timorous—he with his pretty little vacations in Brittany and Devon and the Bavarian Overland! But also he was irritated by Woodbury's superior manner as he explained, like a radio lecturer, that there were six methods of propelling the big cargo canoes used for the long northern hikes: paddling, poling, motoring, lining, sailing, and even, in high waves, oars.

Mr. Woodbury evidently viewed with scorn the dainty canoes with red cushions and fancy names which are to be found at summer resorts. Now as those were the only canoes Ralph had ever known, as he remembered with fondness a certain lake, a certain canoe, and a certain girl whom he had paddled as much as a whole mile



He was a splendor of wide-brimmed hat, canvas jacket, checked shirt and ferocious spectacles,

in the golden days of twenty years ago, he felt that Woodbury was a boor . . . Horrible sort of chap to have with you in the strained intimacies of a wilderness journey!

But at the end of the game, as they tramped back to the clubhouse and to the gin and gingerale for which a hard week of sentencing people for selling gin had made Judge Withers peculiarly thirsty, Woodbury flung his arm about Ralph's shoulder and cried in a boyish and fetching manner now and then:

"Don't mind my kidding you, Prescott. You're not used to the wilds, but you'd learn—you've got nerve and sense. If you could make it, I'd love to have you come along. Think of it! Up towards Hudson Bay, where you begin to get the Northern Lights streaking across the sky in August!"

Though he had not taken the proposal seriously, all the way home from the country club Ralph drove easily, unconscious now of the press of traffic, absorbed in visions of the North—visions derived from the yarns which he absorbed in bed, after midnight, when he was to twitely to sleep . . .

The long trail. A dim path among enormous spruces. Overhead, gold-green light slipping through the branches. Lost lakes, reflecting as ebony the silver of the birch groves. The iron night, and in the vast silence more brilliant stars.

Grim wordless Indians, tall and hawk-nosed, following for league on league the trail of a wounded moose. A log cabin, and at the door a lovely Indian princess. A trapper bearing a pack of furs—luxuriant ermine and cross-fox and beaver.

Dreaming thus, cheered by an excellent dinner at a Japanese restaurant on the Croton river, Ralph drove home and left his car in the huge humming garage where live like royalty the motors of corporation counsels and millionaire bootleggers and even movie actresses. He came whistling home to the old brownstone residence turned into flats, and he whistled as he opened his fantastic black and orange door.

He stopped short, gasping with terror, his heart somersaulting. Facing him was an intruder, his arm out, holding a revolver . . .

In two seconds he saw that the intruder was himself, imaged vaguely in the full-length mirror of the bathroom door; that the outstretched arm was his own, and the shining revolver his conservative door-key. But the shock left him panting as he wobbled down the hall, into the heavily ornate and bookish living-room, and lay limp in a red leather chair.

"I've—I've got to do something, or it'll be a breakdown! I will go to Canada with Woodbury! After all, he's a mighty good fellow, despite his bellowing and his confounded pep and punch. I'll go!"

In all of his guarded and carefully planned existence he had never sounded so desperately resolute.

His voice seemed frightened as he gave Woodbury's number on the telephone and as he addressed that good man in his West

End Avenue residence; it sounded but a little less frightened as he summoned a taxicab and said good night to the janitress, who leered from the vestibule at the spectacle of the well-behaved Mr. Prescott starting out at eleven p.m.

"You bet—you bet — come right up—don't matter

how late, and I'll tell the wife to have the Jap stick some real genuine beer on the ice," Woodbury had greeted him. As Ralph bounced northward in the taxi, his heart was warm with the friendliness of the quarter-master-colonel of progress.

"—quit all this crossword puzzle mongering of the law, and these concerts and high-brow English weeklies

and cautious games of bridge. Get out among real men and eat grub and sleep on Mother Earth," he murmured. "Good old Woodbury—what a generous fellow he is!"

Woodbury was waiting in the lower hall when Ralph arrived. He greeted him by thrice shaking hands, thrice pounding his shoulders, and led him up the highly carved black walnut staircase to the Den, a room rich and slightly stuffy, profuse in mounted ducks, old pipes hanging on a pyrographed rack celebrating the valor of Colgate University, and the originals of those very paintings of girls with lovely Silkketoe Stockings whereby the good tidings with Silkketoe Stockings had been made known to a yearning world.

He produced Mrs. Woodbury, a pretty woman of thirty, who gulped:

"Oh, Mr. Prescott, I do think it would be too delightful if you could go with Wesson. The old bear! He pretends to be such a husky man of the wilds, but he's as soft as a baby, and I do hope you'll go along with him and keep him in shape. You say you aren't used to roughing it, but honestly you look quiet athletic—like a track runner."

Her lord admitted: "Yes, I guess that's about right. I'm not as good as I let on. But I get along on bacon and bannock a lot better than the little woman here thinks, and it'd be just as well for you to make your first stab at the Big Woods with a man who wasn't too hard-boiled, and wouldn't keep you hiking maybe eighteen hours a day."

Their modesty about Woodbury's achievements as a Hardy Pioneer did more than hours of boasting to convince Ralph that it would be agreeable to accompany him; and as Woodbury, like a rather bloated but very jolly small boy, dragged all his beloved playthings out of closets and cedar chests, what won Ralph's affection more than the beauties of a varnished fish (looking too disagreeably dead to suggest any joy in the catching), more than the cleverness of an agate-mounted reel, was a worn and wrinkled pair of laced boots.

"Now there's some real Ritzy dancing-pumps," yearned Woodbury. "Look at those spikes—like they'd been sprinkled on with a salt-shaker. Had 'em done specially. And that foot—soft as a moccasin. Those boots—why, say, they've been with me in Maine and Michigan and Canada. Many's the big ol' bass I've pulled out wearing them! Many's the hill I've climbed! And now let me show you something that is something!"

He flipped open a linen-backed map bearing the legend "Mantrap River and Vicinity." There was Winnipeg, at the lower right-hand edge; there was the Flambeau River; there were Lake Warwick and the Mantrap River, Mantrap Landing and Lac Qui Reve, Ghost Squaw River and Ghost Rapids, Lost River and Weeping River and Lake Midnight.

Ralph could more or less picture Winnipeg, though he had never been west of Chicago; and he had heard of the Flambeau River. He imagined its sulky yellow flood, rolling for a thousand miles through a wilderness of pines and willow thicket and lone swamp melancholy at sunset. But most of the map, whether the Manitoba side or Saskatchewan, was as unfamil-

a drawer in the kitchen cabinet, in the astounding but surely temporary absence of all openers), Ralph flung out what was for him an almost hysterically incautious statement:

"I really think I might try to see if I couldn't arrange to get away, and I'm most frightfully obliged to Mrs. Woodbury and you for welcoming me at this indecently late hour, and—"

That night, very late, he walked all the way back to Thirty-seventh street. He felt brawny and tall and free, and as his trim feet, supercilious in black tie-shoes and linen spats, clacked on the pavement, to him they were padding in the mold and moss of far northern trails.

AMONG the Fifth Avenue windows given over to silver cocktail-shakers, emerald bracelets, and gowns direct from Faubourg St. Honore, is the magnificent display of Messrs. Fulton & Hutchinson, the great sports outfitters.

It is a camping scene. How green the cotton grass, how aqueous the glass water, how affecting to any exiled Dan'l Boone must be the stuffed blackbird singing a soundless lyric on a lifeless reed. And how necessary for hardy camp-life are the portable radio set, the pneumatic cushion which becomes a life-belt, and the four-burner gasoline stove.

Ralph Prescott stared at this realistic scene reverently, marched into the store, and was directed to the Outing Garments Department, on the seventh floor.

"I'm going to northern Canada, fishing, and I want something durable and quite simple in the way of clothes," he said modestly to the clerk who glided up.

"Certainly sir. The entire outfit? May I recommend these whipcord riding breeches, with laced boots, a real Ouspewidgeon flannel shirt, and a waterproofed canvas jacket with game pockets? Now these breeches, for example, they'll last a lifetime, and they're very nice value at only sixty-eight dollars," beamed the clerk.

Ralph winced, and squeaked slightly, but let himself be led into

moment he had no doubt of his competence to shoot rapids, tote three hundred pounds on the portage, and whip the most aggressive Indian.

"I'll order some big round spectacles, like Wes Woodbury's—look more outdoorish," he determined.

The expert clerk, whose training in perilous exploration had not been entirely within the establishment of Messrs. Fulton & Hutchinson, but had included three weeks in a Y.M.C.A. camp on Lake Chautauqua, unloaded upon Ralph a few large red bandannas, coat and trousers and hat of oilskin, self-ventilating gloves, folding slippers, woolen socks especially made by some special firm for some special purpose about which the clerk was a little hazy, high laced boots; low laced boots, and shoes of canvas with rubber soles an inch thick.

By this time Ralph was recalling Wes Woodbury's tense prayer, "Whatever you do, for the love of Mike, keep your outfit small!"

He escaped from the seventh floor after buying, under the clerk's ardent counsel, a duffle-bag so large that if it were entirely filled no Indian yet born could have carried it across a portage. It was a charming and tricky duffle-bag. It had inside pockets, outside pockets, and topside pockets, each with straps and flaps and delightful little padlocks. It had loops and whorls and thongs. There was only one trouble: the top flap was so ingenious that there was no way of fastening it to prevent its bulging open and admitting all the rains of heaven. Ralph did not discover this until he was in a canoe on Lake Warwick.

The rest of his outfit he purchased on the main floor.

Tents, blankets, canoes and the like had been arranged for by Woodbury's friend in Winnipeg, and would be awaiting them at railhead, at White-water, so Ralph contented himself with not more than two or three times as many things as he needed.

The sports specialists managed to unload upon him certain toys which were later to give his In-



Ralph stalked downstairs to meet Bunker and both policemen. Pointing an accusing finger, Bunker shouted at him, "Now we'll see—"

them. He chose two pea-soup shirts—one of black and crimson checks, one of green and yellow plaid. He added a bold two-gallon Bill Hart

hat with an ornamental leather band, and in a triple mirror he regarded himself in all his bravery.

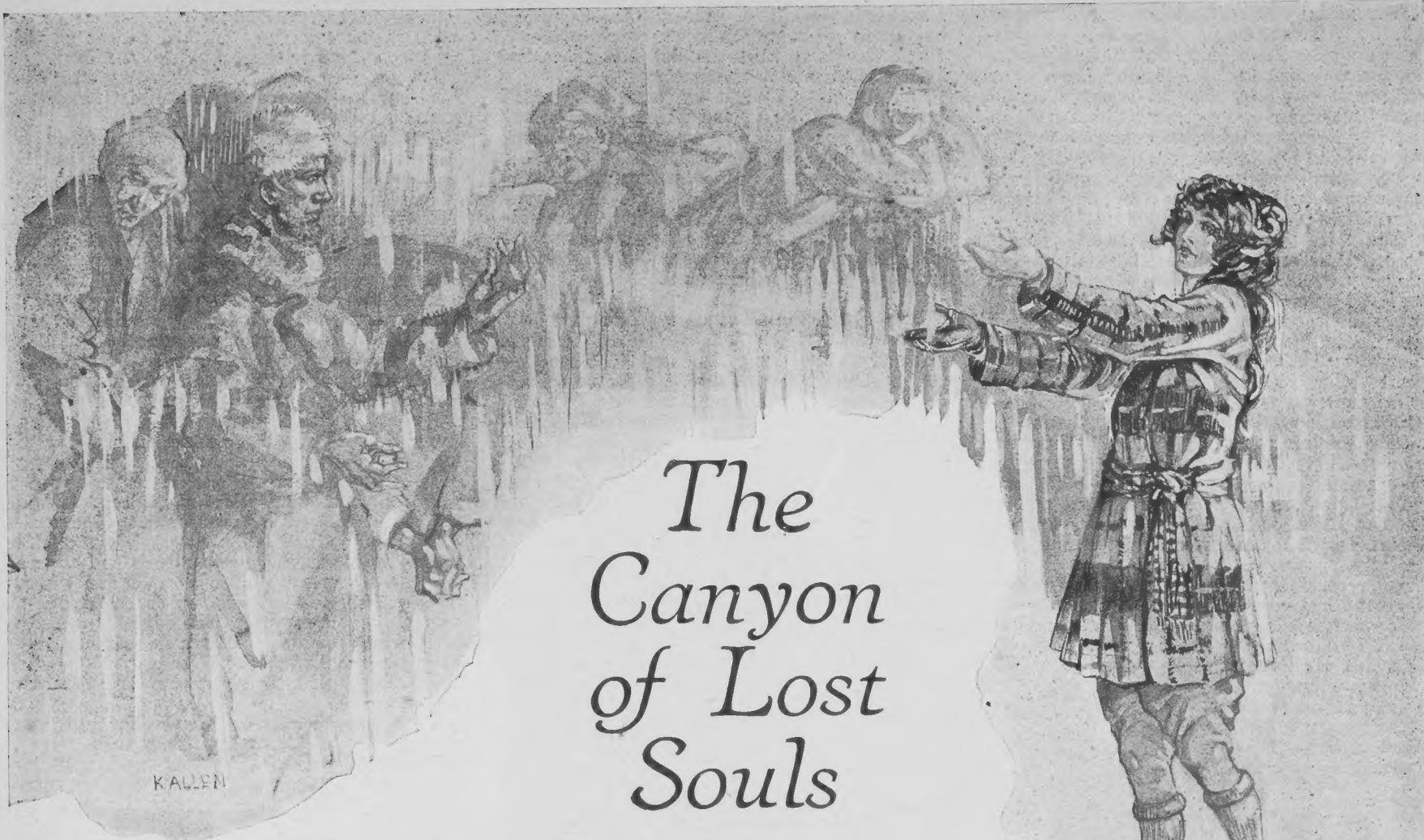
To Ralph, as to most males, trying on clothes was ordinarily a torture, and the newness of a new suit made everything he had worn before seem frayed and shabby. But out of his camping armor he had all the pleasure of a masquerade. He looked very virile and competent, he told himself. He straightened up with ferocity, he put both fists on his hips with a swagger, then he removed the rimless eyeglasses which took away slightly from his appearance as a tough man of action. At that

iar to him as central Tibet, and the names lured him: War Drum Rapids; Singing Rapids; Lake Nepegosis; Mudhen Creek; Thunderbird Lake; Jack-pine Point. And settlements named Whitewater and Kittiko and Mantrap Landing—villages, no doubt, entrancing with swart Indians, papooses on the backs of squaws, the log cabins of Hudson Bay Company posts, and trappers gay in checked shirts of red and black.

Before his usually shrewd and unromantic eye had half traced the map, he knew that he was going to break away from his neat little accustomed life and plunge into mystery; and before he had half finished the bottle of beer which Woodbury proudly opened for him (under the handle of

dian guides unmitigated delight: a ball-bearing compass, mosquito dope which the grateful mosquitoes regarded as nectar, an emergency ration of highly condensed and entirely indigestible food-tablets, and an apparatus which was variously a knife, a nail-file, an auger, a corkscrew, a pair of pliers, and a screw-driver. But several objects really were more or less useful on the trail: a magnificent electric torch, a twenty-gauge shotgun, and some small part of the reels, rods, flies, trolling hooks, and fish-nets

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The Canyon of Lost Souls

By Thomas Forsyth-Hunter

Illustrations by K. Allen

WE WERE resting by the foot of Porcupine Ridge, as it is called, Professor Quintilian and I, when for the first time I heard the fantastic tale that he called "The Canyon of Lost Souls." I call it fantastic. Perhaps I do the professor an injustice. At the time I was suffering from a nervous disease and had been advised to recuperate in the Northland. Probably my ailment accounted for my captiousness in being so ready to distrust everything and everybody. But I do say that "The Canyon of Lost Souls" was weird and unique; and though I find it hard to accept the tale myself, others of a more imaginative temperament may find it in themselves to do so.

Professor Quintilian had said, in answer to my tactless statement "that the much-heard-of romance of the Northland was, if taken as a whole, a myth." (His eyes, as I spoke, had, with a sudden twitch, settled upon my face—cold, searching eyes that had chilled me. But as he answered, his eyes were only mild and patient.)

"You, as a hard, matter-of-fact Englishman, perhaps do not credit the beautiful existence called Romance?"

"Indeed, and I do," I answered quickly. "—that is, in a moderate aspect."

"By which you mean—?"

I raised myself on my elbow before answering.

"I mean that, strictly speaking, the romance of fiction deals not with life. Fiction is fiction. Life is life—"

"And the North is the North," interrupted the professor, softly. "Many things, my friend, have happened and do happen in this land. Things that never happen in other lands. It is called Romance. Every country has her romance. The stoical Chinese, the Eskimo, with his drab surroundings, have tales, which if only told would surprise the universe—even, in cases, stun it. And the North has a romance of her own, weird, mysterious, horrible sometimes, and second to none—in life and death."

I felt that cold chill clutch me again. What it was I cannot say, but since knowing the professor some ugly cloud seemed to be hanging over. His presence, probably, combined to the beautiful, yet sinister-like, undulations and purple hues of the mountains and hills and the relentless silence of everything.

We were resting in the gloom of a shadow, the hills slanting up in waves like the folds of a curtain. It was late mid-day, the summer season, and the sun was hot, though at present just peeping over the tops of the mountain pinnacles, which ranged around the vale like one vast wall. To our fore stretched the rich luxuriance of the vale's open plain, and many miles down a gentle slope to

the right the sun gleamed upon a dreamy verdant-tasseled forest.

Lighting my pipe I studied the wizened little man before me. He had on tight breeches of a yellow stuff, with a dull brown sash linking them to a white-collared shirt. A large slouch hat of straw was pulled down low over his forehead, causing the small black eyes to appear more glittering, more sinister. A yellow-tinged moustache curled about a somewhat sharp mouth, giving it a peculiar upward twist. He was brown as a berry, with wrinkles, large and small, that effectively hid what thoughts might be passing through his mind. He was medium-sized, with one arm. I say one, for his other arm, as far as could be seen, was tucked away in his shirt, and, incidentally, remained there the entire time we were together. His age is a question better left to the imagination.

Strictly speaking, the professor and I were strangers. I had known him less than one half-hour. I had been sitting by the foot of Porcupine Ridge (where I had pitched my camp), wondering if all this flowery, and otherwise, romance of the Northland, that from different people, at different times, I had heard, was but idle prattle, when out of a narrow defile had shuffled the professor in all his picturesque finery, a revolver in a holster around his waist, and a pack on his back. As he had appeared hot I had invited him to a glass of "nectar," of which I had a bottle—the last of a dozen I had brought with me from civilization. He had accepted eagerly, though in a manner that suggested that it had been but the proper thing to do, this offering him a glass; he gave me no thanks. He seated himself beside me; and it was not until I broke the ice by voicing the dominant thought of my mind that the professor had opened his lips, in a mild manner taking offence at my remark.

It may be added that I knew nothing whatever about the professor—even to this day—except that his surname was Quintilian, and that he styled himself professor, though by what qualifications he was entitled to its use I do not know, and that things relating to the bizarre and supernatural interested him greatly.

AFTER a long staring gaze up the mountains the professor turned to me and spoke:

"Heard you of a Irwin Lavy and a Betty Moir?"

"I never have," I shook my head.

"Nor of Death Basin that stands in The Valley of Mystery?"

I answered in the negative.

"No?" He dropped his eyes to the grass at his feet and for fully five minutes was silent.

I did not break his reverie. I understood that he was looking into the past, and that as an argument against my statement he would strive to prove to me that the Romance of the Northland was not, as I have said, a myth; though as I have said his tale is hard to credit.

Again did he turn his sharp little eyes to my face. Though the day was far from cold I shivered. Then he spoke in a slow muttering drawl that barely reached my ears:

"Irwin Lavy was a young Canadian lad who craved gold—bad. He craved it so that he could claim Betty Moir's hand—for her parents were wealthy, and with them money opened the gateway to their home and hearts." Professor Quintilian paused.

"Mind you, my friend, what I am going to tell you is true. I comb the land collecting those anecdotes, for no other end than that it is to me a vast joy and a pleasure. I am eccentric, yes; but what care I—what care I what the world thinks. I live my own life, troubling none, and my joys and sorrows, laughter and tears mingle with that wealth of material that is secreted in my heart, and which I spend my existence in collecting—from the lips of the Indian, the hermit trapper, the zealous gold-seeker, the idle wanderer, and such other kinds as I meet and who care to talk. And some have I collected myself—from observation, and verified others. And some have I experienced—and all, I do not hesitate in saying, are true; though to you they may appear but the idle talk of an imaginative tongue. Believe not, doubt, scoff; what care I." Again he paused.

"What methods do I follow, you may ask," he resumed after a few minutes. "Most certainly do I follow the methods of a detective. What are a detective's methods? He finds a clue, no matter how obscure; he follows it up; he comes upon another clue; this leads him to another; then, perhaps, he uses his power of deduction; he weaves a chain; perhaps there are some links missing; he

supplies those spaces with the links of his brain; and the chain then is, we'll say, only minus the catch; and whether that catch is snared or not depends upon himself—and circumstances." Again the professor paused.

"I hear some word; it sets me thinking; I follow that word to other words; there is weaved a chain, a story, perhaps many, or only a few, links of that chain are missing; I travel, sometimes far, to people who can supply those missing links, which are but further and wider bits of a story; perhaps even then my chain is not complete, so what do I do? I supply those missing links by using deduction; then there only remains the catch; and that, as in the case of the detective, is largely due to myself—and circumstances." He laughed softly.

"A prelude, my friend," the smooth voice continued, "is necessary, so that you may properly understand the story. To begin, Irwin and Betty fell violently in love. Irwin was poor. He had nothing but the very smallest of salaries, therefore Betty's parents dismissed him as an objectionable suitor. And he, though Betty would have married him despite her parents' desires, left for the Northland to prospect for gold.

"A few months later the girl's parents were killed in an accident. She wrote to Irwin three times, but could get no reply. Then, later, she received a note from one of Irwin's mates, telling her that Irwin had gone into the mountains by himself and had never returned. Only his pack and gun were discovered. Never was found a trace of him. Betty, receiving this intelligence, impulsively left for the Northland. She had only confided in one person, and that person was an old lady, once her nurse, who entreated her to give up her wild purpose, but to no avail. So Betty left. And the old nurse sent a wire to Jimmy Moir, who held a high position in the Orient, beseeching him to come immediately." Professor Quintilian paused. "That, my friend," he added, "should give the particulars necessary to a full understanding of the story."

I puffed at my pipe, unconscious that it had gone out. I was nervous. I knew it. And the story? Yes, it is weird and unusual.

II

IT WAS a December afternoon when Betty Moir, girl adventurer, stepped from the dirty boat that had conveyed her up the Nelson to Dawson. It was snowing—great icy splashes that bit into one's very core, hardened and glittered like bits of crystalline; and again it would be rushing around in impenetrable walls then abruptly lift like the falling and raising of a window shutter.

The girl's very appearance bespoke of good parentage, and one would have inferred she had been a pampered child. She had been, having every luxury at her command, every little whim gratified. But now Betty was changed, inwardly; and outwardly she was striving to harden herself to this new life—harden herself so that she could meet this great adventure before her. But toughness cannot be acquired in a day.

Resolutely pushing her way through the snow she came opposite a low-roofed shop, with the much-worn sign: "Mrs. Baxcomb's Tea Parlor."

Stepping onto the sloping verandah beneath the low roof she sank wearily onto a seat.

The door opened and Mrs. Baxcomb, portly, comely and cheerful, peered outside.

"Why, m'dear," she greeted, "you look tired and cold, eh? Just you come inside and warm your mitts by the fire."

Betty smiled wanly and gladly assented. Before the fire Mrs. Baxcomb chatted amiably on:

"M-m—but you're cold. It's—there now, off wi' your coat. What was I saying? Oh, yes. It's a mighty cold place this t' b' wandering around in. Just you sit down, m'dear. Let me help you off wi' them wet shoes. Eh, have you far t' go?"

"Far—to—go," said Betty, hesitatingly. "I—I don't know. Maybe—maybe not."

"Bless m' heart. But, wait. I'll get you a nice hot cup o' tea and a slice o' buttered toast. That'll warm you up, eh? Nothing like hot tea on a cold

the summer wi' the birds singing and the trees green and the streams smiling. Beautiful, too, under the care o' winter, but cold, dreadfully cold. Now, m' dear," looking into Betty's flushed, saddened face. "Now, m'dear, I've talked m'self hoarse. It's your turn now. If you don't mind m' asking, where be you going?"

Betty toyed with a half-eaten slice of toast. Her eyes on the fire, she stammered:

"To—to look for someone. I couldn't rest at home. Mother and father were killed in an accident some months ago. And I just came to look for someone."

But the older woman's eyes were discerning.

"M'dear," she said, tenderly, laying sympathetic hands on the girl's wrists. "It be a man?"

For an instant the girl looked frightened, then, warming to her companion, she exclaimed impulsively:

"Yes, yes, it is a man. He came out here to look for gold. That was many months ago. Then just a little while ago his mate sent word that he was—dead. They couldn't find any trace of him. But I don't believe he's dead—I don't!" she cried, passionately. "He's not—not dead . . ." Her words trailed away in a moan and her head sank to her bosom.

"M'dear," said Mrs. Baxcomb softly—"M'dear, I know. M' man went, and he did not return. Ah, it be a hard foe—a hard, hard foe t' beat, this old land is."

"But Irwin isn't dead, I know. I had a dream that he is calling—always calling me. He was there—beckoning me to come. And so I came."

"But what can you do, dearie? I know who you mean. Irwin Lavy, isn't it?"

Betty nodded her head.

"Yes," continued Mrs. Baxcomb; "I heard they could find no trace o' him nor his body. He left here one morning, just saying as he was going int' the mountains. Some o' the old fellows around here seem t' think he knew where there was gold t' be found. Well, he never came back. One o' his mates, who had been wi' him on other trips, and some other men went out looking for him. But they never found him. His gun and pack they found atween some rocks in The Valley o' Mystery. They call it that b'cause at different times prospectors have gone in and never come out, and never a trace o' them has been found t' this day. The place lies atween some mountains. Yes, they came back wi'out him—"

"I know," said Betty, miserably. "But he is calling me—and needs me. And I—I am going."

"You can't!" was the amazed articulation. It would b' impossible. It's the dead o' winter—"

"I can,—and I am," stated Betty, obstinately. "I am going. He needs me. Irwin—Irwin needs me. He's calling. And—and God will lead me to him."

Mrs. Baxcomb said nothing further. Thoughtfully she eyed the girl before her. She saw the girl's delicate mold, the softness of body and hands, her dainty frailness and general veil of refinement, and she shook her head. But in the girl's face was determination, and something of that great wonderful power called love.

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"M'dear," she said tenderly laying sympathetic hands on the girl's wrists. "It be a man?"

day. Just you amuse yourself b' the fire, dearie, till I get back."

She passed breezily out of the room, and Betty was left gazing dreamily into the sputtering blaze.

Once the girl clenched her hands, and her lips opened.

"Nearer, nearer," she murmured brokenly. "Yes, yes—I'm coming soon, very soon." She fondled his name between her lips, and sighed.

In the incredibly short space of two-and-a-half minutes Mrs. Baxcomb breezed back with the tea and toast.

"Well, here we are. Now, drink this what I've brought you. It'll do you a world o' good. Ah, but it's an awful wintry land this. Beautiful in

How Sick Have We Been?

[While this article was written prior to the change of Government, it loses none of its interest as a side-light on the workings of the session of our Federal Parliament.—Ed.]

THIS country of ours has been sick. We suffered according to the financial experts from financial *mal de mer*. Each particular party had its remedy. There are three separate schools of therapeutical thought. The Tories in their conceptions of things political are allopaths. They have an idea that if you took a sufficient dose of their favorite remedy of protection the cure would be certain. Liberals point out with cold disdain that we have taken this remedy now for nearly fifty years and we are no better. To this the indignant Tory replies, double the dose—multiply by three, by ten if need be, and you will waken up in the morning looking as rich and prosperous as the graduate of a correspondence school—who has just walked away with the job of his boss.

The Liberal school of thought is homeopathic—they tell us that they do not believe in protection—yet they would give us some. They even say it has ruined us, but their cure consists of a hair, or several hairs, of the dog that has bitten us. That's why they have appointed a Tariff Board and at the head of it sits Geo. P. Graham with the not-too-pleasant task of keeping the wolves away from Finance Minister Robb and sheltering the wind from the shorn lambs who may feel too keenly the "breeze" of competition.

To the far left of the Speaker sits the Progressive band. They are the chiropractors of the political school. They rub the spines of both political parties while at the same time they read them little lectures on how to keep happy and well. These lectures are a combination of Dr. Frank Crane and Andy Gump. The former puts moral punch in dissentient forces; the latter pictures what might happen if deviations take place. Wolfe remarked after reciting Gray's Elegy: "I would sooner have written that poem than take Quebec." Personally I would sooner be Robert Forke than own Quebec. Meighen might not agree with me on this point for nothing would please the Hon. Arthur more than to get a foothold down that way. Still, let it go at that.

What About the Sickness?

The country has been sick, but how sick? It's a moral certainty that things are never as bad as they're painted—nor as rosy as they appear. Good times are usually gone three years before the average man finds it out. Bad times have got their worst digs in before the man on the street wakes up to the fact. We have had our troubles. If hanging our heads would cure them—then heads in the dust should be the order of the day, but that won't help. Facing the music is a safer way even if the tune comes from the bagpipes and you haven't a touch of Scotch blood in your whole anatomy.

Try a Tonic

For all our troubles a tonic might be useful. Here is one I have tried myself: *No other country has made as much progress in trade development between pre-war days and the present.* If you doubt that statement, look up the official statistics and name one. I am far from giving the broods of statesmen credit for the fact, but it is so. Personally I venture the assertion that a shower of rain in a dry spell is worth far more to this benighted country than a cabinet shuffle, no matter who is in power. But the fact is that we have made immense progress. Our total export of grain and farinaceous foods in the year ending March 31st, 1925, came within a couple of million dollars of equalling our total exports of all commodities in 1913, the year before the outbreak of the war. That is only a trifling illustration, but it points the way. Search the records of the nations; if you will, you will find a hard job to find one that in a statement of cold comparisons can equal this little country we call home.

Our Exasperating Taxes

We have been living under the hallucination that we were being bled to death by high taxes. It sounds well, but it's not true. One of the most

By S. J. Deachman

noticeable things to a relative stranger in the House of Commons is the persistence with which we seek guidance from the U.S. If it rains in Washington we turn up our trousers in Ottawa—what they do, we mimic. We do not say: "Go to the ant and get slugged, you sucker," but we are continually told that we must look to Uncle Sam



Photograph
by
Russel

THE NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA,
LORD WILLINGDON, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., G.B.E.

The King has approved the appointment of Lord Willingdon as Governor-General of Canada, in succession to General Lord Byng of Vimy, whose term of office will shortly expire. Lord Willingdon has been successively Governor of Bombay and Madras.

and all other things will be added unto us. Now I have looked, and perhaps there are some lessons to be drawn. Suppose we stick down a few facts and let the morals thereof take care of themselves. Here are the per capita figures of taxation in Canada and the U.S. over a period of years:

Federal Government Revenues, U.S. and Canada—		
Canada		United States
\$21.21	1914	\$10.32
16.93	1915	9.78
21.42	1916	10.67
23.45	1917	13.94
31.31	1918	43.54
36.91	1919	48.10
40.52	1920	67.10
49.43	1921	56.35
42.22	1922	47.16
43.45	1923	48.26
43.01	1924	40.90

Canadian figures are from Canada Year Book, page 743. American figures from World Statistical Almanac 1926, page 295, and adjusted by adding postal revenues which are included as taxation in the Canadian figures, but not in the original American figures. Now we see from these figures exactly what happened in both countries. The U.S. during the war and immediately after shoved up taxes. The per capita burden was much higher than ours. Having stood the burden at the time they were able to reduce sooner. I am not attempting to argue as to which was the wiser course—there is ample argument on both sides. The facts are there. When we did not reduce our debt at the time by means of heavy taxation it does seem that we are poor sports not to face the facts now.

More Comparisons

Now as to our National Debt! Let us carry our comparisons with the U.S. a little further:

Am. National Debt		Can. National Debt.
\$24,479,302,376	1919	\$1,574,531,033
22,996,416,115	1922	2,422,135,802
22,155,886,403	1923	2,453,776,869
21,015,401,508	1924	2,417,783,275
20,298,358,156	1925	2,417,437,685

Now, if this were all, it would appear that in comparison our debt per capita was not so far distant from that of the U.S. However, there is a modifying factor. The U.S. figures as given above take no cognizance of war debts owing to the U.S. These were originally over \$10,000,000,000; most of this is now funded. We might disagree as to the value of these obligations to pay. If, however, we take them at their face value it practically cuts the American debt in two and leaves that country with a net debt of around \$10,000,000,000 and ours at approximately \$2,400,000,000. In other words, our debt is one quarter of theirs—their population is twelve times ours. There is our millstone. That is the factor we have to look out for.

The Real Criticism

Now on this point I want to make my criticism of the Robb budget. You can readily see how much better it is to criticise it now that it has passed. Strange as it may appear, I feel after watching parliament for five months that all bills ought to be passed first and criticised afterwards. There have been many melting and impressive speeches in the House during the past few months. Not one of them has changed a vote. If the speaking were done afterward there could be reasoned calm about the whole affair. Writing of this budget now, it is quite possible to do so without some wild-eyed Grit telling you that you are committing the unpardonable sin, or some equally irate Tory suggesting that he has a much better argument to advance against it. The thought I want to suggest is that in view of our national financial position the weak spot of the Robb budget was that it made no provision for the retirement of the dead weight of our National Debt. But that budget is gone—there's another one coming—let us examine our financial problem for the coming year, and beyond even farther into the future.

It Looks Bright

The prospect is by no means gloomy. We have passed the worst. This year saw both a reduction in debt and a reduction in taxation. The future holds bright prospect of equally favorable results for the following reasons:

- (1) Trade is more buoyant than it has been for some years, and revenues are increasing.
 - (2) The National Railways give promise of turning the corner this year—that is, we may reasonably expect that they will meet their operating expenses plus their liabilities to the public. This, of course, is aside from further capital obligations.
 - (3) Refunding operations during the next year should materially lessen the burden of our interest charges.
 - (4) War expenditure on pensions, etc., should begin to decline though pensions for the past year have been higher than ever.
- So far as general expenditures are concerned they are by no means liable to drop, though the only big item immediately in hand is the construction of the Welland Canal.

Fixed Expenditure High

Let us examine these expenditures for a moment and we can see some reasons why this should be the case. Our total expenditures for the past year may be distributed as follows:

Interest on debt and expense of loans	39.16%
Other war expenses	13.45%
Subsidies to Provinces (statutory)	3.61%
Post Office	8.85%
National Defence	3.64%
Civil Government	3.21%
Customs Service	2.87%
Public Work and Railways	9.75%
Miscellaneous	15.46%

The main items seem hardly capable of reduction. On the miscellaneous there is little chance for reduced expenditures. There does not seem to

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The Cross Words

By P. W. Luce

ALL over this fair country, otherwise sane men and women are putting in all the time they can spare, and a great deal more, trying to solve cross-word puzzles. From morning to night they seek the elusive synonym, and strain their brains in search of words that never were on land or sea.

To my eternal credit, I have never attempted to sort out words that run north and south or east and west, but though I stand aloof from puzzlers, they give me no peace. They borrow my pencils and pester me for rejected manuscripts on which to work out their foolish diagrams.

My dictionary is always missing, and my thesaurus is being worn to a frazzle by folks who, a few months ago, supposed a thesaurus to be some sort of prehistoric animal, and an antonym a first cousin to an antidote, only more bitter.

When I protested, with many cross words, the gang offered to bet any amount, up to five dollars, that I couldn't solve a puzzle.

At first I thought of taking them up. After all, there are only 420,000 words in the English language and I know most of them, except the polysyllabics, which stretch too far for either horizontal or vertical use.

Upon reflection, however, I evolved a plan that would give me a glorious revenge, with a moral attached.

"Look here, Bill," I said to a chronic book borrower, "though you nuts probably never thought of it, it's harder to make up a puzzle than to solve it, isn't it?"

With all his faults, Bill is truthful, when there is no way out of it.

"You're right—"

"As usual," I interrupted.

"For once," he corrected. "But what about it?"

"This much," I explained. "I refuse to solve a cross-word puzzle, on general principles. I have conscientious objections to such a waste of mental energy. But I'll make up a brain teaser in half an hour that you fellows can't solve in a day and a night. You can use any or all of my books, on the distinct understanding that if you fail you never again borrow book or paper or pencil from me, nor seek assistance in any way for your childish amusements."

From the way they snapped me up it looked as if they had a poor opinion of my ability. Two of them even offered to make a small wager on the result, but I refused. I have never taken money under false pretences, though I have been tempted several times, always with small sums, unfortunately.

As it seems to be the amiable habit to make some sort of fancy design with the black squares which indicate the beginning of words, I started by outlining a question mark on my sheet of paper. As I later explained, this was intended to be symbolic as well as prophetic.

The victims did not quite understand what was meant by those terms, but they did not have the

nerve to ask. Which was just as well, for I was as much in the dark as they were. All I was certain of was that the point of interrogation bothered them some, as I intended it should.

Here is the key to hidden words:

Horizontals:—1, Slang for cheat; 3, 4-color combination; 7, spotted shawl; 10, holds mercury at night; 11, kind of ink (legal); 12, fasten with ropes without knots; 14, burglar's inspiration; 15, extinct luminous reptile; 17, made with teeth; 18, Reddish hairless animal; 19, erratic measure of time; 20, prawn-eating fish; 21, this puzzle; 22, heirloom in chancery; 23, naturally cracked stone; 25, soft precious stones; 26, Indian dish; 27, incipient fermentation; 28, weight of great auk.

Verticals:—1, found deep in the earth; 2, seen in a pig's eye; 4 famous place in Brittany; 5, mistake by mulatto; 6, peaceful Irishman; 8, half-worn boots; 9, utter clutter; 13, knife; 15, irrational cohesion; 16, forgotten maker of violins;



"Wide open pattern!" chortled one.

17, Zulu initiative; 19, Mexican mountain; 24, three clouds (poetic).

When I submitted my puzzle to the experts, they received it with joy. It looked so simple to them!

"Wide-open pattern!" chortled one.

"Interlocking short words!" chuckled another.

"Bet you I do it in fifteen minutes," offered Bill, "that is, if you'll give me a starting word of six letters."

"Nothing doing," I answered. "You solve this without any help. All start together, as soon as you've borrowed the necessary pencils and paper from me."

They got to work with a will. For several minutes their pencils scratched away furiously, and sheet after sheet of paper was covered with words. Bill seemed to have more words at his disposal than the others, but he had the same difficulty.

The words were all too long or too short and the few that were the right size wouldn't fit in with their right-angled fellows.

It wasn't very long before the dictionary and the thesaurus were being pawed over in frenzied fashion. Occasionally one would give a joyous whoop as he ran down an elusive word, but his face would resume its sour look a moment later. It never was the right word.

After they had been at it an hour their brows were as wrinkled as a pound of raisins. They were uttering meaningless words in endless succession, but they all had the glint of battle in their eyes. Not one dreamt of giving up; not one thought of calling on me for help.

All evening they puzzled, and got nowhere. The only thing they could show for their concentration was a number of false starts, which are encouraging while they last, but the reaction is terrible.

I WENT to bed at midnight, and it must have been after three o'clock when a deputation woke me up to report no progress.

"All right," I said, "keep up the good work. Maybe you won't have lost any headway by breakfast time."

"We've held a conference on this question," said the spokesman, shaking me to be sure I'd keep awake until he finished, "and it's the unanimous opinion that we should have a starting word. It's always done with new puzzles."

"But not with expert solvers," I countered. "You fellows bragged and boasted, and made light of my ability."

I stopped at that. I was very sleepy, and nobody was listening. Instead, they were all talking at once, insisting on their starting word.

In broad daylight, I yield to no man in determination and firmness, but at three o'clock in the morning it does not seem to matter so much whether I get my own way or not. Particularly when there is a group of word-mad men sitting on my bed, and the only way to get rid of them to give them useless information.

"What word would you like?" I asked.

Right there they made a grave mistake. All spoke at once, and all wanted a different word.

"Very well," I said, "since you insist, I'll give you 17 horizontal, 'made with teeth,' in four letters. The word is 'kerf'."

Amazement chased away their tired looks. As I had foreseen, they had never heard of that

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"After they had been at it some hours their brows were as wrinkled as a pound of raisins, and they were uttering meaningless words in endless succession."

The One For the Other

By Anne Miltimore Pendleton

Illustrated
by J. Caine

IT ALL happened in the little garden by the Bund where Badru Begam, the dancing girl, was wont to go to eat the air. Balli Mahammad, the gardener, used to watch her covertly as she sat on the floor of the vine-covered pergola, looking out over the garden and river with unseeing eyes. Balli Mahammad was not a curious soul, ordinarily, but then ordinarily, Indian ladies did not come alone to his little garden and sit for hours and hours as still and silent as a holy man deep in his meditations on the nothingness of nothing.

No, the ladies who came to his garden usually flitted restlessly hither and yon. In their gay cotton shawls and full skirts fitfully ruffled by the breezes, they reminded Balli Mahammad of beautiful butterflies, and like butterflies, they fluttered from garden to pergola, from pergola to the darkling water's edge; from the water's edge to the steps leading to the square with its four seats arranged two-and-two, and then down the next flight of stairs, and back to the pergola again.

But such flittings and flutterings were not the custom of Badru Begam. Whatever could she of the singing feet be thinking of to sit still there so long and so long? Most women were forever gossiping or arguing or scolding with others of their kind like a noisy flock of little green parrots, or those detestable Seven Sister birds.

Balli Mahammad made a tight little bouquet of sweet frangipanis, and stood ready to present it to Badru Begam when she should descend the steps to his little garden before taking her departure in her red-covered, hump-backed cart, drawn by two milk-white, mild-eyed oxen.

Now, though this offering of bouquets is a custom common all over India, and generally implies a hint for something in return, Balli Mahammad, when he made his offering to Badru Begam, neither desired nor asked anything in return other than the gracious acceptance of his unworthy, insignificant gift.

For Balli Mahammad's liver burned within him at the mere thought of Badru Begam. It was a compliment to Balli Mahammad's young wife who had died but six months previous, that Balli Mahammad found living without a woman in the house an exceedingly lonely and unsatisfactory business, and while he ardently thought of her as his first love, he as ardently yearned for a second love to make lighter the sorrowful burden of his first love's absence.

So, patiently squatting on his heels, he waited in respectful silence till Badru Begam should show signs of returning to her cart.

At last, the girl arose, stretched and yawned, then doing a few steps of the Dance of Sadness, she suddenly fell to singing the mournful wail of the Chant of Death. Then gracefully swinging her supple hips, she stepped lightly down the pergola steps, and strode swiftly down the path, her many silver anklets and glass bangles making a pleasant tinkling as she went, like the musical echoes of a wind-harp. As usual she took the direction of the



Badru Begam, she
of the singing feet.

steps leading to the little sunken garden. Balli Mahammad waited till she should reach the steps before stepping forward with his offering.

But of a sudden the girl paused, looked about her for a moment like a hunted creature of the jungle, then slipped from view into the silence of a thick clump of young banana trees.

"Now, why ever goes she there?" Balli Mahammad asked himself. "No one of the flower tribe ever ventures there for fear of snakes and other evils." His heart took a quick fall. "The water's edge is just beyond," he groaned, "and the bank is steeper there than at any other place."

He tossed aside his little token of love, and plunged through the trees to follow after the figure in the gaily colored and patterned shawl. He found her at the very edge of the Bund, motionless, and so intent upon her thoughts and purpose that she did not hear the man come up behind her.

"What honor is left to a poor dancing girl?" she cried, writhing like a wounded thing.

"There is much honor left," she answered herself: "I will die before I live in the house of one whom I loathe and despise, and who careth naught for me save to take his pleasure of me, and then toss me aside as the banana peel is tossed aside when the banana is eaten."

A frog at her feet stuck out his little red tongue and caught an unwary fly.

"Yea," murmured Badru Begam, "it is always thus. It is always one life for another. But even though that one who desireth me be the Great King, and thousands and tens of thousands bow their tribute to him, I would rather die than be his toy. I will give him my life, but I will not live for him. I go."

She leaped, only to be caught in mid-leap by strong arms from behind. "Now, by the beard of the prophet! Why should a beauty like thee with the grace of an elephant, and the eyes of a doe, wish to court death in the stream below?"

Badru Begam attempted to plunge over the bank.

"Nay, nay," said Balli Mahammad struggling gently with her, "just because thou art weary of thyself, do not deprive others of thy beauty."

"There is none to care," complained Badru Begam bitterly.

"Nay, but there is one who careth greatly, dear Heart's Delight, and he it is who hath snatched thee from death, and for this reason lays claim to thee, and would take thee to wife."

"Balli Mahammad, thou knowest not what thy mouth speakest. Thou marry me, a poor dancing girl! Thy people would cast thee out. And besides, as thou well knowest, none of thy elders would consent to marry me to thee."

"I have thought of all that. We twain will go to the Mission, and the Padre will marry us according to Christian laws."

"But we be not Christians."

"Yea, we be not Christians, but I will not take thee to my house, without, and I will not leave thee here."

"Thou art a strange man, Balli Mahammad. Never before was I desired for mine self alone. Nay, it is too great a sacrifice for thee. Thou wouldst repent ere yet the sun had fallen." Suddenly she looked about apprehensively.

"And, too, should the Great King know that thou desirest one of his toys, thou wouldst no longer be a man, for thy life would be not."

"Why should the Great King know?" Balli Mahammad glanced across the river to the flat sandy beach where the washermen's stones stood out stark and naked.

"The washermen's fires all burn low, and their owners are gone home save one, and he, too, prepares to go, and he cannot see us as well as we can see him. But drop thy shawl in the waters

and it will be supposed, of a surety, that thou hast done what thou camest to do."

"Nay, nay, it will be known," protested Badru Begam.

"My servant is deaf and dumb, and there are others to be had from whence he came. And I have money with which to hush idle curiosity. Also a man's wife in this country does not go abroad uncovered. No one, save the Mission Sahib, who is kind, need know that we be one who once were twain. And when everything is quiet and forgotten we will go to a far country."

"Thou wilt not have it otherwise?"

"I will not."

"Thou wilt repent ere the day is spent."

"I shall never repent."

"Then let it be as it shall be. I go with thee, though I fear that because of me, trouble will come to thee."

For answer Balli Mahammad gently disengaged the shawl from Badru Begam's head and shoulders and lightly tossed it into the black waters.

THE couple retraced the path through the banana trees, and into Balli Mahammad's house back of the pergola, where the gardener fished about in a tin box till he came upon a beautiful soft white Kashmiri shawl to replace the gayer shawl that was swishing as a symbol of death in the river.

"The silver moon in its first fulling is not more fair than thou," said the man as he gave the shawl to the girl, "and as the moon goeth under a white cloud, so enshroud thee in this."

She seemed not to heed his compliment. He misinterpreted her silence.

"It is dusk now," he said. "At dark we will go to the Mission Sahib's house. It is not wise before."

"It is not of that I was thinking. It is of the driver of the cart who will be waiting for me."

And as if the words were the cause there was a loud knocking without.

Badru Begam shrank back into the darkness of a curtain.

Balli Mohammad feigned sleepiness. He stumbled to the door, and threw it open.

"What is wanted?" he growled crossly.

The man at the door was the driver of the red-covered ox-cart.

"Might Badru Begam be within?" he enquired with a meaning leer.

"That dancing girl!" blazed Balli Mohammad in indignation. "What have I to do with the like of her, thou cur?" he bellowed. "Thou art fit for naught save to have thy liver cut in little pieces and fed to the peacocks of my garden."

The driver shrank back in fear. Balli Mohammad pressed forward.

"I saw the woman," he swore, "standing at the water's edge with her lover. They walked to the far steps. There was a covered ekka, and I saw it go away still covered."

The driver had seen no covered ekka, but then, he had been sleeping much of the time while waiting.

"She is always playing tricks like that," said the driver with a nervous laugh. "No doubt, a friend has taken her home, and she will be there before me." He took himself away hurriedly, muttering to himself. "Surely, if ever there was a man with an evil eye, that one is he."

They breathed freer when they were alone, the two. They sat absorbed in the silence until the darkness had come on completely, then Balli Mohammad spoke softly: "Now is the time. Let us go."

The man led the way, and the woman followed, as is the custom of the East.

"It is a long walk," said Balli Mohammad, "but we will take no tonga for fear of suspicion."

The Mission Sahib had finished his devotions, and was alone in his study. Thither Balli Mohammad went, and called softly at the window.

The padre let them in. He was a tired man with much understanding of human nature.

"What do you want," he asked kindly.

"Sahib," said Balli Mohammad earnestly, "we be twain who wish to be one."

"Are you Christians?"

"Nay, we be not Christians, but we wish to be married in the Christian way."

The padre questioned them. He felt that it was an unusual case, and he respected their wish to be married in the Christian way, since for them there was no other way.

So, as man and wife in the eyes of believers of the Christian law, they trudged all the long dusty way back to the little house by the pergola where Balli Mohammad made ready a room for his bride, with scarlet floor coverings and great bolster pillows to lean against, and scarlet hangings at door and windows.

For three weeks they tasted of bliss and happiness.

"We be happy, too happy," said Badru Begam.

"This cannot go on. Something is sure to befall," and she shivered.

And in the fourth week it befell.

Ram Lal, the washerman, very much the worse for bazaar drink, presented himself before Balli Mohammad one night as the gardener was gathering syringa buds for Badru Begam to string into garlands.

In Ram Lal's right hand was a piece of cloth, water-logged and indistinct of hue, but even in its bedraggled and color-run condition, Balli Mohammad recognized it as Badru Begam's shawl which he had thrown into the river.

Ram Lal, had he been called upon to do so, would have been unable to toe the mark, but his mind and speech were fairly clear.

"Huzur," (Your Honor) he hiccupped, with a bleary-eyed leer, "the whole bazaar speaks of the disappearance of the pearl of the Great King's dancing girls. I, Ram Lal, have told them that, without a doubt, she is drowned, and I have shown them her cotton shawl which I picked up from the waters. The bazaar people have believed me, but I know what I know. I am a clever man."

"What dost thou know, thou drunken tail of an

owl?" but even as he asked, Balli Mohammad knew what the answer would be.

"I know that she of the singing feet is not drowned. I do not know where she is, but I can guess."

"How dost thou know?" Balli Mohammad felt his toes turning up in his shoes.

"Was I not on the washermen's beach one night using the last embers of my fire to boil clean the shirt of the Residency Sahib? The Residency Sahib is fat, very fat, and his shirt is like the big tent of the Commissioner Sahib who travels much."

Ram Lal made a motion with his two hands in front of him that could mean only one thing, and that thing, a very large paunch.

The shirt was not finished, and the fire was too far gone to heat the water, so I went up the beach to the cove where there is always sure to be drift-wood, for the Residency Sahib had given the order for his shirt to come home at once. From the cove I could see Huzur, but Huzur could not see me." He coughed.

"And?" asked Balli Mohammad.

"I saw the shawl of Badru Begam fall into the water. It came across the waters and caught on a stone near the cove. I snatched it and showed it to the bazaar people, and told them that Badru Begam had drowned herself. And now, Huzur, a fee for my cleverness. I am a very clever man."

"Ram Lal," said Balli Mohammad sternly, "thou art drunk, and when thou and thy kind go filling their bellies with vile sour wine, thou art pigs. But swear this to me, or by the little hair of the prophet's beard, I will kill thee where thou stand-

girl, but dressed in the baggy, wrinkled trousers and shawl of the respectable Mohammedan woman.

Often she went to sit in the little pergola and watch her lord as he puttered about among his pots of marigolds and jasmines and roses. Occasionally, she took with her the materials for preparing one of the many toothsome uncooked Hindustani delicacies.

Once, as she was rolling up some chopped betel nut, lime and condiments in a spicy, crisp betel leaf, Balli Mohammad came to sit beside her for a moment's rest.

"There is a Sahib out there with a gun," he said. "These white people! They see no beautiful bird or beast but they are immediately filled with a desire for its death. They have no idea of the sacredness of life."

A roller bird tumbled and rolled into view, up and down, down and up, here and there in a very ecstasy of living.

"Ah, it is the happy bird, the bird of good omen!" said Badru, gazing up in delight at the exquisitely beautiful piece of blue.

She fastened the betel leaf package together with a clove, and handed it to her master. Balli Mohammad dexterously stuffed the entire quid into one cheek.

There was a gleam of rifle barrel, a shot, and the joyous blue creature fell to earth and was still.

"A life for a life, the one for the other. That is always the law," said Badru Begam. "He has tossed that little life away as the Great King would have tossed away mine," and in that moment an uneasiness entered into her and took possession of her.

Like a curse, Balli Mohammad viciously spat out some betel juice. "The Sahib does not even care for the feathers," he said, as they watched the hunter go carelessly on his way.

When, half an hour later, a red-covered cart brought a bevy of women to the garden, Badru Begam's uneasiness changed to definite fear, for the driver of the cart was Nathu, he who formerly drove her own cart.

As was their custom the women went chattering about the garden from flower to flower and bush to bush. They were Parsis, and knowing this, Nathu knew that they would stay until sunset, for the Parsi women love to go to the water's edge and say their prayers to the setting sun.

Seeing Balli Mohammad and a woman sitting on the pergola, Nathu moved to join them. Badru Begam, at Nathu's approach, hastily hid her face in her cotton shawl.

This, in itself, would not excite suspicion, for it is the custom for Hindustani ladies of good breeding to cover their faces in the presence of strange men. But Badru Begam knew that above all things she must not let her voice be heard. Too often had she given Nathu his orders. At her first word he would recognize her voice.

Therefore, with seemly modesty, she moved back into a corner, and calmly went on preparing the betel nuts.

"I have noticed," said Nathu, without further preface, "Ram Lal spends much money in the bazaar at the full of each moon."

"So?" said Balli Mohammad. "Then he is a generous fellow, and the bazaar is all the richer because of his profits."

"Whence cometh it?" queried Nathu.

"God knows," said Balli Mohammad with a careless shrug. "I have other things to do than to keep track of the spendings of a drunken washerman."

"Would his money were mine," grumbled Nathu. "I could make much better use of it than that fool of a Ram Lal."

Scarcely had he spat his contempt when Ram Lal came rolling drunkenly into view hiccupping a ribald song.

Balli Mohammad acted quickly.

Feigning a fierce indignation, he leaped from the pergola and advanced threateningly toward the singing man.

"By all the hairs of the Prophet's beard! (May

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"A drunken pig that ought to die," said Balli Mohammad.

est. Hast thou told the people of the bazaar no more than thou hast told me?"

"Not so much. I am a clever man." He tried to assume a threatening attitude. "I shall come here every first night of the full moon, and you, Huzur, will place there in the corner for me a bag of fifteen rupees, or the Great King and the bazaar people shall know the truth."

"The bags of rupees shall be there," said Balli Mohammad shortly, "but see that thou dost not tell too much in thy drunken palaverings to the folk of the bazaar."

"The Great King grieveth much for the loss of his pearl of the singing feet. Should he find out the truth, I do not think, two, maybe three people would shake the dust off their shoes many days after that."

"The bags shall be there," repeated Balli Mohammad.

Month by month as soon as the moon went into the greatest circle of its fullness, Ram Lal took his hush money from the corner of the pergola. The Bazaar folk soon forgot all about Badru Begam. The Great King found solace in another pearl with singing feet.

EXCEPT for the shadow that every month darkened their doorway, Balli Mohammad and Badru Begam were supremely happy. Badru Begam no longer wore the full skirt of the dancing

A Scotchwoman in Alberta

By K. P.

IT WAS early afternoon on a day of last summer. As we chugged up the hill to the brown frame house perched high and complacent on its crown, the goodwife came to the door. The sun struck strong upon her eyes, and she shaded them with her hand. A plump, tidy woman with a wholesome air, and some of the roses of Scotland still upon her cheeks.

"You have a wonderful view," we observed, after greetings had been exchanged.

"Ay. That is so," she replied.

We stood for a moment in silent appreciation. Rolling fields, hills, with here and there thickets of modest prairie trees—willows and silvery poplars. Above sailed clouds, serene and stately as old-time galleons on a calm blue sea. Below us, the hill fell away to a green shallow in which a creek dragged itself along with late-summer languor, making its way over the road and into a pasture field.

"I like the burn," came the goodwife's voice, and in it was a trace of wistfulness. "We'd a burn beside us at home. It is fine for the beasts. And the bairns are fair taken up with it."

She led us inside, through a freshly-painted kitchen into her "best" room—a room that was indeed plainly furnished, but which a deft disposal of ends of chintz and other trifles made pleasant.

"We have only been here six months," she said. And it takes a time to get what we want."

"You have done wonders," we returned. "And you are glad you came?"

"Ay. It is a hame for us under the reek of our ain lum, and where we can be together. And just now the goodman's wages, and the cheque for the cream bring us a' that is needful."

"There is nothing you regret?" we inquired.

"Nothing," she answered, sturdily. "Whiles, we'd like to see our old friends, and we give a thought as to who will be tending the graves of our kin. But it is a grand country this for the bairns."

She opened a side-board drawer and brought out pictures of their Scottish home—a long, low gray-stone cottage, mellow with years, and embowered in gracious foliage. The tiny stream flowing by its side was almost hidden by green growing things.

"Just forby, a nightingale came to sing," she said. "Many's the time we went out to hear it late, late at night. Ay, and there were other sweet-singing birds among the trees. But at times it was rare hard for the poor, and nothing else to expect. Here, maybe, our little lads will have land of their own some day, and the lassies good homes where they'll not need to fear want."

We asked if the neighbors showed friendliness.

"They've all been to see us. Even an Indian woman wed to a white man. Though she has never been in another house in the district. But she comes in here and sits down and begins to talk in her own tongue and I answer in mine. We neither of us know what the other says, but we get on fine.

She gives me one of her cigarettes, and I make shift to smoke it. I never smoked before, and I'm not saying that I like it." And I thought she slightly shuddered. "But here we sit and smoke and talk, and we visit fine."

TWO brown-legged boys sidled into the room. Curiosity was strong in them, yet each seemed trying to hide behind his brother.

"This is Bobby," said the mother. "He is eleven, and he milks two cows night and morning." She indicated the fiery-haired, freckled one. "The other is Willie. He is but eight, yet he can make himself useful too."

Bobby appraised us beneath his lowered eyelids. Willie, unnerved by the limelight, hastily decamped. We could hear the swift patter of his feet until he had crossed the outer threshold.

"He is a wee bit shy," explained his mother. "He sees few strange folk."

We told her we had come prepared to take pictures of the family.

"That is very good of you. Often we've thought of pictures, of ourselves and the beasts. We'd but one cow in Scotland. The bairns are wanting the folk yonder to see how we fare.

surged nearer and nearer. There was the goodman, borne along it seemed on its crest. He was just what we had expected. Tall and lean, with fair moustache and thinning hair, and a patient stoop to his shoulders. He was of few words.

There were eight children, counting Charley who was racing up the hill in a flurry of excitement. Fourteen-year-old Charley was the eldest.

It took them time, making ready for the pictures. Such face-washings, and changing of clothes, and even-mending of too-obvious rents! But they were all gathered together at last. And we had pulled and poked them into a semblance of a family party casually enjoying the air beside their own door-stone, when a sudden tumult arose. Bobby, the mischievous, had pricked with a nettle the tender flesh of "Wee Walter." There were baffled murmurs, followed by cries of "Think shame to yourself, you daft limmer," and "Give him a clout in the lug; that'll settle him," mingled with the roars of Walter, whose feelings had been sorely damaged.

He was soothed, the uproar died down, the family resumed position. And the thing was done!

It was in the stableyard that we secured our masterpiece. The goodman stood in the stable door, hay-fork in hand, and regarding his wife, who drew rich streams of milk from a sleek cow. Pecking poultry littered the yard. Pigs lay part-buried in the straw. Cattle and horses pressed close to the mistress, amazed at her occupation at that unwonted hour.

The tableau was one of proud opulence.

We snapped the children singly in beautiful poses. Little Jessie held a bucket toward an eager, nosing calf. Bobby poured feed into a trough for a pig which he had rudely roused for his purpose. Charley bestrode the saddle pony. But presently we were concerned to see that the gentle Willie was giving way to a few quiet tears. Then we knew that, somehow, he had been missed. Immediately we wiped away his tears and led him into the midst of a host of hens. Someone thrust a basin of wheat into his hands. His sunny smile broke through the fog. His arm shot out with largeness for the alert fowls. The kodak clicked. Our roll was full.

We spoke of leaving, but our hostess would make us tea. She gave us real Scotch scones, and we tasted her delicious jelly. It was made from Saskatoon berries alone, she told us. She and the children had gathered them nearby.

"They'll be at school again in a week or two," she continued. "All but Jessie and Walter. And I hope they may heed what they're taught. Ay, it's a grand country for them."

Shortly afterwards, we said goodbye. We had descended the hill and turned into the road when I looked back. The goodwife still stood in the dooryard where we had left her. All about her were her children. Above the clatter of the bridge we were crossing, I seemed to hear again her words: "Ay. It is a grand country this for the bairns."

Old Kildonan

BY JOHN MACKAY

*Have you been to old Kildonan;
Seen the Red, with gentle sweep,
Guard the little, rude God's Acre
Where the Selkirk settlers sleep?*

*Have you seen it in the moonlight,
Snow-enshrouded, still and white,
As a myriad stars shone softly
Through the lucent winter night,*

*While the church was limned in shadow
On the overmantling snow,
Where the headstones stood like sentries
O'er its builders, row on row?*

*Have you read the simple stories
On those headstones, old and grey,
Telling of a deep heart-hunger
For a dear land far away,*

*Where the homes, they left forever,
Stand beside the Northern Sea,
And the old church lifts its steeple
Over heather—hill and lea?*

*Now behind them roll the waters,
Broad Atlantic tempest-tossed,
Stormy wastes of ice-bound Hudson
By their little vessels crossed.*

*Ere they paddled up the river
To this long desired spot,
Where they lifted up their voices
In the psalms their mothers taught,*

*Praising Him they learned to worship
Round the altar-hearth of home,
Where were lit those faith-fed fires,
Burning bright where'er they roam;*

*Till, their earthly journey ended,
They have found eternal rest,
And each toil-worn body slumbers
Safe on Old Kildonan's breast.*

*Have you laid in Old Kildonan
One, whose heart, forever stilled,
Joined in yours with love unmeasured,
All your world with gladness filled?*

*Have you seen Kildonan answer
To the miracle of spring;
Deck its tombs with flowers and greenness
While the birds their carols sing?*

*Has your sad heart learned the meaning
Breathed by spring in every breath,
"Though these dear forms slowly moulder,
Life is victor over death"?*

*Then you too may share the glory
Of that epic, great and true,
How those pioneers of Empire
Broke the Western trail for you,*

*Laid, in faith, the broad foundations
Of this land, so free and wide
That it offers homes and plenty
To a boundless human tide;*

*You may tread, with pride and wonder,
O'er this ever-sacred sod,
Where a little band of Crofters
Claimed the great, new West for God.*

"Bobby here will find the children. Some are in the garden with their father who's at home today. And Charley's gone on an errand to a neighbor's. That'll be him coming now," she observed, looking out of the window.

Bobby had scuttled away, grinning.

It was not long before a wave of youthful voices



"I just knew you would come back to Fels-Naptha!"

Mother: "I've been tempted at different times into trying all sorts of soaps. I bought chips, powders and other new-fangled cleaners that claim to do about everything but the ironing and mending. But I always come back to Fels-Naptha. Nothing else gives so much help, and is so easy on the clothes."

Daughter: "Yes, isn't it wonderful how Fels-Naptha helps! I didn't realize how much until I tried other soaps. Then I began to see the difference. It must be the naptha, or the way it's mixed. It is so easy with Fels-Naptha to get my clothes

clean and sweet and white. And I just love the naptha odor—don't you?"

Thousands upon thousands of other women—after trying "chips, powders and other new-fangled cleaners"—have also come back to Fels-Naptha. And for a very good reason.

Fels-Naptha gives you *extra help you cannot get from any other soap, no matter what its form, or color, or shape, or price.* That's because it is more than soap—a great deal more than just "naptha soap." It is good soap and plenty of dirt-loosening naptha combined for perfect teamwork in one golden bar.

Ask your grocer for a bar of Fels-Naptha. Smell its clean naptha odor. Then prove the *extra* helpfulness of Fels-Naptha by trying it in your home.

No matter how you prefer to wash clothes—in a washing machine or tub—in boiling, luke-warm or cool water—you can get more help from Fels-Naptha than from any other soap. Millions of women are getting the benefit of this *extra* help. Why not you?

Camping or traveling this summer? Be sure to have Fels-Naptha's *extra* help! Loosens ground-in dirt from clothes so easily. Removes grease from dishes, even with cool water.

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

The Present Offerings in Furnishing Fabrics

Choosing Materials That Will Have Charm and the Satisfying Livable Qualities

By

Katherine M. Caldwell

IT IS, perhaps, a fortunate thing that there is no part of our house furnishing which we change so often as the fabrics. New furniture is not a matter of frequent occurrence, even a new carpet is rather a big event; but almost every season we have occasion to choose new coverings for old furniture, new curtains and accessories that make us ask "what is new and interesting in fabrics?"

We will ask that question—even though we end by choosing an old favorite, a cloth or pattern long familiar to us. Materials for upholsteries and curtains react to the fashion influences of the moment quite as definitely as do materials made for wearing apparel. The so-called modern style of furnishing has brought to life materials and colorings never before seen in house decoration—and right beside them will be shown bolt after bolt of chintzes that reflect nothing so clearly as the simple straightforward joyful home life of mid-Victorian times; their colorful clusters of flowers frankly bring the garden indoors; they have dignity without sophistication, gaiety without loudness.

I said it was probably fortunate that we should have this comparatively frequent opportunity to freshen up with fabrics, because there is probably no other one thing that gives us such an opportunity to bring true charm into a room. A room that is happy in the matter of walls, rug and furniture, may be given the final touch of perfection by well-chosen curtains and coverings; the room that is positively dull and uninteresting may be brought to life, even given real distinction, by new fabrics.

With so much responsibility as to a room's success resting upon them, the new materials for the windows or chairs deserve some careful thought and painstaking selection. The room itself, and its major furnishings, must be allowed to dictate in large measure the type of fabrics to be used. Beautiful polished woods and fine craftsmanship which make the furniture the dominant feature of a room, call for something lovely in upholstery fabric, something that will do justice to its grace and complement its richness; the room that is perhaps lacking in character, with adequate but undistinguished furniture, may give precedence to the window hangings and furniture coverings, allowing them a place of importance in the general scheme—a place they will usually take, in this case, by virtue of good color, and suitable, pleasing pattern, rather than by actual luxuriousness. There is a sense of fitness that must be observed in combining materials and the other furnishings, just as in the better-understood combining of clothes. The woman who unerringly chooses a sports hat that appears to have been made for her casual little frock or the one perfect chapeau to complete the picture created by her lace gown, will sometimes hesitate when it comes to matching her furnishings—and sadly enough, it is not unusual to see the picture hat with the sports dress, so to speak, in an occasional room where there has not been that guiding sense of fitness that invariably puts the right things together.

So for the room that is light in key, with furniture rather delicate in line, we are careful to choose materials that in themselves suggest lightness and

grace—the taffetas, satins, brocades, damasks in the small designs, silky materials in stripes and other delicate patterning, fine needlework and the glazed chintz and good printed linens that seem to fit in any place.

But let us pass to a sturdier room, one that is substantial in character, with furniture of oak or walnut or mahogany in the livable, usable types

ly figured goods looks very woe-begone indeed, when it begins to streak and blotch under the effect of light. It gets a down-at-heel appearance that is apt to make one feel that the money spent upon it was rather thrown away—and if there were hours of labor also in the making of curtains or slips, the regrets are doubled.

It is possible now to obtain practically any effect one wants, in fast colors. The plain casement cloth is very useful, there are frequent sales of it as low as sixty-eight cents a yard in a fair range of colors—nothing subtle, but usually including a good blue or two, green, tan, brown and rose. At higher prices, there are more varieties of coloring, and we begin to get the self-patterned cloths, the two-tone stripes, a suggestion of damask or brocade. Still higher, and we get the stunning colorful striped materials, in poplin, mercerized and silk effects, artificial or real. And still proof against the brightest sunlight! The same with chintz—if we want fast colors and feel we can pay the price for them, they are readily obtainable.

RATHER new are the semi-transparent fabrics, in delightful two-tone shadowy effects, very light and airy, and with the interest that their iridescence lends. They are

mostly in the artificial silk—the useful rayon which has appeared in all classes of hitherto silk fabrics, to make us wonder how we ever got along without it. This sort of material is especially useful where only one set of curtains is being used; when white or ecru glass curtains are added, they should of course be of a very sheer and filmy character.

Nothing could exceed the present vogue for the so-called Victorian chintzes. The finest of them are made from the same old wood blocks that fashioned the chintzes in the height of Victoria's reign. In a day when there are many people to rise up and call the furniture that has come to us from that time anything but blessed, there are none to deny the charm of the chintz that was evolved in Victoria's day. They are invariably floral, whether the pattern is large or small, of the "all-over" type or showing its blossoms gathered in clusters and nosegays—the garden itself, conventionalized, but not too much so. And they also invariably incline to a note of red in their coloring—not necessarily a clear red, but some modification of it, usually up and down the rose scale. The pinks and mauves, with their necessarily accompanying green and minor touches of other colors, seem to bespeak a fine, frank, cheerfulness, an absence of subtlety that is perhaps refreshing in a day when "artiness" creeps into a good deal of housefurnishing; they fit into our modern conception of the comfortable, colorful living room, as though they had been conceived especially for it.

The more exotic designs, with their introduction of birds and butterflies and the like, are modern adaptations; perhaps they are not so easy to live with for a long time; especially if the design is a bold one; they have not quite the same degree of lasting satisfaction noticeable in the flowered chintzes. But there are some extraordinarily stunning effects to be had in them, and they have won quite a place for themselves. A good bird design,

Continued on page 19



There is good use of design in this room, and a clever combination of patterned surfaces

that we go in for in this comfort-loving time of ours, and we shall find ourselves turning to the more substantial effects in material—not only in its fabrication but in the patterns, which may take on a greater boldness, and increasingly colorful effects.

I talked with the head of this department in a large shop recently, about the materials that are proving most suitable to the uses of the average home today. He said there was no question, with them, as to what was in the lead; chintzes, because of their great adaptability, because of their effectiveness with the plain walls for which we have developed such a fondness in recent years, because of their wide range of prices and infinite variety of design, outsell every other furnishing fabric. Perhaps next in general usefulness, he would place the sunfast materials in plain or self-patterned effects, and the delightful stripes and damask patterns that have been evolved in them.

The fact that these two very excellent types are the choice of the majority of buyers, really speaks well for the discrimination and judgment of the shopping public. If we had to narrow our range of fabrics down to two, these would surely be the ones to hold. In chintz, we can find absolutely any coloring (although occasionally we have to seek some special effort very painstakingly); we can have a pattern small and demure, large and bold, and everything that between them lies; we can find undeniable charm at thirty cents a yard, if we must, or length of life and great beauty at several dollars.

In my own opinion, it is seldom wise to choose a plain material in any but fade-proof quality; a cretonne will usually fade softly, generally, and often without really spoiling its effect; the blending of many colors disguises the change in them to some extent—although of course we prefer fast colors that will hold their original effect against sun and laundering. But a piece of plain or slight-



Sagless ease and matchless economy

Never again need you toss and turn at night in a vain search for a comfortable position. Face down, on your back, or side—in any position the *Slumber King* cushions you in luxury.

The reasons are plain. *Slumber King* joins its 26 flexible steel strips with four rows of resilient coils. They give under your weight and conform to your body without sagging.

In addition, special construction prevents sagging edges. The steel riveted

frame, as high as a box spring, improves the bed's appearance.

Any furniture store can supply *Slumber King*—the cleanest, strongest, longest-lived fabric spring in Canada and the biggest money's worth at \$12.

Remember that the other half of your comfort depends on your mattress. You can't go wrong by insisting on the one that has led all others in luxury and value for more than 30 years, the *Ostermoor*. Sold everywhere at \$25.

SIMMONS

Slumber King

BED SPRING

Feared His Wife's Remedy

A man went to his doctor and requested treatment for his ankle.

After a careful examination the doctor inquired: "How long have you been going about like this?"

"Two weeks."

"Why, man, your ankle is broken. How you managed to get around is a marvel. Why didn't you come to me at first?"

"Well, doctor, everytime I say anything is wrong with me my wife declares I'll have to stop smoking."—Sample case.

New Excuse Wanted

Sailor's Wife: "So you'll be back in four years, will you?"

Sailor: "Aye, but I may be a bit late on this trip."

Sailor's Wife: "Well, if you are, don't let's 'ave any of your old excuses about the ship going down, an' 'aving to walk 'ome. —Passing Show.

The Fall of Man

"Duty calls a man to church on Sundays, and pleasure urges him to go fishing," says a Vermont paper.

And Monday morning he shows up all sunburned.—Boston Transcript.

Misunderstood

Daughter (having just received a beautiful set of mink skins from her father): "What I don't see is how such wonderful furs come from a low, sneaking little beast."

Father: "I don't ask for thanks, dear, but I really insist on respect."

Crowd Assured

The new musical comedy came to town. The bill boards read: "50 Beautiful Girls; 45 Gorgeous Costumes."

Three students were killed and several dozen horribly mangled in the rush at the opening performance.—Virginia Reel.

Sex Distinction

When a woman winds a towel around her head and calls for a bucket of water, it means the beginning of a big day; but when a man winds a towel around his head and calls for water it means the end of a big night.

No Hold-up

Lowry: "Did you hear about the attempted robbery last night?"

Bates: "No."

Lowry: "A garter attempted to hold up a stocking, but the stocking ran, darn it."

A Surprise for a Regina Girl

AN INTERESTING letter which a schoolgirl in Regina received recently from a schoolgirl in Newark, New Jersey, is printed in *Canadian Finance*. The writer of the letter says that she and her fellow-pupils in the public school which she attends in Newark "would like very much if you would write and tell us the way you live. Do you dress like we do? What kind of clothes do you wear? Do you speak the same as we do? If you do not, would you write and show us some words in the language you do speak, and tell us what it means. We are having decimals in arithmetic. What kind of food do you eat? Please let us hear from you soon." That remarkable letter can hardly be believed to be the production of a queer sense of humor. It is, no doubt, evidence of the crude ignorance of the New Jersey schoolgirl who wrote it. Of course, she is only a child. But there are immense numbers of people in the United States whose knowledge of the rest of the world is remarkably small, and whose ideas about people who do not live in the United States are not so very much more correct than that New Jersey schoolgirl's ideas about Western Canada, which are probably derived from moving pictures she has seen. Centuries ago the mental attitude disclosed by that letter was usual among remote peoples—though they had never seen any movies. When the first Europeans went to China, the Chinese looked upon them with smiling scorn and told them that all the nations of the earth were subject to the Emperor of China, and that all the other peoples in the world were inferior to the Chinese, of course. But with the spread of civilization and the increase of public education, that attitude of mind will gradually disappear, we may hope, even in Newark, New Jersey.

Not a Western Habit of Mind

THERE is a point of view from which it is to be said that the pessimist is not an altogether useless member of society. He has a certain usefulness in the affairs of the community and of the nation, in that he stings unthinking men into thought and quickens the energies of confirmed optimists. When things are going badly with politics, or commerce, or the social fabric generally, it is the pessimist whose groanings stir the average citizen and help to urge him to look the situation in the face. With the ordinary person pessimism is only a passing mood. But there are some individuals who seem to be constitutionally pessimistic. They are happy, with such happiness as they are capable of, only when they are indulging in gloomy thoughts and viewing the future with apprehensions and misgivings. Such individuals are rare in the West. The longer they breathe the buoyant, hope-inspiring Western air, the more they find their pessimistic thoughts dissolving as a morning mist dissolves in the sunshine and disappears. Who can fail to be an optimist on a day when the illimitable blue of the sunlit heaven arches itself over the prairie—a day when the mists and hazes of midsummer heat, far and faint along the edge of the sky, merge into a horizon of faint and gauzy hues, so that no mortal eye can discern where the earth ends and the sky begins!

A Jubilee Dominion Day Next Year

THE first day of last month was the fifty-ninth birthday of the Dominion. It is not too soon now to begin giving thought to the idea that July 1, 1927, the sixtieth anniversary of Confederation, should be made the occasion of a more memorable national celebration than any preceding Dominion Day. It is usual to mark fiftieth anniversaries by jubilee celebrations. But on July 1, 1917, the Dominion's fiftieth birthday, Canada was too deeply engaged in giving the utmost of her strength to her participation in the Great War to have time for an adequate celebration then. What Canada did in the Great War set the final seal of nationhood on her brow. That there was not a jubilee celebration of Dominion Day in 1917 gives all the more reason for marking next year's Dominion Day by a celebration that will be to all the world a demonstration of united Canadianism and of what the Canadian people have achieved in developing their great inheritance. Dominion Day should be observed every year with a whole-hearted enthusiasm in the manifestation of real love of our country and pride in its history. But next year's Dominion Day should be made an outstanding occasion in every village, town and city in Canada—a day to be remembered by every Canadian child, a day to impress every newcomer to Canada with the meaning of united Canadianism.

The Philosopher

"I Knew Him When——"

"I KNEW him when his mother took in sewing, and he used to run errands for a grocer, after school hours," said a man who is now past middle age and earns a salary which is not a large one, as accountant in an office in the Grain Exchange Building in Winnipeg, speaking to The Philosopher of a man who is today among the most successful and prominent men in Canada. "Oh, I know all about him. We went to school together in Toronto. You wouldn't have thought he was ever going to amount to very much. The last time I spoke to him was when he was in Winnipeg a few years ago, and say, it was like old times! Well, some men have luck, and others haven't." It is true that chance has brought many a man his opportunities, but most successful men have made their own opportunities. A careful study of the qualities of men who are what we call successful would reveal in nine cases out of ten that their success is due chiefly to their ability to "get along with people." It is not due to something deep and profound, which puzzles the brains of the average man, but to a power of understanding other people and getting on good terms with them and winning their good opinion and confidence. Among the minor, but important qualifications possessed by such men is the power of recognizing faces and remembering names—a power which most of us can acquire, in some measure. A man may have great intellect, but lack quick insight into human nature and be unable to form correct judgments about people's ideas, characters and motives and to act with discretion and tact and foresight in dealing with them. Those who do not possess these qualifications usually say of those who do that their success is due to luck—that "some men have luck, and others haven't." It is what is often, but not always, to be expected of an unsuccessful man who begins talking about an eminently successful man with the words: "I knew him when——"

"Old-fashioned Juicy Pies"

A FRIEND of The Philosopher laments "the good, old-fashioned juicy pies" of his boyhood days. He sighs for the joy he used to find in a large section of juicy raspberry pie, or cherry pie, or, best of all, in his memory of vanished joys, apple pie. "Too much thickening among the fruit, or berries," he complains sadly. You might as well be eating dough, for all the flavor you get! He grieves over this, as one more of the good old things which are to be found no more in these degenerate days. He does not realize that the change is more in himself than in the pies. In his memories of happy boyhood he has glorified the large sections of juicy pie which his mother gave him, and the mothers of the boys he played with gave him, on occasion, when life was carefree and joyous and eager, and he and the other boys found so absorbing a pleasure in absorbing those large sections of juicy pie, from which at the first blissful bite the juice squirted out on each side and was spread on their faces. He does not realize that to get the same joy from such a section of pie now, he would not only have to be regardless of smearing himself with the juice, whose absence from modern pies he laments, but he would have to be a boy again. He is a middle-aged dreamer, sighing for the joys of the past, which cannot be brought back again out of the vanished years. It is not to be doubted that pies which are as excellent in every way as the pies of his dreams are being made today, and that boys are eating large sections of them as happily as he ever ate large sections of those pies of long ago. But what man of mature years, perched on a stool at a lunch counter, where the cramped conditions do not give even a moderately fat man elbow room, or even seated comfortably in a chair at a dinner table, would be capable of a boy's joy in a section of one of those "good, old-fashioned juicy pies," if a hand from across the years were to place it before him?

When Warships Battled on the Bay

SAYS the *Montreal Gazette*:

"The Manitoba Historical Society, after thirteen years of inactivity, has been reorganized. This sets a good example which should be followed in many other parts of the Dominion. Every Province of Canada has its rich historic background. Many Manitobans, it is safe to say, do not know that on the waters of Hudson Bay, five hundred miles from Winnipeg, warships of Great Britain and France met in battle more than two hundred years ago."

What the Montreal paper says of "many Manitobans" it might well say also of many Canadians who live in other Provinces than Manitoba. When the Hudson Bay Railway is completed, excursionists to Port Nelson, where salt sea waves roll in upon the coast of this mid-continent maritime Province of Manitoba, will find themselves upon a beach which more than once was littered by wreckage from some of the most desperate sea-fighting in all British and French history. In 1694 French ships-of-war captured Fort Nelson. In 1694 British ships-of-war retook it. In 1697 five French fighting ships, under the command of the Sieur d'Iberville entered the Bay, and were followed by four British fighting ships. The French flagship, the Pelican, arrived first before Fort Nelson, the other French ships having gone astray in a fog. After waiting two days, d'Iberville saw their sails, as he believed, on the horizon, when the fog lifted on the third morning, and went out on the Pelican to meet them. But the ships he met were the four British ships. All day long a desperate sea-fight ensued. The British flagship, the Hampshire, with 52 guns, was sunk, and the Pelican, with 90 of her crew killed or wounded, was little better than a wreck; but still the fight went on. By night a strong gale was blowing from the east. Daylight the next morning found two of the British ships driven ashore, and the Pelican lodged in shallow water; all three ships were shattered hulks, whose crews had suffered heavy losses in killed or wounded. The fourth British ship, too badly damaged to continue fighting, had drifted out of sight. The survivors from the British ships made their way to Fort Nelson. Of d'Iberville's men, 18 were drowned in trying to swim ashore; he and the other survivors from the Pelican found themselves ashore without shelter, and they had to boil moss and seaweed for food. In a few days the delayed French ships arrived with men, provisions and cannon. Once more Fort Nelson was besieged, and taken. The French flag was raised over it again. But by the Treaty of Utrecht, in 1713, France gave up the entire Hudson Bay region to Great Britain. Sixty-nine years later, in 1782, there was war again, and a French flotilla took Fort Nelson, then known as York Factory, and battered down the massive Fort Prince of Wales, at the mouth of the Churchill River, 38 of whose guns still lie rusting on its ruins. Since 1782 there has been no warfare on the Bay, whose waters are destined to be furrowed soon, we must hope, by the keels of fleets of freighters.

Not a Favorite Word in Canada

"THE Canadian Language—Words and Phrases Unfamiliar to British Ears," is the title of an article in a recent issue of a weekly published in London, England. The writer of that article, after noting that "store" in Canada means a shop, "baggage," luggage, "wheat," corn, "elevator," lift, and that there are many such differences in the use of words, says:

"One extremely notable quality of North American language is its emphasis. The Canadian and the American are both temperamentally high-keyed. The Canadian is very fond of the word 'hell,' which he uses when he wants to be emphatic. When he says 'you're a hell of a fellow!' he may mean either reproof, or admiration. 'Like hell I will!' means that he will not, and 'get to hell out of here!' means that he wants you to get out, but does not necessarily mean that he is angry in saying it."

The writer of that article, if ever he was in Canada, must have associated with some rough and tough people. Such people are to be found in every country, on both sides of the Atlantic. It is true that profanity is to be heard in this country. But the average Canadian, though, like other human beings, he sometimes feels the need of a word or two of more than parlor strength, manages to get along without resorting to a senseless habit which is as far from being an evidence of either mental strength or good manners as spitting on the sidewalk is.

The Present Offerings in Furnishing Fabrics

Continued from page 16

for instance, may often be worked in very successfully as the *second* patterned fabric in a room—perhaps in conjunction with a floral design in the main patterned areas; neither should be too emphatic, as a rule, but one may be more assertive in coloring than the other, with excellent effect.

Stripes are also useful for achieving variety in the design used in a room. It is really risky for the inexperienced person to try to introduce many different patterned surfaces, although she need by no means stick strictly to one pattern and all else plain, as the general conception of a rule for good furnishing seemed for a time to be. If she is discreet and tries her fabrics together, and if she secures a nice balance as a whole, there is no reason why she should not combine patterns, in moderation. Of course it is the danger of overdoing it that has made us a little shy of venturing far in this direction without expert advice; it is much better to err on the side of too many plain surfaces, than too much pattern; it is peace-destroying and confusing to the last degree, to find patterns vying with each other in a small space, rather than adding something, each to the other. Our illustration shows good use of design and a clever combination of patterns.

WHEN one comes to consider the weightier materials, there is quite a range also. There are delightful soft woolen fabrics, that are warm and homelike in appearance and they are usually available in rich, soft coloring. The softer cloths are usually more graceful, unless used for large portieres which can stand a certain amount of wiriness. Then there are the velours and velvets, the whole group of pile fabrics, which may be fitted in whenever their silky appearance is desirable. If there is an absence of the richer note in the furniture and its coverings, in the general furnishings of the room, it is not well to introduce it in this single instance; velours especially is often used where one of the other fabrics would really be a happier choice.

One may take all manner of liberties with the fabric conventions, when the material is to be used for curtainings; if it is fade-proof, it may be quite fragile and still give length of service. For that reason, we do not hesitate to call upon the dress materials to supply us with curtainings, quite as readily as on the drapery department, if we can get the effect we want. The amount of fine voile, organdie, gingham, chambray and the like that is sold today for curtain use, must run into very large figures. But when we are choosing material for upholstering purposes, we must remember that its ability to wear well is not secondary to its ability to appear well; in fact, if it quickly shows signs of use, its appearance will promptly suffer. So it is never wise to buy a chair covering with an eye only upon the present effect; we must think of what it will look like after a period of service. Better to buy a piece of plain denim or sturdy repp in a plain tone, knowing that you can look to it to retain its present appearance for a reasonable length of time, than to buy a less durable material at the same low cost, that will give you perhaps a more interesting immediate effect—but will not stand up well under the test of everyday family life.

The Reason Why

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By
H. J. Russell, F. C. I.

The Young Man and His Problem

St. John's Technical High School
Winnipeg

Choosing Your Life Work

ARTICLE No. 7.—The Veterinary. A Saskatchewan correspondent has inquired concerning the work of the veterinary, or "animal doctor." According to William Rosengarten's book of the title heading this paragraph, the importance of the work of veterinarian has been recognized in several ways. Both the government and individual employers demand that the veterinary shall be trained in his profession, shall have completed a course of study at a reliable institution, and shall be licensed to practice.

The work may be regarded from two principal viewpoints—its humane and its economic significance. In curing animals of disease and in preventing disease, the veterinary lessens suffering among dumb animals. In studying the diseases of animals, ascertaining which of them are communicable to man and then working to prevent the communication of such diseases to men, he renders another great service. Finally, in preventing and curing sickness in animals, he lessens the financial loss involved by the death of live stock, and does his share also toward maintaining a sufficient meat supply for the needs of the country.

Among the opportunities for work may be mentioned private practice in city and more often in country districts. The work may be of a general nature or it may be specialized where a neighborhood raises chiefly one kind of animal.

There also are opportunities for veterinarians in the private employ of ranchmen or owners of large stock enterprises. The time is devoted to the care of the animals and suggestions are made for improvements in the feeding, housing, and breeding of the stock.

Opportunities exist also in the army, in the public service, and in the teaching of veterinary science. Veterinarians in the public service do work which varies according to their position, from the routine of live stock inspection to the carrying on of scientific research. The subject is further discussed in Mr. Rosengarten's book, which is published by the McGraw-Hill Book Co., Inc., 370 Seventh Avenue, New York.

Short Courses

FOR some time past, space has been taken on this page to present serially a number of connected ideas on specific topics. The first of these short courses was entitled "A Short Course in English," and at the present time, two other courses are nearing completion—the one "Choosing Your Life Work" and the other "The Young Man and His Bible."

At the conclusion of the series mentioned, the editor of this page plans to introduce articles prepared on a similar basis. "A Short Course in Salesmanship" and "A Short Course in Advertising" might be arranged. Other subjects that lend themselves to similar treatment are Economics, Arithmetic, Commercial Law, and Vocabulary Study.

Parts of the courses that have already appeared have attracted considerable attention and various readers have written for or supplied additional information. Letters will be welcome from those who may be interested in serial articles on one or more of the topics mentioned or who might like to see other topics treated in the same way.

Thoughts From Dr. Gordon

AMAN'S character is greater than all his mental powers and social privileges. Every thought creates character. Every act is an incarnation of character. Every habit is a pillar in the edifice of character. As Thackeray has well said: "Sow a thought and reap an act; sow an act and reap a habit; sow a habit and reap a character; sow a character and reap an eternal destiny."

To be able to think is a dangerous privilege and to be free to act involves a tremendous moral responsibility. Thoreau said: "It matters not half so much what kind of a ballot you drop into the ballot box once a year as what kind of a man you drop out of bed into the street every morning.—Rev. Dr. J. L. Gordon.

A Recommendation

SOME months ago an article appeared on this page concerning a letter of recommendation which spoke generally in high terms of a student but which recounted an unfavorable incident in his school life. The student found that the presentation of the letter turned prospective employers against him. "An Interested Reader" in Saskatchewan, is of the opinion that the principal of the school was not justified in disclosing the incident.

"I do not think," says our correspondent, "that the principal was justified in mentioning one item of misconduct. As the student otherwise showed a clean record and character, it does not seem likely that he would again commit such an offence; therefore, I venture to say that he should not have been sent out into the business world saddled at the outset with a character detrimental to his career.

"Now we of mature years all know that youth is often guilty of mean actions which are really the outcome of pride or jealousy and selfishness—the little offences of which a man of years and experience would feel ashamed, but youth seldom realizes the effect which these lapses may have in the future.

"Now I would like to ask which is more important, for that young man to realize his error and be forgiven and started on his career with his good characteristics predominant, or for that one incident to be written in his recommendation which would make it of little or no value?

"We are none of us perfect, and it is always better to give a man a chance and help him along rather than hold his sins against him."

A Business Encyclopedia

IN FOUR compact volumes, the A. W. Shaw Company, publishers, Cass, Huron and Erie streets, Chicago, have issued at a total cost of \$5.50, a business man's encyclopaedia. The general title of the first volume is business law and commercial usage; of the second, business methods, tables and data; of the third, management, methods and systems; and of the fourth, management and marketing. The fourth volume includes also an extensive index to the complete work. Many useful business tables are given, and illustrations are added to make clearer the sections dealing with business systems and advertising. Volume two includes a business dictionary, and a list of abbreviations and arbitrary signs used in business. The young man in business life, either as an employee or on his own account, should be able to secure much practical information from these books.

A Vocabulary Test

THE following questions are taken from a literacy test published in the Memoirs of the National Academy of sciences in connection with psychological examining in the United States army. If you can answer yes or no to them correctly, it is probable that your vocabulary range is at least equal to the average:

- Are tentative regulations ever advantageous?
- Is an infinitesimal titanic bulk possible.
- Do all connubial unions eventuate felicitously?
- Is a gelatinous exaltation ridiculous?
- Are sedate and hilarious similar in meaning?
- Is avarice sometimes exhibited by cameos?
- Is embezzlement a serious misdemeanor?
- Do vagrants commonly possess immaculate cravats?
- Are loquacious and voluble opposite in meaning?
- May heresies arise among the laity?
- Do tendrils terminate in cerebral hemorrhages?
- Are intermittent sounds discontinuous?
- Is an avocational activity ordinarily pleasurable?
- Are many nocturnal raids surreptitiously planned?
- Are milksops likely to perpetrate violent offenses?

A Question of Salary

DR. ORISON SWETT MARDEN says that if the laborer gets no more wages than his employer offers him, he is cheated; he cheats himself. "A boy or man who works simply for his salary," continues Dr. Marden, "and is actuated by no higher motive, is dishonest, and the one whom he most defrauds is himself. He is cheating himself in the quality of his daily work, of that which all the after years, try as he may, can never give him back.

If I were allowed but one utterance on this subject, so vital to every young man starting on the journey of life, I would say: Don't think too much of the amount of salary your employer gives you at the start. Think, rather, of the possible salary you can give yourself, in increasing your skill, in expanding your experience, in enlarging and ennobling yourself.

A man's or a boy's work is material with which to build character and manhood. It is life's school for practical training of the faculties, stretching the mind, and strengthening and developing the intellect, not a mere mill for grinding out a salary of dollars and cents.

I have never known an employee to rise rapidly, or even to get beyond mediocrity, whose pay envelope was his goal, who could not see infinitely more in his work than what he found in the envelope on Saturday night. That is necessity; but the larger part of the real pay of a real man's work is outside of the pay envelope.

One part of this outside salary is the opportunity of the employee to absorb the secrets of his employer's success, and to learn from his mistakes, while he is being paid for learning his trade or profession. The other part, and the best of all, is the opportunity for growth, for development, for mental expansion; the opportunity to become a larger, broader, more efficient man."

The Young Man and His Bible

ARTICLE No. 8. Throughout our city and country districts numbers of young men are to be found who are using some of their Sunday time in Bible class and young people's work. Service of this kind is greatly needed but it cannot be successfully rendered unless a satisfactory background of knowledge and study is constructed. It is probable that for every hour spent before a class on a Sunday afternoon, at least two hours should be spent in preparation during the week.

The Bible itself should be the principal book of study but for the leader who has not had the advantages of a formal course of training, a number of supplementary books are necessary. As a rule it is better to secure such books one by one as the need becomes evident, but there are one or two sets available that can be of great value to the earnest student. One of these sets has been out of print for some time, but has again been placed before the public by W. P. Blessing Company, 208 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago, U.S.A. This set, under the name of "The New Biblical Guide," is by Professor John Urquhart, and comprises eight volumes with a total of 3,200 pages. The publishers will be pleased to mail descriptive circular upon request, and to quote special rate to Canadian readers.

Among the many topics which are dealt with in much detail may be mentioned: creation history, criticism, chronology, the Deluge, authorship, genealogies, ancient manuscripts, Scripture shown not to be tradition by its minute accuracy, miracles, prophecy, alleged discrepancies, and a section on How to Read the Bible.

Many scientific statements are presented, based upon archaeological research and the work as a whole represents a vigorous defence of the Bible. It is said that the Bible is a science for the heart and not for the head, and Professor Urquhart recognizes this, but undertakes to show that hundreds of questions concerning the Bible may be answered in accordance with the findings of scientific research and that the biblical records may be verified.

My Country 'tis of Thee I Sing

By Freda Bundy

"GOD gave our prairies wealth in their golden fields; our mountains beauty in their majesty."

Leave your busy office, hurry through the restless downtown sections, forget the roar of the trains, the grind of the street cars and come with me; away and away in our little panting car to our wonderful mountains. Round endless hairpin curves, through long avenues of virgin forests and ever climbing up up until at last we stop, descend from the car, chattering and laughing—up the steps we go and through the portico of the chateau.

The laughing ceases and the talking dies away. We feel as if we have, somehow like "Alice", slipped through the looking glass and descended into a land of beauty and loveliness, found only in fairy tales.

There before our eyes nestles a little lake, famed throughout the world of tourists for the perfection of its beauty; the unmatched and almost unbelievable hue of its water—an incomparable jewel in a flawless setting—Lake Louise of our Canadian Rockies.

As we stand there entranced, the appealing beauty of this fairy scene grips us and we feel small—oh! so small and humble. The peaceful quietness of it, the vast spaciousness, causes a queer lonely feeling to come over us, like, when as a child, we crept into a vast empty church and suddenly felt alone—just us and God. No noisy trains, no hurrying feet, no quarreling, no strife; just infinite stillness everywhere.

It might well be the "Garden of the Gods". In the foreground is spread a wonderful carpet of green, greener than one could ever imagine. As we walk over this velvety softness, hundreds of little golden-faced poppies smile up at us and proudly guide our footsteps to the rim of their beautiful lake.

There it lies, like a mythical goddess, clothed in that wonderful and unreal gown of green jade and nestles in the arms of the grim old Mount Victoria, who bears on his chest a glistening robe of glacial ice; which in the bright August sunshine, dazzles us with its scintillating lights. On each side of this amorous pair stand stalwart guardians; their stern, scarred faces softened by a tulle-like veil of mist, while round their feet, like couchant lions, are the dark, green, fragrant spruces.

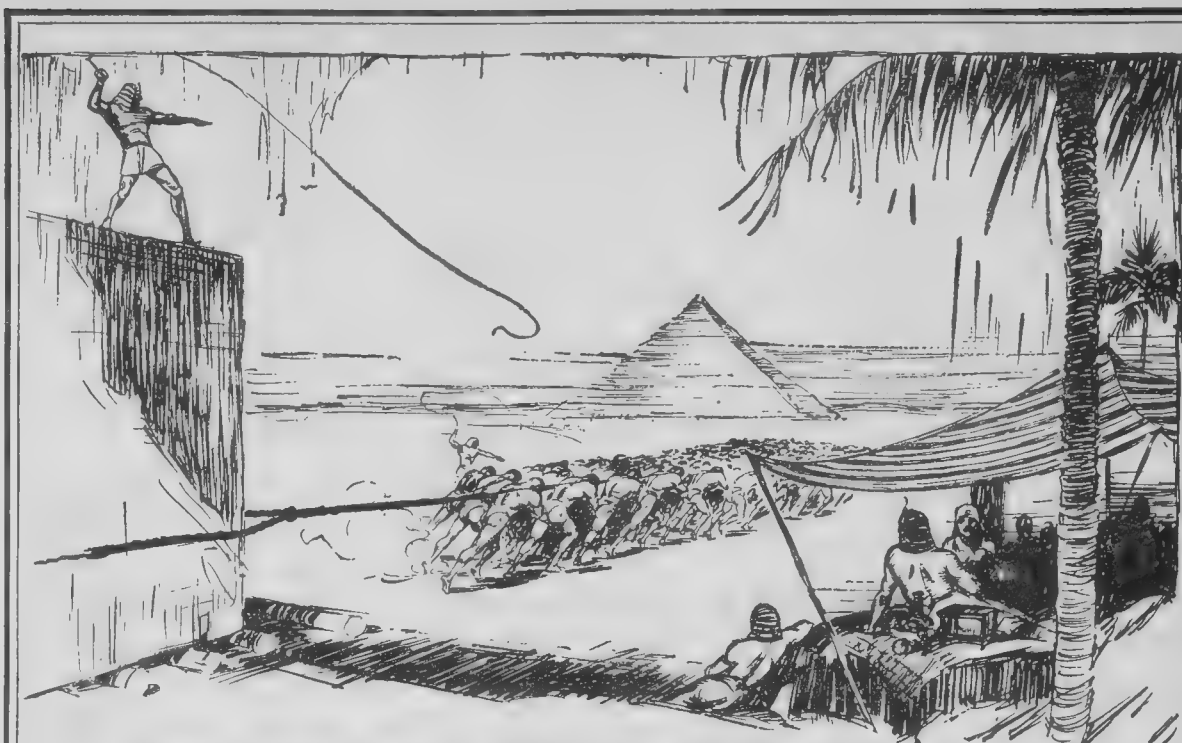
There are other lakes near—Mirror Lake, just above; a tiny thing, content to serve no other purpose than to reflect the varying moods of mountain and sky.

But back again in your busy office, in the heat and dust of the summer afternoon, close your eyes and slowly wander through the halls of Memory. On its walls hangs a new picture—a masterpiece.

There, see the dazzling blue of the sky, the wonderful jade green of the water, the bright, little golden flowers, dancing on the green turf, the cold, blue-white of the glacier—the majesty, tranquillity and dazzling loveliness of a picture that Time will never efface.



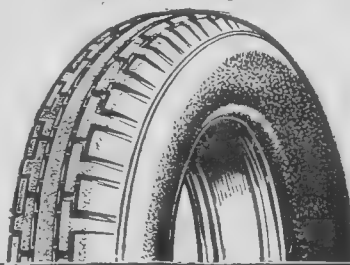
"I'm sorry Andy—but I've got to sneeze."
—Judge



STRENGTH

INCALCULABLE! The Strength it took to build the Pyramids. The Strength of materials, the strength of tools, the strength of slaves. Think of the strength of the braided, rawhide cables, that stood the pulling strain of hundreds of sweating, gasping human beings, dragging, inch by inch, the colossal blocks of stone to build the Pharaoh's Tomb. STRENGTH—whose immortal monument is the Pyramids; STRENGTH—the virtue we admire in its every form, is as valuable a quality to-day as it was in Egypt seventeen hundred years before Christ.

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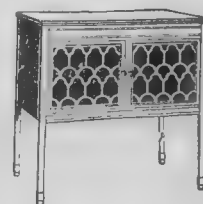
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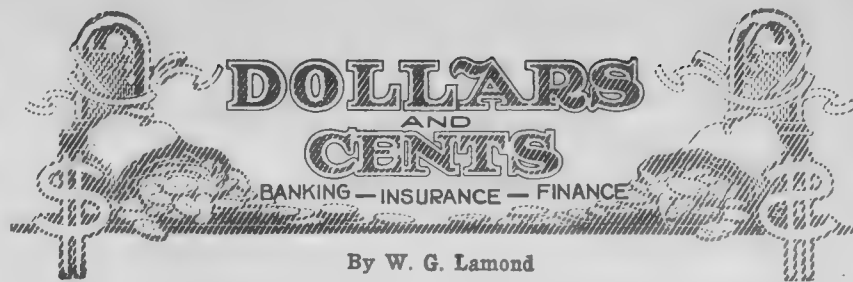
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By W. G. Lamond

AN addition to the financial institutions of Winnipeg is the investment business of F. M. Black and Company, with offices in the Winnipeg Electric Railway Building. Mr. Black, president of the new enterprise, is one of the best known citizens of the province and indeed is widely known throughout the entire West. He was born in the year 1870 in Kilmarnock, Scotland, and the best qualities of his race have not suffered in his keeping. While in his teens he served in leading financial houses in the city of London, which he ultimately left in 1891 to come to Vancouver and to the service of the Bank of British Columbia. After some years of banking and commercial experience on the Pacific coast he joined the packing concern of P. Burns & Company at their headquarters in Calgary.



The Hon. F. M. Black

Of this company in the course of a connection extending over fifteen years, Mr. Black became a director and treasurer. Public affairs then called him and he was appointed a member of the Board of Public Utilities in Alberta, and likewise, for a period during the war, served on the Food Control Board in

Ottawa. He removed to Winnipeg in 1918 as Treasurer of United Grain Growers, Ltd. When the Farmers' Government took charge of the affairs of the Province of Manitoba in 1922 he was asked to take the Portfolio of Finance and so became Provincial Treasurer. After balancing the Provincial Budget for 1924 and having helped solve the major financial troubles of the province, he resigned his portfolio to become for one year Vice-President in charge of Finances of the Winnipeg Electric Railway. He has now entered the financial field in Winnipeg on his own account.

Mr. Black has always been a firm believer in the splendid destiny of Western Canada. While he has held many honorary positions at various times in voluntary associations for the public welfare, his best work has been done in helping to restore the financial fabric of the Province of Manitoba. Since his resignation, two successive surpluses—the last of \$600,000—together with the greatly enhanced credit standing of the Province, attest the quality of the work in which he assisted. Though no longer a member of the Cabinet, he still retains his seat in the Legislature.

The Cattle Market

THE British general strike, while it lasted, had a very disturbing effect upon the Canadian cattle market. Not knowing whether cattle shipments could be unloaded, or if unloaded, whether they would be sold, exporters were out of the market. Steers of export quality suffered a price decline which was reflected to some extent in the price of other grades of cattle. With the cessation of the strike, export shipments have again been going overseas in considerable volume. The total shipments this year to date have been in excess of 40,000 head; this is 10,000 ahead of last year and a still further increase over the year before.

While earlier in the year the great majority of Canadian cattle landed in Great Britain were destined for immediate slaughter, a considerable number are now going out to farms as feeder cattle. English preference for fresh beef as compared with frozen beef, enables the feeder to secure a remunerative return on Canadian cattle, as there is now general admission that cattle imported from Canada and fed for a time in England are superior to those obtained from Ireland.

Because of the prevalence of the foot and mouth disease in Argentina, cattle from that country are not admitted to the United Kingdom on this basis. In order to meet this situation, Argentina cattle are now shipped to Belgium, fed for a time, slaughtered and then shipped to the United Kingdom as fresh beef. In this manner Argentina hopes again to secure the premium that is paid for fresh beef.

In spite of the low prices in the United States for corn-fed cattle, the demand for stockers there continues strong and has resulted in the movement of a certain number from the Calgary and Winnipeg markets.

Cattle runs on all markets have been comparatively light. With coarse grains cheap and with abundant pasture available throughout the West, farmers show a tendency to retain on the farms all cattle which have not been winter-fed in definite preparation for the spring's market. Moderate deliveries are producing somewhat firmer prices and choice export steers have been selling at about \$7.00 per cwt.

Manitoba Hemp

MR. WILSON, the general manager of the Manitoba Cordage Co., Ltd., who has just returned from buying machinery in Great Britain, reports that the hemp crop on the whole compares favorably with other local crops. It is growing rapidly, some of it being already 4 feet high, and in this respect is considerably ahead of the hemp crops in Ontario and Wisconsin.

It is noticeable that the tallest and most forward hemp is on the more deeply ploughed lands which better accommodates the long tap root of the hemp plant and makes for more root as well as ease in reaching the moisture.

On the more shallow seed bed the root

naturally finds it difficult to penetrate the hard pan.

The hemp crop promises to pay well even when compared with the present favorable prices for grain and if and when grain prices are lower, the hemp price will compare even more favorably as it is not supposed that it will fluctuate to anything like the same extent.

We understand that the Company have definitely on order a full unit of twine machinery of the very latest and best model, than which there is no better if as good in the trade. This machinery will be delivered in due course and the necessary alterations to the factory are now under way.



This department is conducted by one of the best known of Winnipeg's legal practitioners, whose experience covers the laws affecting all the Western Provinces. Problems are invited and every endeavor will be made to give safe and practical information. Readers desiring a private reply can have the same promptly forwarded to them. In such cases a sum of one dollar should be enclosed with their questions.

NEVER before in the history of the Dominion has such a furore been created in political and legal circles as we have witnessed during the last month. The action of the Governor-General in refusing to grant dissolution of the House of Commons to the Right Honorable W. L. MacKenzie King and then granting of the same request to the Right Honorable Arthur Meighen has brought about a most interesting development in the constitutional law, not only of Canada but of the whole Empire. There are authorities who in turn both belaud and bewail the act of Lord Byng. Precedents hoary with age and precedents with the fresh dew of youth have been seized by both parties to sustain their contention, and the issue raised bids fair to become the main issue of the forthcoming election. This article is not intended to give any authoritative opinion on the merits of the question but to put before the public some facts concerning the functions and duties of the House of Commons.

Most of our readers are aware that control of legislation in Canada is divided between the Federal and Provincial authorities by the provisions of the British North America Act (B.N.A. act). By this act the Provinces and the Dominion have been allotted certain subjects in the exercise of which the particular party has absolute supremacy. The supremacy of a legislature is a matter easy to exercise but somewhat difficult to define. It has been said for instance that the Parliament of Great Britain can do anything except "make a man a woman, or a woman a man." If for instance the legislature of Manitoba were to pass an act to expropriate the writer's house without attempting to pay compensation therefor, the writer would have no redress. If the Dominion legislature were to pass a bill authorizing the killing of all blue-eyed babies at birth, such an act would be, legally speaking, the law of the land. Obviously this supremacy would be subject to two checks, one being that the innate good sense of the legislators would prevent the passage of such a bill and secondly the people represented by the legislators would refuse to obey the law upon the obedience to which the tenure of office of any legislature depends.

Granted, then, that the legislature in its own sphere is supreme we are led to consider two questions which are of the greatest importance in our social life today. The first centres around the misuse and abuse of legislative powers by interested parties. There seems to be a tendency on the part of some to use this power for personal aggrandizement and power and the avoidance of liability through oversight. "Log-rolling", the bane of American politics, is by no means unknown in Canada and, as usually happens, has proved detrimental to the interests of the Country. Individuals desirous of personal gain have used their influence to sway members to introduce and pass bills which benefit only the interested party.

The ease with which legislation can be passed, particularly when the Government is powerful, has led to the introduction of unwise and ill-considered legislation. It is a common complaint and a by no means unjust one that we are suffering from too much legislation. There is too great a tendency to lay down minute rules for the guidance and regulation of the conduct of a person's actions and morals. It is a true saying that legislation never made a nation moral, this being accomplished by the application of internal and not external forces. Flowing from the failure to so legislate, there grows up a disregard for other laws and soon the social structure is threatened by the inability of those in authority to administer the law effectively and strongly: A time has arrived when one

should attempt not to clutter the statute books with new laws but to seek to weed out legislation which is ineffective and to enforce rigidly that legislation which is beneficial.

In a short time we shall witness the sight of a fair Dominion flooded with waves of oratory of the most livid type.

There is revolt against a supervision of one's activities and there is a growing demand for a return to a policy of *Laissez-faire*: The country is no longer in swaddling clothes; it seeks to justify its existence as a strong youth and legislators would do well to bend a listening and attentive ear to its demands.

Edgeley, Sask.

Q.—Some time ago I traded cars with a fellow. Gave him my Ford, \$50.00 cash and a note for \$100.00, and got an Overland 75, which he guaranteed. He sold my Ford for \$265.00. I have never had any good of the Overland and have spent over \$200.00 on it and still can't get it to run even fairly well. The note is due and I told the fellow I would not pay it. I told him to bring back the note and he could take the car. I have had a garage man's opinion on the car, and he says its not worth fixing up. If the fellow won't take the car, can he force me to pay the note. He only valued the car at \$300.00 when he brought it to me, and he has already been paid over that amount.—A Subscriber.

A.—It will be difficult for you to resist payment of the note unless you can satisfy the Court that your Vendor guaranteed that his car was in good running order, but that this warranty was false and that he knew or should have known, that it was false. If you can satisfy the Court on this point you may be able to counterclaim for damages for such breach of warranty. The damages would be the difference between the actual value of the car and the value it would have had if it had been as represented.

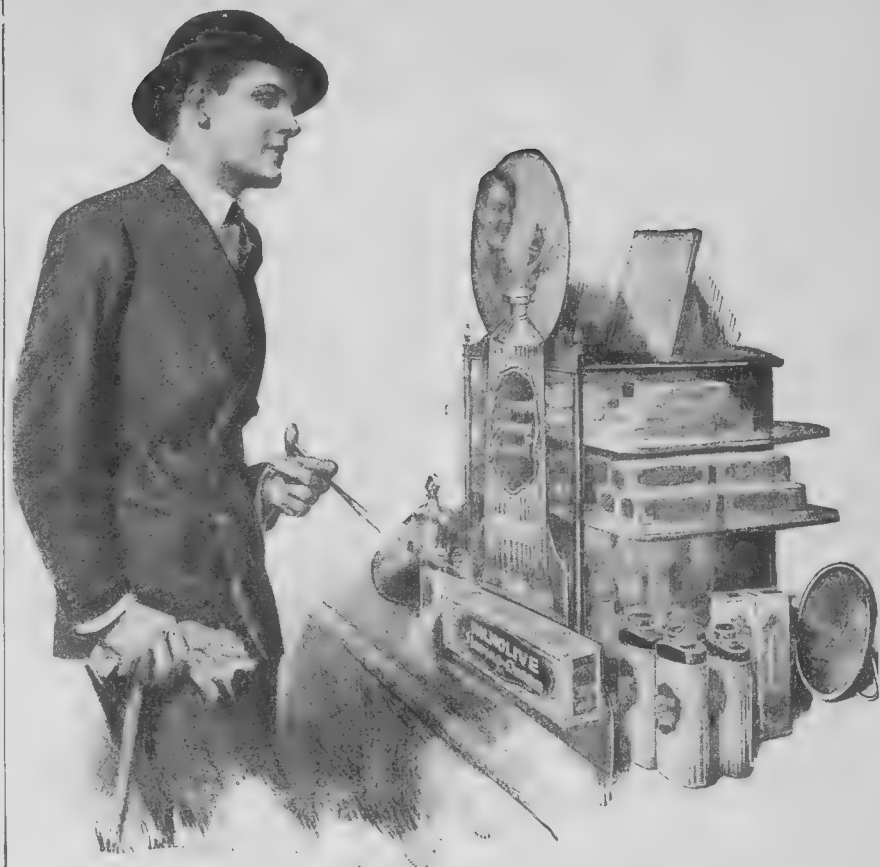
Q.—Is a divorce, secured on the grounds of adultery in the United States Court, legal in Canada, or would a person have to get another divorce in Canada to make it legal? If legal, in what States would it be legal, or are the laws of all states the same regarding adultery?—Uno, Calgary.

A.—Yes, if otherwise properly obtained. In addition to the required legal grounds for divorce, it must also be obtained in the proper Court. All courts subject to British law will recognize a divorce only if properly obtained under the laws of the Husband's domicile. If the husband had his fixed place of abode and domicile in the State where divorce was obtained, such divorce will be recognized in Canada; otherwise not. The divorce laws of the United States vary in almost every State, and a divorce granted by one state may or may not be valid in another state. Adultery is always the best ground for divorce in any jurisdiction which permits divorce.

Winnipeg, Man.

Q.—My husband died last year, and in his Will he only left me \$700.00, and the rest to his children and relatives. Is there any law by which I can get more than that from his estate? How do I break the Will?—Anxious.

A.—Under the Dower Act of Manitoba you have the option to elect within two years (or after notice within that period) whether you will accept your husband's will or claim that share of his estate which is allowed you by the Dower Act. With a few exceptions for large estates and marital difficulties, every wife is entitled after her husband's death to one-third of his estate and a life interest in their home. The balance of the Estate goes to the children and their families if any. If you consider \$700.00 to be less than one-third of your husband's estate you may advise the Executor that you claim under the Dower Act. The Will is not "broken" but merely varied to comply with the Act.



Learn why thousands of men are flocking to this new shaving creation

Accept, please, a 10-day tube to try

GENTLEMEN:—Your present shaving soap may be exactly fitted to your needs—or, it may be failing in one of five important ways.

Shaving is so important a thing in your life that it will pay you, we believe, to find out whether or not you are getting the utmost in shaving cream.

80% of the users of Palmolive Shaving Cream once were wedded to rival preparations. We won them by sending a 10-day tube for trial. May we do as much for you?

5 mistakes corrected

1. *Lather too scanty*—Palmolive Shaving Cream multiplies itself in lather 250 times. A tiny bit—just one-half gram—suffices for a shave.

2. *Slow Action*—Palmolive Shaving Cream acts in one minute. Within that time the beard absorbs 15% of water. And that makes a hard beard wax-like, soft.

3. *Dries on face*—The lather of Palmolive Shaving Cream maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.

4. *Hairs lie down*—That is due to weak bubbles. Strong bubbles are essential to support the hairs for cutting. Palmolive bubbles are strong...they hold the hairs erect for the razor.

5. *Skin irritations*—The palm and olive oil content of Palmolive Shaving Cream leaves the face in fine condition. Men like the after-effects.

Let us prove this

We ask your permission to prove these things—to send you a tube to try. We are masters of soap making. One of our soaps—Palmolive—leads among toilet soaps of the world. We have worked hard to excel in a Shaving Cream. We made up and tested 130 formulas before we attained our ideal.

Do us a kindness and mail this coupon for your sake and for ours.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED
MONTREAL TORONTO WINNIPEG



To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream. There are new delights here for every man who shaves. Please let us prove them to you. Clip coupon now.

10 SHAVES FREE

and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-1213, The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Ontario.

Print your name and address clearly.

Come Let Us Read a While

By W. H. M. Librarian

YESTERDAY I finished reading "The Hounds of Spring." Since then I have been trying to discover (for my own satisfaction) what is the secret of its outstanding success. I have no head for figures—forget them the minute I have heard them, but I do know that I read in several newspapers that Sylvia Thompson had received a fabulous sum for serial or film rights, I forget which, of her novel "The Hounds of Spring" and that the sales in England and America had proclaimed this young girl a "best-seller." Of Sylvia Thompson's age I take no stock. It is true she is only twenty-three and that her novel mirrors a mature and cultured mind. But given the gift to weave a tale, there is little difference between twenty-three and forty-three as regards the ability to tell it. None I should say. Age shows nought but a change of viewpoint. Ten years hence, I doubt that Sylvia Thompson would have parted Zina from her husband and child so airily. But that is neither here nor there. What I, purely for my own peace of mind, am trying to discover is why "The Hounds of Spring" should have achieved such wide popularity. The plot is most unoriginal—everyone happy; then war, misery, death. Then a further series of incidents—our bereaved heroine marrying because she hasn't the courage at twenty-one to face life without her lover, the birth of the baby, the return of the lover wrongly reported dead whose memory had been shattered through shell shock—very ordinary, isn't it? And yet—this is not an ordinary, third-rate novel. It is not first-rate like "The Constant Nymph" with its classic treatment of modernity; nor first-rate like Radclyffe Hall's "Adam's Breed" with its "masculine" grasp of plot and portrayal of character and its spiritual strength. It is not even in a class with "Christina Alberta's Daughter" which wasn't quite first-rate. It is slight and yet it has strength; it is made up of the narration of trivial happenings among ordinary people none of whom except, perhaps, Cynthia arouse one's love—and yet it leaves one with the impression that greatness has been achieved. Perhaps it is Sylvia Thompson's style which is reserved and delicate and penetrating. Perhaps it is because she has tried to do more than tell the story of Colin and Zina. She has faced a post-war England and, in light of pre-war days, has fearlessly endeavored to interpret for us the attitude of women we find hard to understand. Women who like Zina made a hopeless mess of things because the tide of war used them as flotsam and jetsam to be washed up onto arid places where they would find no rest. Perhaps this young author has penetrated into the secret recesses of a soul that had no understanding of courage, and out of great pity for such a one, has she given us the poignant story of Zina whose wholly adorable parents failed to give her a spine.

In a Lecturer's Footsteps

RICHARD KEARTON, F.Z.S., known on both sides of the Atlantic, as one of the most successful popular lecturers has now given us some insight into the trials and joys of a man always before large audiences. "A Naturalist's Pilgrimage" (Toronto: Cassell & Co.), roughly divides itself into two parts—his upbringing and early life and associations in the dales of Yorkshire, ending with the accident which made him physically incapable of the strenuous life demanded of a Yorkshire yeoman. Then follows a brief intermediate description of his life in a large publishing house—the House of Cassell—where he rose by independence and grit to a high position which eventually led to that work which has proved his life's metier and given pleasure to untold thousands. For Mr. Kearton's success as a lecturer to all types of audiences—adult and juvenile, small and immense, royal and

plebeian—on the habits and haunts of birds and other animals, is too well known for me to comment further upon.

The student of psychology will do well to read this chatty book, for Mr. Kearton gives us much insight, though in an anecdotal fashion, into crowd behavior which is one of the most fascinating phases of psychology. If one did not know that he is a Yorkshireman, his pawky humor would make us think he came from further north. This is not a difficult nor deep book to read, nor an epoch making volume, but it is the record of a life lived strenuously, interestingly and helpfully. One lays aside this book feeling that one has been in close communion with a kindly spirit whose charm of personality pervades and lingers in the room in which the tale of his pilgrimage has been told.

Stars of Destiny

IF EVER there was a woman possessing a dual personality, that one is surely she who writes under the name of L. Adams Beck and E. Barrington. L. Adams Beck whom I knew first and who used to be referred to as "he," made her literary reputation, I think, by contributing exquisite sketches and articles to "The Atlantic Monthly," by which it was clear that "he" was a great authority on matters Indian and had deep insight into the religious beliefs of the various sects in India. Then there was a volume of short stories, followed, I think, by a novel still from the pen of L. Adams Beck. These also dealt with India and the spiritual gulf between the east and west.

Now everybody is reading and talking about E. Barrington who has a genius for the historic novel, to wit the story of Nelson and Emma, and later of Byron and his hapless wife. That E. Barrington is Adams Beck and that they are a woman is hard to realize. But such is the truth, and proudly does Canada proclaim it, for this brilliant and varied writer is a Canadian.

I have just finished reading "The Way of Stars," by L. Adams Beck (W. Collins & Son), an exciting and weird story of the re-incarnation of a long, dead Egyptian Queen and the havoc she

causes in India. The prosaic western mind will find it difficult to accept the trances into which the hero falls when the villain looks at him; and the heroine's philosophy of life is a little trying to a prosaic Winnipeg-Londoner! But I enjoyed it for the story's sake and have fully made up my mind never to join an expedition bent upon disturbing tombs where queens of Ancient Egypt lie. It is not safe.

"Thine Shall Be Mine"

THIS novel by Frances Mocatta (Herbert Jenkins, Ltd.), is saved from the accusation of being pure melodrama, by the brilliance of its character-portrayals. Were the plot narrated as follows, shorn of all style and dramatic presentation, it would sound like a play at the old Lyceum, the home of melodrama. A rich, middle-aged, coarse, Lancashire factory owner is discovered by his wife to have been unfaithful to her. She insists that his illegitimate child shall be born in their house and that she be permitted to satisfy her starved maternal longings by adopting this baby, calling it a sister's child, and bringing it up as their own. With the entry into this ultra-respectable, narrow-minded household, of the young and beautiful girl about to become a mother, there unfolds the most astonishing story, so mysterious that on several occasions I put the book aside and vowed I would not be tortured with uncertainty any longer. But ever and anon I returned to "Thine Shall Be Mine" and although the realism often repelled me, and the unrevealed mystery annoyed me, I read to the very end. Frances Mocatta has tremendous descriptive power. Passages in this book reminded me of Rebecca West's "The Judge." It is a horrible story and yet it grips because the characters are drawn with so masterly a hand. Plot—impossible situations. But the finished novel so powerful in incidents and portrayals that it will be a long time before I have forgotten it. I think the psychological study of the barren woman's love and hate for the child she has adopted, quite perfect. The "religious" atmosphere of the Shutock

household is as convincing as it is depressing.

All is Confusion!

I THINK it must be easy to write a Russian novel. Not in Russian, but about Russians. For then all one has to do is to present a husband and wife and make them quarrel for three pages, eat gherkins on the fourth and bang on each other's doors all night on the fifth.

I have come to this conclusion since reading "The Beautiful Scythian," by Gerald Shelley. The story is just too silly for words but the silliness is so cleverly expressed that one wishes the author had written about nice, dull, normal English people, because he is obviously gifted enough to make even the average Englishman attractive! I hear the high-brows shouting me down, and looking scornfully at me for not going into raptures over "The Beautiful Scythian." The truth is, I think, we shall have to achieve another aeon of civilization before we, mere westerners, are able to appreciate men and women who parade their marital unhappiness and infidelities before the inmates of a boarding house. "The Beautiful Scythian" is about as ugly a woman as one could have the misfortune to meet; and her toothless, bald, loose-moralled, cowardly-souled husband—just such a "hero" as Russia seems to breed if we dare take her literature for a mirror reflecting Russian life and people.

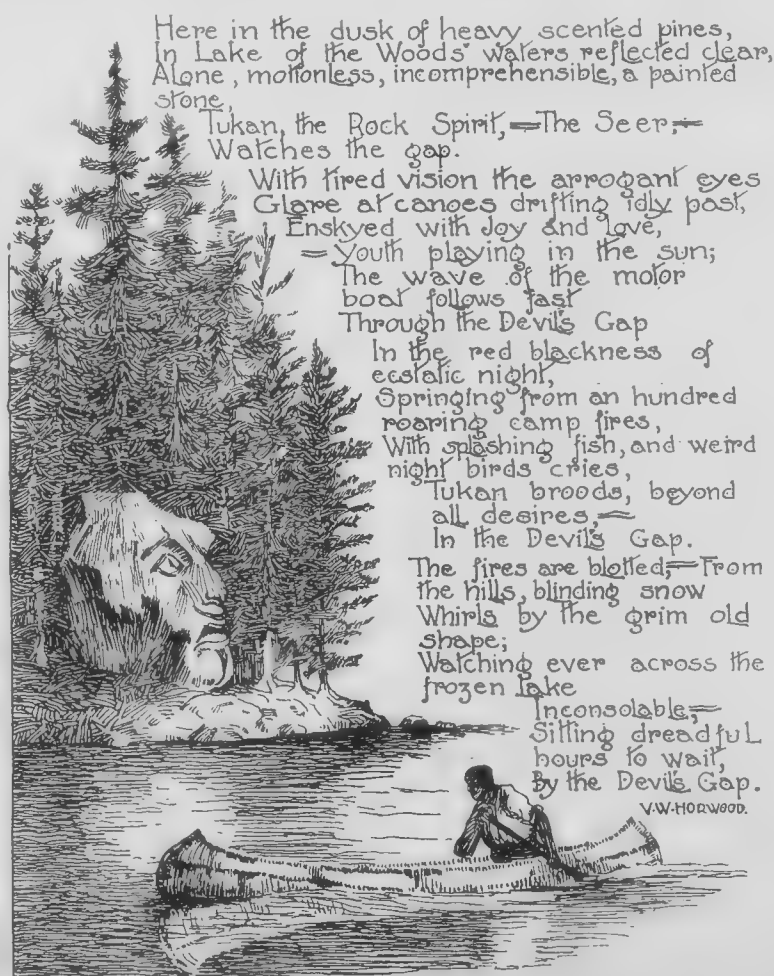
"Publicity's Publicity Nowadays"

THUS said Rickard, having witnessed the ruination of the business he had built up during twenty-five years continuous hard work. The tide of misfortune that swept away his business, took with it the wife he had never loved, and the girl who had made sport of his love. Yet I, who usually require two pocket-handkerchiefs for each "sad" story, watched this modern Job unmoved. Which proves how well harnessed to her art are Ethel Mannin's emotions. She, the author, knew quite well that the Rickard she had created would neither arouse nor expect sympathy. Therefore, she did not permit herself to move us. Circumstances of birth had brought him into a world devoid of beauty, gentleness, kindness, and intelligence. An ironic fate endowed this poor little wretch with brains, gave him a stone for a heart and iron for blood and the chance to steal ten pounds! Thus do we see Jim Rickard launched upon the streets of London, having lived for his first fifteen years in a north country village at the mouth of the coal pits.

"Sounding Brass" (Jarrolds), by Ethel Mannin, is a remarkably brilliant piece of work. It is the story of mighty endeavor and the writer has hewn it out of brass. It is in its girth and menacing proportions like a Rodin statue. Brass, gleaming harshly, no soft shadows. Brass with its raucous sound that beats upon the brain, never upon the heart. A most remarkable achievement were the author a veteran. Ethel Mannin is, I believe, quite a young woman and has but one or two other novels to her credit—"Hunger of the Sea," for instance, which also shows tremendous power and depth of emotion.

Quite apart from the psychological study of Rickard, there is a story in "Sounding Brass" which is enthralling. The story of Tom Rickard's rise from messenger boy to the managing director of his own Publicity Agency is most realistic; and the comments upon advertising in general will have especial significance to all engaged in this profession. I was tremendously amused over Rickard's solemn pomposity when speaking at a dinner on the part advertisers play in the world's civilization, because it sounded just like the Advertising Convention of 1924 when England was invaded by an army of knights from across the Atlantic, bearing on their banners "Truth in Advertising."

Continued on page 27



Cross Words

Continued from page 11

perfectly good English word, which means the grooves made in wood by the teeth of a saw.

The group retired sadder and wiser, and troubled me no more that night, for I took the precaution to lock my door.

Haggard and wild-eyed, they were waiting for me when I got up in the morning. All looked very unhappy, except two who had made some slight headway as a result of the "kerf" clue.

I had not expected this. Neither had several of the other contestants, for there was a distinct feeling of hostility to-

wards these two, largely, I surmised, because they were selfish enough to keep their discoveries to themselves.

My suspicions that there was something wrong proved correct when I examined their papers, in spite of their protests.

True, they had found a few words that fitted in the blank spaces, but to do this they had shifted the black spots around to suit their needs!

Although informed this juggling with the diagram is contrary to the unwritten rules of cross-word puzzling, I nevertheless gave these two men Certificates of Ingenuity, on the ground that it is better to do the wrong thing than to do nothing at all.

By this time all the fans were willing to agree that I had given them a hard nut to crack. They had been on the job all night. The room was littered with crumpled paper and broken pencils. All my books were in a sorry state, and rapidly getting worse. The air was thick with stale tobacco smoke. The fans were snarling and snapping at each other, and the only man in the place who felt at all satisfied was myself. Even the possibility of being mobbed at any moment did not worry me unduly.

Out of the kindness of my heart I gave the bunch a second key-word after they had worried their brains for several more hours, but I made it very plain this was the last bit of help they could expect, as I had to leave town for a few days.

"I'll tell you one of the hard ones this time, I volunteered. "Number 13, 'knife,' is 'keratome,' a special kind of knife which surgeons use in removing

cataracts . . . Why all the groans? Did you expect me to pick out household words in answer to your challenge? You'll find 'keratome' in every fat dictionary if you know where to look for it.

"And though you don't deserve it," I continued, "I'll give you two good tips in connection with that word. Take notice that every second letter is a vowel, and that the accent is on the first syllable. Now, if you have the brains you think you have, the rest of the puzzle should almost solve itself."

Bill seemed to have more words at his disposal than the others.

It doesn't take much to encourage a cross-word puzzler. They didn't seem to grasp why an accent on the first syllable should be of any help, but nobody argued about it. They fell to work with fury trying to poke horizontal words into 'keratome,' but with smaller success than they deserved.

I slipped away quietly and went about my out-of-town business.

Three days later I telegraphed asking how many had solved the puzzle.

This reply came back in a tremendous hurry:

"Puzzle unsolvable. Two men down with brain fever, one gone into delirium tremens, two have malignant insomnia, three lost hearty appetite, all lost their jobs. This is a madhouse. For heaven's sake wire a solution at our expense, and we will never again say another cross word to you."

From the safety of long distance I answered, collect: "Sorry cannot help you solve puzzle, as it is against my principles to waste time on such trifles. My part of the game was completed when I outlined diagram and made up key to words, including 'kerf' and 'keratome,' the only two I know. Quite likely there are no words to fit into the other hollow squares; I made no promise there would be. All I said was none of you could solve the puzzle in twenty-four hours, and, as usual, I was right."

I took my time about returning, and when I did get back I was not at all cordially received. But I didn't mind that at all, for I had brought about a great reformation.

Everybody was completely cured of the cross-word habit!

My Scrapbook

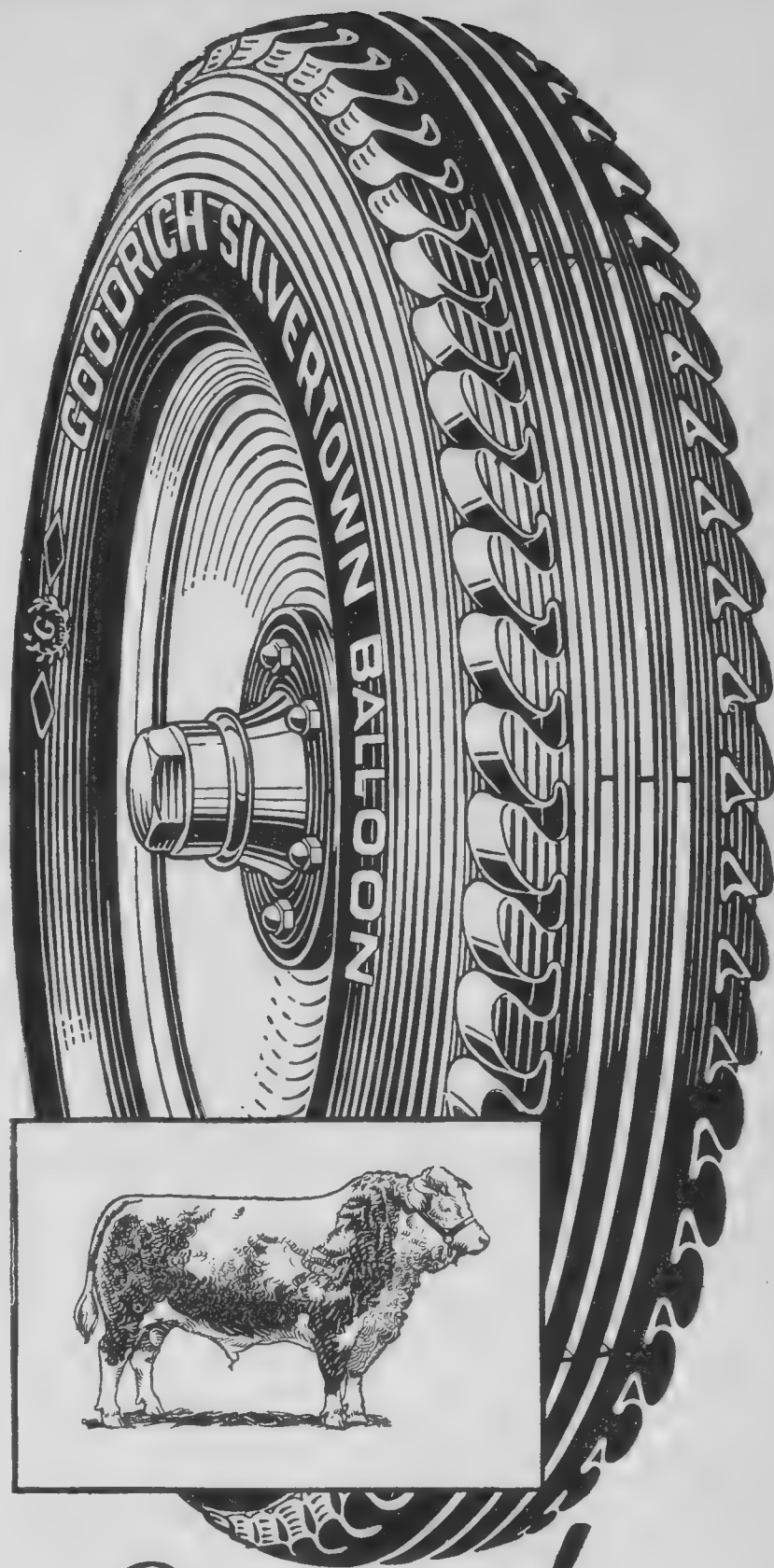
By M. Josephine Turner

I keep a scrap-book in my mind
And when some gems I wish to find
I turn a page of memory o'er,
And find it 'midst that precious store.

Some gems by authors very old;
Rich gems I'd rather own than gold.
Sweet gems, which bring a yearning sigh,
Some gems I'll treasure till I die.

And in this scrap-book that I own,
I often write when I'm alone;
Or read some gems I've painted there,
And smile or sigh or breathe a prayer.

A smile for some sweet childish thought;
A sigh with saddened memory fraught;
A prayer that some day I may own
A pure immortal wondrous poem.



Class!

Strength, durability and distinction in every line.
... Comfort and convenience in every mile of
Silvertown's long life.

Fifty-five years in the rubber business is your
assurance that Goodrich Tires are "Best in the Long
Run."

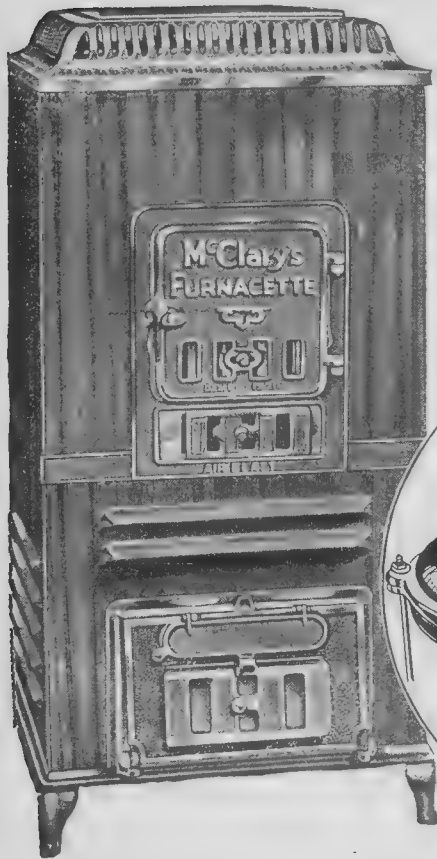
There's a Goodrich dealer near you.

Canadian Goodrich Company, Ltd., Kitchener, Ont.

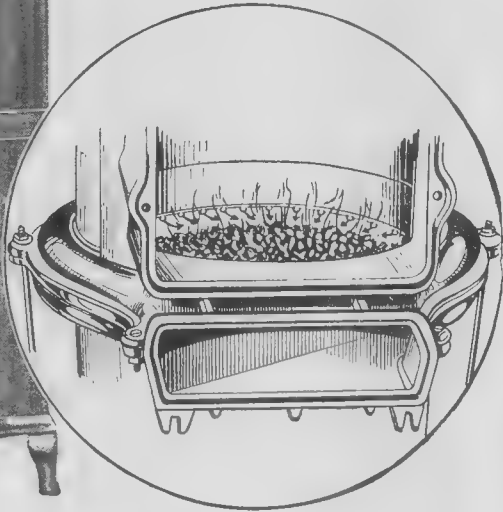
F-5

Goodrich
Silvertown
CORD TIRE
"BEST IN THE LONG RUN"

Solve your heating problem!



Below is a sketch of the Furnacette fire box showing air blast ring which permits efficient burning of soft coal, coke, hard coal or wood. The special construction of the Furnacette circulates heat throughout the house—saving fuel and money.



A Beautiful Heating Cabinet that Heats Your Entire House

THE Furnacette is a handsome, tried and proven cabinet heater that heats every room in the house with less fuel than it takes to heat a house with ordinary stoves.

If you wish to know how you can reduce your fuel bills and have moist, even, healthful warmth all winter, without using a basement furnace, fill in and mail attached coupon. We will send you details of this new and amazingly efficient Furnacette. We will show you how it will solve your heating problems and save you many dollars yearly.

Mail
this
Coupon

THE McCLARY MFG. COMPANY

LONDON, CANADA

Please send, without obligation, descriptive literature of the Furnacette Warm Air Cabinet Heater.

NAME

ADDRESS

McClary's Furnacette

LONDON
SAINT JOHN

TORONTO
HAMILTON

MONTREAL
CALGARY
LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND

WINNIPEG
SASKATOON

VANCOUVER
EDMONTON



Radio in the Old Country

“AMERICAN radio is absolutely different from English wireless.” That is the conclusion of Bernard E. Jones, editor of two English publications dealing with amateur wireless and broadcasting.

Mr. Jones has returned to England after a five weeks' tour of principal Canadian broadcasting centers.

“In Canada, radio is individualistic,” is the opinion of Mr. Jones. “In England, the government controls it. All over Canada, we find broadcasting stations erected and conducted by private enterprise, providing attractive programs, of which there seems to be no end.

“With the right kind of receivers, operated by those who understand them, there seems to be little or no interference despite the very large number of stations.

“The powerful set, with its two, three or four radio-frequency tubes to bring in the long distance stations, can bring the Canadian listener a fresh station every minute, if he so wished, and the listener can continue his radio exploration

differences between the wave lengths—London (2LO) being 364, and its nearest neighbors, Bournemouth being 386, and Birmingham 479.

“Great Britain possesses in the B.B.C. Station, Daventry (5XX), in the Midlands, what is probably the highest-powered purely broadcasting station in the world; it operates at 1,600 metres.

“A large proportion—perhaps 66 per cent.—of the British public listen on crystal sets, a type of receiver which appears to be smiled upon in Canada as belonging to history. I have myself listened on a crystal set to Daventry in a rock-bound bay on the coast of Cornwall, a distance of about 230 miles. The B.B.C. has set itself out to provide crystal reception for the bulk of the population. Of course, more and more people use tube sets, and, in my opinion, the proportion of home-built tube sets is larger than in Canada. Our tube set (we call it the valve set) is not yours. The conditions that produced it are different. The need for combined critical selectivity and long distance reception is felt to a less degree and has not existed long enough to influence the



One of the General Electric Radio Research Laboratories

tions without repeating the fare or straying far outside his national boundaries.

“In Great Britain, the sole right to send or receive a radio communication is vested in the Postmaster-General, and in issuing a license for either purpose, he inserts whatever conditions he deems advisable. He has issued one and three-quarter million licenses to receive, but only one to broadcast—and that is one to the British Broadcasting Company (we call it the B.B.C.). Nobody else in Britain may put a program on the air, and publicity and advertisements as Canadians understand them can have no place in the British programs. Great Britain has about twenty broadcasting stations, all built, equipped and maintained by the B.B.C., which, originally, a committee of the radio trade, is now developing into a public utility body. It started with a tiny capital. Then how does it get money to found and maintain twenty stations? From the Post Office. And the Post Office gets it directly from the public. Every listener must buy at the local office a ten shilling license (\$2.50) and this must be renewed every year. It is easy to evade taking out the license, but public opinion is against the mean man who does so, and there is now a penalty for the offence. Of the \$2.50 paid for the license, part is kept for expense of collection, and the balance, about \$1.80, is passed to the B.B.C., which has an annual income of at least \$2,500,000 with which to erect and equip new stations, improve existing ones and maintain a series of almost wholly professional programs, often costly. With only twenty stations, there are yet considerable

design of the everyday set. We do not in general use six or eight tubes. Three or four is more usual, and there are thousands of two-tube reflex or feedback sets than can at a distance of 80 to 100 miles from Daventry give good loud speaker reception. With three or four tubes (a straight circuit one radio frequency, detector and one or two audio frequency) I can listen to any British station on the loud speaker.

“All the B.B.C. stations are linked up at certain hours each day for the simultaneous broadcasting of the Greenwich time signal and of the day's news. This news is supplied in the form of a summary from an Association of the Press, and the Postmaster-General's license, under which the B.B.C. operates, forbids the broadcasting of news obtained in any other manner. Technically, for example, if there was a slight earthquake under the B.B.C. studio, the fact would not be available for the broadcast until the press had collected the news and passed it to the B.B.C.—rather a humorous situation.

“The British listener has a big neighbor—the European continent—every country in which maintains a broadcasting service. Such famous stations as Rome (425 metres); Radio Toulouse (443); Berlin Vox Haus (505); Hilversum (1,050); Königswusterhausen (1,300); Radio Paris (1,750); and Eiffel Tower (2,650), are all easily heard on a three or four tube set. The 80 or 90 more important continental stations provide not only a remarkable variety of programs, but they represent every possible style of musical and dramatic art interpreted in a dozen or more different languages.”

Come Let Us Read Awhile

Continued from page 24

I heard many of the speeches at that Convention, and Rickards, I think, must have been there also! I wish I knew Ethel Mannin. I'm sure she has a great sense of humor and is a brilliant conversationalist.

"What's Yours?"

PROFESSOR MEIKLEJOHN has discovered a method of making synthetic whisky and this discovery leads to all the trouble described by John Mackworth in "Free Drinks" (Cassell & Co., Toronto). This amusing story flows along easily, humorously and interestingly from the time of the discovery until the dramatic moment when the professor, tired of the many attempts by adventurers to get possession of his notes, consigns them to the flames.

A clean, healthy story sufficiently amusing without being too broadly drawn. Whisky is not the only intoxicant. There is a love filtre drunk by the professor's daughter and Bill with results happy for them both.

Wines and Ports

"SHIPS that Pass in the Night Clubs" is the witty title of a most unusual type of novel by Gurney Slade, a new writer, I believe. A most light-hearted affair is this story, except for the hero, who has come all the way from Australia to seek a woman whose name he does not know, but whom he is determined to marry. He waits underneath the clock at Charing Cross Station for he has been told that sooner or later every one comes to that clock. He is rewarded. He sees again the goddess who had visited a case when he was in Blighty. From that minute until one closes the book, all is bright and lively; amazing and very amusing. The only fault I have to find with the author is that he allows all his characters to speak so "dooce" cleverly! They, one and all, use the same type of witticisms, the same peculiar slang, and there isn't a dullard among them. I'm afraid that when Gurney Slade sits down to write his second novel, he'll find he has used up all his clever characterizations, his peculiar people and witty talk. "Ships that Pass in the Night Clubs" sparkles a bit too much. It dazzles one. But, oh, what a relief it was to read this frothy, charming nonsense after listening to the ravings of a Russian couple through the pages of "The Beautiful Seythian."

Hunger

By Constance Errol

Look in my eyes for I know every glance
of you,

Know it and love it, and treasure it
here;

Here in my heart, in my soul which is
part of you,

Know every gladness and guess every
fear.

Look in the eyes of me,

Gone are the sighs of me,

While yet the dreams of me gather
you near.

Say, are you glad, let me hark to the
voice of you,

Speaking once more, give for sadness,
delight,

Hold to my hand, I beseech, I demand of
you,

Oh, the dear days could be hardly more
bright.

Hold to me, speak to me,

Kiss the cold cheek of me,

Make it to blush and my eyes to grow
bright.

Come to my heart, for it holds still its
place for you,

Sacred and pure, as befitting your
throne;

All that is fair, aye, and all that is rare,
for you,

There I have treasured, and it is your
own.

All that is sweet of me,

All most complete of me,

Came at your bidding and is yours
alone.

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The Season of Fruit and Vegetables

FRUITS

General Hints

1. **D**O not buy too many kinds at once. Variety is not essential.

2. Buy fruits in season. For some of them the season is so short that we may well make the most of it, by serving them as often as we can.

3. Choose fruit that is unbruised, and with the skin unbroken. Breaks in the skin cause early decay.

4. Buy only enough for immediate use, as it is difficult to store most fruits at home. This does not apply to the supply for canning, nor to such firm fruits as apples. Can or preserve all that cannot be used before it deteriorates.

5. Learn how to select fruits wisely.

Specific Suggestions

Apples are in season during the late summer, fall and winter. Choice apples are hand picked and graded according to size. The additional cost of those wrapped in paper usually pays in the better quality of the fruit and in the keeping quality. The paper absorbs the moisture which is liable to gather and cause decay. If one has good storage facilities, it pays to buy apples by the barrel, when the price is low, and store at a temperature of 60 to 65 degrees F. in a dry place. Pick them over occasionally, to remove any which may be spoiling.

Apricots—In season in July and August. Should be of a rich golden color, without bruises. Buy only for immediate use, or for canning.

Bananas may be obtained any time throughout the year. They are either red or yellow, the red ones being more expensive, but are preferred by many people. In this country we are apt to use bananas before they are ripe enough. The skin should be brown rather than yellow, with the pulp soft and suggesting transparency, not firm and pale yellow, and indigestible. They should be bought by the pound rather than the dozen, as there is so much variation in size. The bunch from which they are selected should have plump fruit and a green stem. Green bananas should be kept in a warm place, where they will ripen slowly.

Blackberries and Blueberries—In season during July and August. Choose fruit that is full, not withered and dried, nor too small, nor dirty. They should not be over-ripe. Keep in a cool place, spread out so the weight of those on top will not crush those in the bottom.

Cherries—In season from the latter part of May till July. Select unbruised fruit with the stems left on. They will not keep well after the stems have been removed. They are liable to be moldy or wormy.

Cranberries—In the fall and winter. For jelly-making select those not too ripe. Medium-sized

berries are firmer than the very large ones. They will keep a long time in a cool, dry place, or in cold water which is changed occasionally.

Currants—In July. They should be bought on the stem, and kept cool and dry. Select dry, firm berries.

Gooseberries—July. Select full, ripe berries which have a pinkish tinge. Keep them cool and dry.

Grapes—In season during the late summer and early fall. The soft varieties, such as Concord, Catawbas, Delawares, cannot be stored very long, but will keep a little while in a cool, dark place, from which the air is excluded, if not crowded to-

Citron—Good for preserves.

Muskmelon—In August and September. The silver-grey netting on the outside should stand out like lace; the groundwork is green, turning yellow as it ripens. The flesh should be a pinkish orange. It should be heavy, and slightly soft and springy at the ends.

Cantaloupes—In the early fall. They are larger than the muskmelons, oval, and have greenish flesh.

Cassaba Melons—In season during September and October. The large ones are better than the smaller ones.

Honeydew Melons—

On the market from July to October. Select large melons. Keep in a cool place.

Oranges are to be had all the year, but are at their best from November 1st on. Choose heavy, thin-skinned fruit. Florida oranges have seeds, thin skins, sometimes with russet spots. California oranges have thicker skins, and no seeds. If one has a cool, dry place in which to store them, wrapped separately in paper, it is more economical to buy them by the case or half case.

Peaches—From the end of July to September. Perishable. They should be carefully picked over, and the very ripe fruit used at once. Select juicy ripe fruit with smooth skins. There are white and yellow peaches, with free stones and cling stones in both varieties.

Pears—In the late summer and fall. They should be used before they become

mealy. Ripen in a warm, dark place, but not a hot place, or they will decay inside. Select smooth unblemished fruit.

Pineapples—We get in the spring and early summer. Considerable of our fresh pineapple supply comes from Florida. The Hawaiian canned pineapple is the best. There is no difference in quality between the large and small pines. Select fruit with smooth yellow surface. To test for ripeness, pull a few spines from the top. They should come out readily, and be white at the base of the leaf. If too ripe, the fruit will be soft. Look for black rot at the base of the pine, as the season advances. Store at a temperature of 65 to 70 degrees F.

Plums—In the summer and early fall. They spoil quickly after becoming ripe. Select ripe, sweet, juicy fruit, for eating raw. For canning, they are better when not so ripe. Keep in a cool place.

Raspberries—Are to be had in July and the early part of August. They should be juicy, not wrinkled, nor have insects in them. They are red or black. They are very difficult to keep, so should only be secured for immediate use when possible. If they



"One green vegetable a day" is a good slogan to keep in mind when marketing. If plenty of vegetables are included in the everyday diet, there will be no need for tonics and doctors' bills.

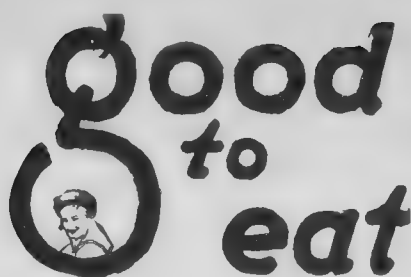
gether. The hard grapes, Tokays, Muscats and Malagas, if packed in cork packing, will keep several months in a cool, dark place.

Grapefruit is at its best and cheapest from December to May. It should have a smooth, thin skin, and feel heavy when lifted in the hand; the light ones have but little juice. The color of the skin makes no difference. A clear yellow one, if heavy and with a fine, thin skin, is just as good as one with rusty spots. Grapefruit is one of our very best spring tonics. Keep in a cool, dry place, away from the air, wrapped in paper. Those coming from 64 to 72 to the case are good sizes to select. They are usually cheaper by the dozen than singly.

Lemons are available all the year. They should have a clear yellow skin, smooth and fine-textured, feeling heavy, not light and pithy. They should be stored in a cool, dry place, each one wrapped in paper.

Melons—

Watermelon—From early summer to late fall. If ripe, it sounds hollow when rapped with the knuckles. Store in a cool place. If not ripe, place in the sun.



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Use an earthen jar:—

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Mustard
- 1 cup salt

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cover in the usual way. These
pickles will be ready to eat at
the end of six weeks, and will
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Continued from page 28

must be kept for a day or two, spread
out and keep them as dry and cool as
possible.

Strawberries—The Southern berries
may be had in April and May; the
Northern ones till July. The introduc-
tion of the Everbearing varieties makes
it possible to have them through most
of the summer. Medium sized berries
usually have a better flavor than the
very large ones. They should be bright
red, free from sand and dirt, and uni-
form in size. An honest merchant will
tip the box up so that one may see that
the berries are uniform throughout the
box.

VEGETABLES General Rules

1. Decide where you can obtain the
best quality, from the grocer, the mar-
ket gardener, etc., if you have no garden
of your own.
2. Plan for variety.
3. Learn the seasons for the various
vegetables.
4. Learn the best ways of cooking the
wealth of summer vegetables.
5. Do not buy vegetables of poor
quality. The waste will more than off-
set the difference in price.
6. Choose vegetables which are firm,
crisp, ripe, tender vegetables, of average
size.
7. Never buy those which are speckled,
wilted, frozen, decaying, over or under-
ripe, nor too large.
8. Do not buy more than can be used
before they deteriorate.
9. Winter vegetables may well be
bought in the fall and stored for the
cold weather if one has suitable storage
place.
10. Price does not determine the food
value.
11. Out-of-season vegetables are very
high priced, and usually are of very
inferior flavor.

Special Hints

Asparagus—From March till July. It
should be tender and straight. Woody
stalks and wilted tips show that it is
too old. It is valuable for its iron, lime
and phosphorus.

String Beans—May be had from July
to October. They should be crisp, fresh,
snap readily, without strings. They
should be young enough that the beans
do not make decided lumps on the pods.
They are valuable for phosphorus and
alkalinity for the blood. They become
tough and lacking in flavor in a warm,
dry atmosphere.

Beets—The stems and leaves while
young are excellent greens. The more
mature roots may be used most of the
year. Select those which are firm and
unwilted and not too large. The large
ones are tough and woody, with an in-
ferior flavor. They are excellent pro-
viders of bulk, iron, calcium and
alkalinity.

Cabbage may be had all the year.
The head should be firm and heavy,
the outer leaves crisp and green and
without worm holes. It is alkaline, rich
in iron, phosphorus and calcium, and an
excellent source of bulk.

Carrots are roots which are available
all the year. They should be crisp, firm,
smooth and not too large.

Cauliflower is imported from the south
from September to March, and is
available in our own gardens from Sep-
tember till November. The outside
leaves should be bright dark green and
unwilted. The head should be white
or creamy, compact, not spread apart,
and not brown in spots.

Celery—We have from August to
April. It should be crisp, tender, well-
blanched, not stringy. It, with cabbage,
cauliflower and carrots is valuable as a
source of calcium, iron, phosphorus, bulk
and alkalinity, and to give variety and
interest to the menu.

Corn—We have green corn during
August and September. The husks
should be fresh and the grains full and
milky. It is succulent, gives variety
and bulk to the diet, and is rich in
starch.

Cucumbers—The southern cucumbers
are available in June. We have them
from our own gardens till October.
They should be straight, neither too
long and slender nor too thick. The
thick ones are apt to be very seedy.
The skin should be smooth and fine
grained. They should not be yellow nor
spongy. They are succulent, crisp, alka-
line in their reaction, and are useful
for the variety they provide. Bitter-
ness is the worst fault a cucumber
may have, and there is no way of de-
tecting it without tasting the cucumber.

Egg Plant—We have egg plants from
August to February. Choose those
which are heavy, thick, firm, with dark,
glossy skin. One will serve about six
people. They are useful chiefly for the
variety and succulence which they
furnish.

Greens may be had all through the
spring, summer and fall. Choose fresh,
crisp, unwilted leaves and tender stems.
Greens are usually rather expensive to
buy, as about one peck is required for
six people. They are valuable sources
of iron and phosphorus. Spinach, beet
tops, Swiss chard, turnip tops and young
dandelion leaves are the most frequently
used. Spinach is such a valuable vita-
mine food that the Southern gardeners
are growing it in enormous quantities
and extending the season for it con-
siderably. The leaves should be
numerous, of good size, free from sand
and insects, dark green, no yellow ones,
nor weeds mixed with them.

Lettuce—Lettuce is of four types—
Iceberg head lettuce, Big Boston head
lettuce, leaf lettuce and the Romaine or
Cos type. They are now available all
the year. The Iceberg lettuce should
have hard, firm heads, crisp and heavy.
If light in weight a head is likely to be
loose and open and tough. The Big
Boston is flatter, more loosely formed,
and with the outer leaves reddish in
color. It also should be crisp and heavy
and clean. Being somewhat open, one
should note carefully that it is clean.
Cos and leaf lettuce should have large,
crisp leaves, free from insects and dis-
ease spots. Lettuce is alkaline, rich in
iron, calcium, phosphorus, and is valu-
able for its crispness and attractive
green color.

Mushrooms may be imported from the
South all the year, but are usually pro-
hibitive in price, except during the
summer and fall, when they may be
found growing wild or in our gardens.
They should be firm, of good color, and
absolutely free from worms. It is well
to study a botany carefully, to be sure
one is using an edible variety, of which
there are a large number. It is a good
source of protein and phosphorus.

Onions—We have them all the year.
The young green ones and the Bermudas
in the spring. Onion bulbs should be
well shaped and firm, with a small neck
and bright, clean, dry outer skin. They
are valuable for minerals and as a
seasoning.

Salsify—We have in the fall and
winter. It should be firm and un-
shrivelled.

Okra—Gives variety to soups. The
pods should be fresh and crisp. We
may get okra from June till the frost
comes.

Peas are perhaps the favorite vege-
table of the majority of people. We
may enjoy them from June till Sep-
tember, although those appearing on the
early market are likely to be too expen-
sive for most of us. They should be
kept in a cool, not too dry place, if it is
impossible to gather them just a few
minutes before one is ready to shell
them. The pods should be crisp, green,
well-filled, but the seeds not too large,
and they must not be yellow.

Parsnips are at their best after the
frost comes until the next spring. The
roots should be firm and smooth, not
shrivelled nor wilted.

Peppers—We use for flavor and
variety. We get them in the fall and

Continued on page 30



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Longcloths,
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are Canada's best

The Wabasso Trade Mark is your
guarantee of highest quality



Continued from page 29

early winter, although the large hot-house peppers may be had at any time, at a very high price. They should be crisp and glossy without any black or decayed spots.

White Potatoes — We always have. They are an excellent source of starch, phosphorus and lime, and are alkaline. They should be smooth, free from blemishes, of medium size, with eyes not too deep. It is wise to cook a sample before buying the winter's supply.

Sweet Potatoes are obtainable from July to January. They should be firm, of even shape and medium size. They are valuable for sugar and starch.

Pumpkin—They are obtainable in the fall and early winter. Select those which are round, not too large, and have golden ridges. They may be stored in a cool, dry place, where there is free circulation of air, and occasionally wiped with a clean, dry cloth, to make sure that no moisture collects to cause decay. We use them either for pies or preserves.

Turnips are available all the year. They are alkaline, rich in mineral matter, and are useful for furnishing bulk and variety. Choose those which are firm, smooth, fine-grained, not too large, nor corky and wilted.

Radishes—We can get the Southern ones most of the year. They have some mineral matter, but are specially valuable for their crisp, fresh, appetising quality.

Squash—Summer squash is in season from July to October, winter squash from September till after Christmas. They should be firm, fine-grained, heavy and dark in color.

Tomatoes—A very great favorite with almost everybody. They are very plentiful and cheap from July to October, but may be had the year round if one can pay the price. Select those which are round and well-shaped, with glossy red skins, not wrinkled, nor spotted. They are very valuable sources of mineral matter and vitamins. The color and flavor make them particularly tempting to the appetite.

Watercress—We can get cress during the spring and summer. It should have fresh, bright green leaves, and stems not too coarse. It is rich in minerals, and excellent for its flavor, crispness and attractive appearance.

How to Prepare and Serve Them

The spring green things, rhubarb, cress, lettuce, "greens," radishes, etc., satisfy the craving for something which will cure what we used to call "spring fever." It is really the result of not enough out-door life, and too much heavy winter foods. The remedy used to be a large dose of sulphur and molasses, soda and cream of tartar, or some such obnoxious mixture. A dish of stewed rhubarb or a generous serving of spinach is much more pleasant to take and far more effective, as they are so rich in the vitamins and minerals which we require. But they must be carefully prepared and cooked. Many of the tenderest of them may be served raw.

New, young carrots may be scrubbed, shredded, and mixed with shredded cabbage and salad dressing to make a salad which is delicious to look at as well as to eat.

Spinach, dandelion leaves, beet tops, or chard may be cooked, seasoned, well drained, and molded in cups. When chilled, turn on a lettuce leaf, pile shredded carrots beside each mold of "greens," put a spoonful of dressing on top.

Greens with Fish

Cook a dish of spinach, beet tops or chard. Drain well, chop and season with salt, pepper, and a little butter. Line the required number of individual dishes with the cooked greens. Fill with any cooked cold fish, such as halibut, salmon, haddie, etc. Cover with a rich white sauce, to which has been added the yolks of two or three hard cooked eggs rubbed through a sieve. Sprinkle with

salt and paprika, cover with buttered crumbs, and bake in a hot oven till the crumbs are browned. This makes an excellent luncheon or supper dish. With it may be served a salad of lettuce, ripe tomato, and the egg whites, sliced or chopped.

Creamed Carrots

Carrots which are very small and tender may be well scrubbed and boiled till tender in a small amount of water, then reheated in a sauce made of 2 tb. butter, 1 tb. flour, 1 c. liquid, using the carrot water and filling the cup with rich milk. Season with salt, pepper and paprika.

Spring Salad

On a lettuce leaf, pile a heap of water cress. On two sides of the heap of cress lay a thick slice of cucumber, and on the other sides a slice of ripe tomato. Beside the tomato, on one side put a few sticks of cooked asparagus. Pass the dressing with the salad.

Cooked Green Onions

Cut the roots and the tips of the stems from green onions. Boil in salted water till tender, and lay in bunches on buttered toast, as asparagus is served. Pour over them a rich cream sauce.

To Cook Asparagus

Snap off the tough ends, wash the asparagus, and tie in bunches. Cook it in a saucepan deep enough to let the asparagus stand up with the tips out of the water. The lower part of the double boiler, with the upper part forming a lid, is excellent. Fifteen or twenty minutes in a small amount of salted water should be long enough. It may be served on buttered toast with salt and pepper and butter, or with a sauce; or it may be eaten cold with salad dressing on lettuce leaves. The juice should be used either in gravy or sauce or soup.

Vegetable Salad

Cooked string beans, 1 c.	Cooked peas, 1 c.
Cooked diced carrots, 1 c.	Shredded celery, ½ c.
Lettuce	Cooked dressing

Toss the vegetables together lightly, and sprinkle with a little vinegar. Moisten with cooked dressing and pile on lettuce.

Meat and Tomato Salad

Cubes of lean cooked meat, 2 c.	Celery, 1 c.
Tomatoes, about 5 or 6.	Dressing
	Cucumber, diced, 1 c.
	Chopped pickle, 1 tb.

Select firm, ripe tomatoes, of a rather large size. Scoop out the centers. Peel the cucumber and cut in small cubes. Mix the meat, pickles and cucumber with enough dressing to moisten it. Pack into the tomato shells, put a little dressing on top and sprinkle with a little chopped parsley. This is a good main course for a luncheon.

Vegetable Cheese Salad

Cooked string beans, 1 c.	Diced or shredded carrot, 1 c.
Corn, cooked and cut from the cob, 1 c.	Salt, 1 t.
Cooked, diced potatoes, 1 c.	Paprika, ½ t.
	Vinegar, 1 tb.
	Minced onion, 1 t.
	Dressing

Cheese, 1 c., cottage, or less of a richer kind.

Chill the vegetables, mix with the seasonings, and just before serving, with the dressing. Pile on lettuce, and sprinkle the cheese over it.

Jellied Vegetable Salad

Gelatine, 2 tb.	Diced celery, ½ c.
Cold water, ¼ c.	Sugar, 1 t.
Tomatoes, 2 c.	Cucumber, ½ c.
Onion, 1 small.	Peas, 1 c.
	Salt, 1 t.

Cook the tomatoes, onion, sugar, salt, and some celery leaves for 15 or 20

minutes. Strain and add the gelatine soaked a few minutes in the cold water. When it begins to stiffen, stir in the vegetables, and mold. Serve on lettuce with salad dressing.

Asparagus au Gratin

Asparagus Bechamel sauce,
Grated cheese, 1½ c.
¼ c. Buttered toast

Cook the asparagus, arrange the bundles on buttered toast, put Bechamel sauce on top, cover with grated cheese, and put in the oven till the cheese is melted.

Bechamel Sauce

Soup or vegetable Bay leaf, small
stock, 1½ c. piece
A small onion Butter, 4 tb.
Carrot, 1 Flour, 4 tb.
Pepper, ½ t. Hot milk, 1 c.
Salt

Cook the onion, carrot, and bay leaf in the stock for 25 minutes. Strain. Melt the butter, add the flour, then the hot milk and stock. Season. The stock will have been reduced to one cupful.

Asparagus and Green Peas

Asparagus, cooked Pepper
and cut in pieces Butter, 2 tb.
Half the quantity Vegetable water,
of green peas 1 c.

Salt Flour, 2 tb.
Make a sauce of the vegetable water, salt, pepper, butter and flour. Pour over the vegetables.

Scalloped Fresh Corn

Corn cut from the Butter, 1 tb.
cob, 2 c. Salt, 1 t.
Eggs, wellbeaten, 1 Pepper, ½ t.
Milk, 1 c.

Mix all together and cook in a buttered baking dish till a knife comes out clean.

Mix the pineapple and celery and moisten with dressing. Pile on beds of lettuce and sprinkle with the nut meats.

Summer Potato Salad

Cold cooked pota- Cooked peas, ½ to
toes, cubed, 2 c. 1 c.
Diced cucumbers, Watercress, chop-
ped, ½ c.
Green pepper Dressing

Mix together the potato, peas, cucumber and chopped cress, season, and moisten with dressing. Arrange on lettuce and garnish with slices of green pepper.

To Prepare Fresh Pineapple

With a sharp knife cut the pineapple in slices about half an inch thick. Pare each slice and dib out the "eyes" with the point of a paring knife. Either tear in cubes with two silver forks or cut with a knife. Sprinkle with sugar and let stand to chill and have the sugar absorbed by the fruit.

Ripe Berries

Pick the berries over carefully. To wash them drop a few at a time in a large bowl of cold water, then drain in a colander, shaking very gently so as not to crush the berries. Strawberries and raspberries are better if not chilled. They are at their best when still warmed by the sun.

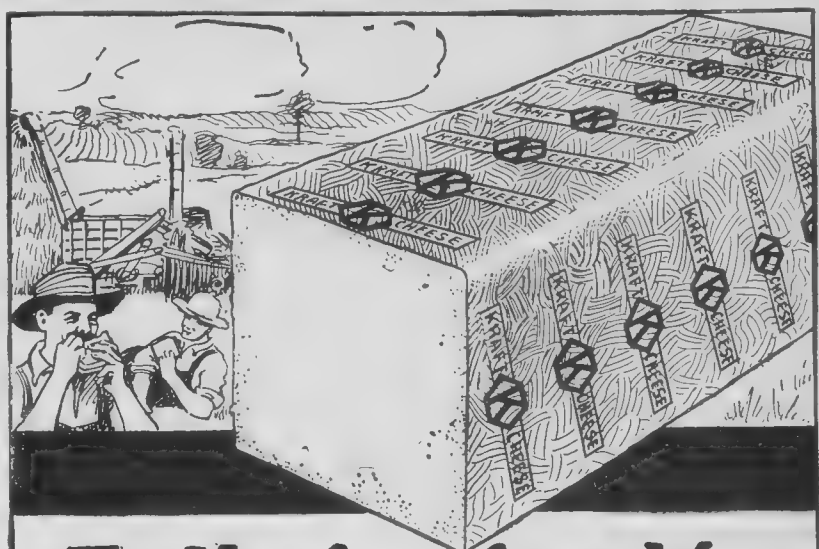
Strawberries au Natural

Pick over and wash the berries, but leave the hulls on for a handle. Put a little mound of powdered sugar in the center of the serving dishes (small plates are best), and surround with the berries. To eat, dip the berries in the sugar, and eat from the fingers.

Gooseberries

Gooseberries and currants are excellent tonic foods. The old-fashioned folk

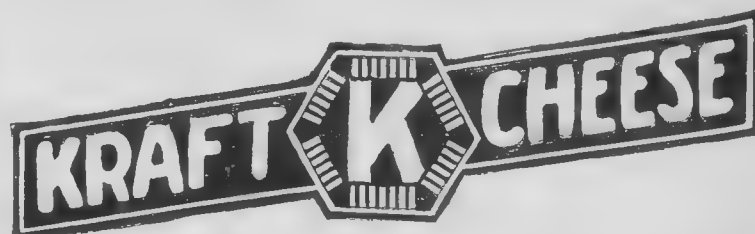
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17-26

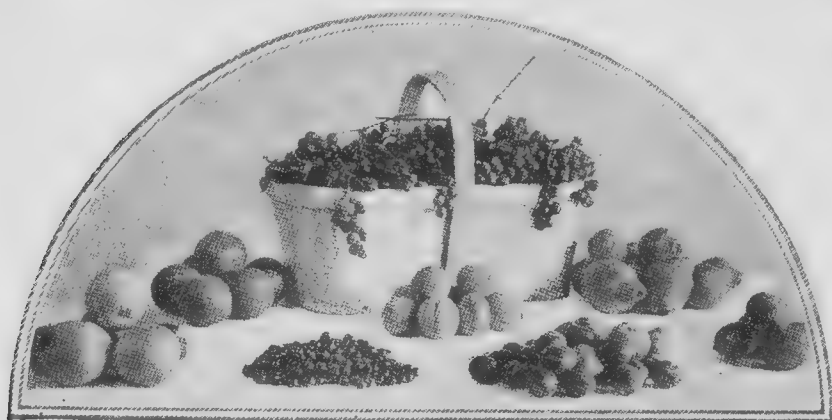
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Stuffed Tomato Salad

Select perfect tomatoes. Remove the pulp and fill the cavity with equal parts of chopped celery and drained grated pineapple moistened with salad dressing.

Creamed Cucumbers

Cucumbers Flour, 2 tb.
Milk, 1½ c. Celery salt, ¼ t.
Butter, 3 tb. Pepper, ½ t.
Salt Paprika, ½ t.

Minced parsley.

Allow half of a large cucumber to each person. Peel and quarter, and scoop out the seeds with a spoon. Boil in salted water for 10 minutes. Drain well in the colander. Pour over them a sauce made of the butter, flour, milk and seasonings, and sprinkle with the chopped parsley.

Creamed Radishes

Wash the radishes and boil either whole or cut in pieces, in salted water till tender. It will require about half an hour. Serve with a cream sauce. Sprinkle with minced parsley.

Fried Egg Plant

Cut the egg plant in ¼ inch slices, pare and sprinkle with salt, and pile up one on top of another, and weight down with a plate and some heavy article, such as an iron, for an hour or so. Dip each slice in a mixture of an egg, 1 tb. water, salt and pepper, then in bread crumbs, and fry in deep fat. Or dip in fritter batter and fry. Serve at once.

Pineapple Celery Salad

1 fresh pineapple Broken walnut
cut in cubes meats, about
1 cup celery cut in ¼ c.
rings Salad dressing

who believe that black currants have some quality that is valuable in treating sore throats are probably justified in their belief.

Rich gooseberry jam is the very best kind we know, just made with equal weights of gooseberries and sugar and simmered till clear and thick. Gooseberry tarts and pies are equally delicious.

Gooseberries, red and white currants and rhubarb cut in inch pieces may be packed in sterilized jars, the jars filled with cold water, sealed, and kept in a cool, dark place for a long time. They will retain their delicious freshness for months.

Blackberries being non-laxative, are a good remedy for some intestinal troubles.

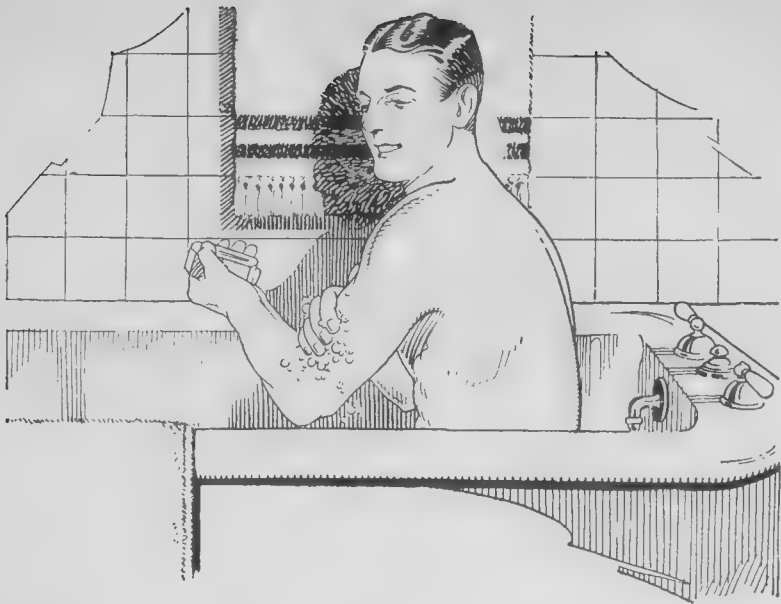
Raspberries are said to have properties valuable in the treatment of liver disorders.

The loganberry is one of California's celebrated new fruits, a cross between the blackberry and the raspberry. As it is so perishable, it is not practical for transportation, so we must content ourselves with either the canned or dried fruit if we live a very long way from California.

Strawberries with Cottage Cheese

Sugar, 2/3 t. Cottage cheese,
Cream, ¼ c. 2 c.
Strawberries, 1 qt. Salt, ½ t.

Mix the cheese, cream, salt and sugar till smooth. Pile in a dish, and surround with crushed strawberries. This dish served with bread and butter sandwiches, and something to drink, makes a very satisfactory hot weather luncheon, as it furnishes both the main dish and the dessert.



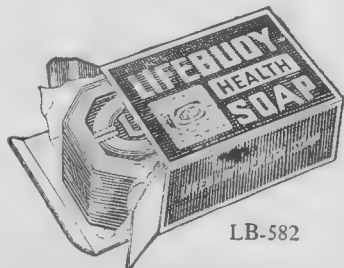
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The Way Out

HOW many times young women have come to me to help them find "the way out!" Sometimes I feel life so tangles our path with briars and rubbish that it takes most of our efforts to find the clearing.

There is a tendency to blame conditions—to blame others for our misfortunes. And yet if we examine our actions impartially we can usually find the cause in our own selves—perhaps it may have been ignorance—nevertheless the fault lies within ourselves. Experience teaches us the tragedy of the lack of vision. How far do we look ahead? Where do I want to be ten years hence? Outline the future ambition. Then study the road. What shall I require to reach that place? What may I eliminate?

Let me figure courage, control of self, ability to see the others viewpoint, a smiling serious countenance through difficult situations, persistency, application, truthfulness—all these I need on "the way out." Unbending integrity! The necessary headlight.

Among some of the active leaders in Canadian history I find these torchlights for clearing the way: Symmetry and balance of his powers gave Sir Wilfred Laurier power of leadership—his resolute will and quick decision. The higher he rose the wider became the horizon of his thoughts.

Lord Strathcona never yielded to despondency. Tomorrow was always a fair day to him. He made it his duty to look on the sunny side of life and the consequence was that people were glad to meet him, speak with him, and forward his interests.

Disaster nor difficulties never appalled Sir William Van Horne. When obstacles piled high before him, he smiled and joked, and so using all his force of mind to overcome, he overcame and brushed disaster from his path.

Courage—the highest gift that scorns to bend

To mean devices for a sordid end.

Courage—an independent spark from Heaven's bright throne,

By which the soul stands raised, triumphant, high, alone.

Following up the lives of Canadian leaders—both men and women—we learn that the fortune, the career, the character are largely what they make themselves. Most people may attain their desires if they are willing to pay the price. The real difference between success and failure is energy. We cannot find "the way out" if we seek the path of least resistance.

I know of no better definition of Success than that of Hon. George W. Ross, another Canadian leader: "Real success is only attained by the building up of character. All else is ephemeral. Attention to business will bring a measure of gain; to books, an opening up of richer avenues of thought; to art, a keener appreciation of life; to the world, a knowledge of men; but real success is only secured when all these contribute to the broadening of our sympathy with our fellow men, and a nearer union with our God." Surely a light in the path to show us "the way out."

Two Kinds of People

THEY are the lifters and leaners. The world's masses are these two classes says one poet—and she furthermore states that there is only one lifter to twenty leaners.

In the same line of thought—there are two kinds of thinkers—the dreary and the happy. I am reminded of Coleridge and Wordsworth—Coleridge's "Ode to Dejection" and Wordsworth's "Ode on Intimations of Immortality." The idea of pessimism prevails in that of Coleridge and complete optimism in Wordsworth.

The settings of the two poems are entirely different—the one emphasizes the harsh sounds of the wild winds with their destroying influences—the other springs beauties of nature with their promises of hope.

Coleridge appears with a grief that has overtaken him and he can find no comfort. Listen:

"A grief without a pang, void, dark and drear,

A stifled, drowsy, unimpassioned grief,

Which finds no natural outlet, no relief In word or sigh or tear."

A picture of hopelessness. But hear Wordsworth's expression of his grief and hope in an entirely different manner when he has lost something.

"To me alone there came a thought of grief,

A timely utterance gave that thought relief,

And I again am strong."

What a striking contrast! The difference between despair and hope!

Coleridge has beauty around him, but he gazes with unseeing eyes. He sees the Western sky but does not feel its charm: "I see them all so excellently fair, I see, not feel how beautiful they are."

Wordsworth's attitude is one of gladness for the beauty of nature.

"I see The Heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;

My heart is at your festival, My head hath its coronal,

The fulness of your bliss I feel—I feel it all."

Wordsworth seems to have a greater faith in the wisdom and goodness of God and in the eternal life than Coleridge has, for Wordsworth says: "Heaven lies about us in our infancy."

The idea that with all his past memories of happiness he cannot bear the present afflictions is expressed by Coleridge and he tells of one time when joy could almost overcome his distress while misfortunes were only the stuff that made his happiness and all was hopeful, but now he says: "But now afflictions bow me down to earth," and in another place:

"For not to think of what I needs must feel,

But to be still and patient all I can."

Memories, however, to Wordsworth are the hope of present time:

"Oh Joy! that in our embers Is something that doth live,

That nature yet remembers, What was so fugitive!

The thought of our past years in me doth breed

Perpetual benediction."

And he feels the righteousness of nature in saying:

"We in thought will join your throng Ye that pipe and ye that play,

Ye that through your hearts today Feel the gladness of the May."

He will not be bowed down by the troubles he has to bear:

"We will not grieve, rather find Strength in what remains behind."

Coleridge in the last part of his Ode turns to the gloomy moodiness of a storm and its destructive powers and vividly portrays it:

"Tis of the Rushing of an Host in rout, With groans of trampled men, with smarting wounds,

At once they groan with fear and shudder with the cold!"

On the other hand Wordsworth turns to the fountains, mountains and groves and says he has only one wish and that is to live near them.

"I love the brooks which down their channels fret,

Even more than when I tufted lightly as they,

The innocent brightness of a new born day

Is lovely yet."

And then listen to Wordsworth's philosophy of life:

"Thanks to the human heart by which we live,

Thanks to its tenderness, its joys and fears,

To me the meanest flower that blows can give

Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

HOME DOCTOR

Heart Hygiene

By William H. Robey in Hygeia

TWO popular ideas concerning the heart must be shaken: first that heart disease is inevitable; and, second, that when heart disease is diagnosed, sudden death is certain. At the present time heart disease is preventable in the majority of instances, except in congenital cases and in extreme old age.

How Hearts Become Diseased

If we start with the premise that the great majority of hearts are healthy at the beginning how is it that they become diseased? The early years of life are the years in which the heart is most likely to become affected. Why is this? It is because in youth and young adult life the foci of infections—rheumatism, tonsillitis, St. Vitus' dance, decayed teeth and some of the infectious diseases, especially scarlet fever—are most common.

Let us consider the rheumatic heart. The germ of acute rheumatism has never been definitely determined, but enough recurrences of attacks of rheumatism have been prevented by the removal of foci of infection to make many physicians believe that the infection of the heart results from the causative agent being carried in the circulating blood from the focus—a diseased tonsil or tooth, for instance—to the heart valves and muscle.

When the infecting agent is so carried, it plants itself on the curtains of the valves and in the heart muscle. It causes an inflammation, and, when the inflammation has subsided, it leaves in its wake scarred and distorted tissues that interfere with the proper working of the delicate mechanism of the valves.

We sometimes hear the opinion that if the heart has become involved in the course of an inflammatory process, such as rheumatic fever, it is then useless to remove foci of infection. I do not hold with this opinion for one moment, because I believe that there is no need of adding inflammation to damaged tissues. The time to remove diseased tonsils is before they have an opportunity of infecting the heart. Only complete removal will be satisfactory, since a few remaining crypts may contain enough infective bacteria to menace the heart.

The teeth should be carefully inspected at intervals of six months, and any doubtful ones should be x-rayed by an expert. Good teeth help toward perfect digestion, and this in turn aids the general health and raises the bodily resistance to disease.

All other areas of local infection should be sought out by the physician and removed. Cleaner mouths, earlier recognition and prompt treatment of sore throats and greater protection against the so-called infectious diseases of childhood, such as scarlet fever and diphtheria, will reduce the number of cases of heart disease.

Middle Life and Old Age

I think it was Dr. Holmes who said that if one wants to live to be 80, one must have an illness at 20. This will not apply to the causes of heart disease, for at 20 we may get a heart involvement that will end our career at 50 or 60, while otherwise we might have gone on to 80 or 90. The old saying that a man is as old as his arteries was never truer than it is today. Altogether too many persons are dying in middle age of heart, arterial and chronic kidney diseases.

It is true that in 150 years the average duration of life has risen from thirty to fifty-eight years. Reasons for this are the great reduction in infant and child mortality due to improved hygienic and food conditions, protection against infectious diseases and earlier diagnoses and treatment. These have saved many lives in the early decades, but the death rate in middle life has not been decreased. While acute rheumatic fever and its closely allied conditions, tonsillitis and St. Vitus' dance, often distort the mitral valve, they may occur without this defin-

ite injury, but may cause little areas of scar tissue within the heart muscle which lead to degeneration and failure of the heart muscle in the middle years of life. Then we have gradual failure of the heart, with dropsy, prolonged invalidism and slow death, or failure of the nutrition of the heart muscle often without dropsy, but with attacks of angina pectoris, and not infrequently sudden death. A syphilitic infection almost forgotten, and carelessly treated often shows itself in much the same way.

Effects of Stimulants

The effects of tea, coffee, tobacco and alcohol vary considerably in different persons. Some may use them in large amounts without ill effects, while others are easily affected by very moderate quantities. Some may smoke from morning until night without apparent harm, while others have palpitation, loss of energy and restlessness from very small amounts. It is probable that any of these pleasures may be indulged in moderately without detriment, provided there is no idiosyncrasy; whereas excessive amounts produce harm by overstimulating the heart action and disturbing the general health. Good digestion is a great factor in perfect health, and if alcohol, tobacco, tea and coffee disturb that important function they should be eliminated.

Various drugs taken over a long period of years may have harmful effects and should not be used without advice. I refer especially to headache powders, which often contain acetanilid. One should have the cause of one's discomforts diagnosed by an intelligent physician and should give up self-treatment.

At present, heart disease is preventable except in birth defects and very old age. A person has it in his power to prevent those diseases that affect the heart. He can prevent poor bodily habits and physical indolence; he can get his weight down if he is too heavy. He should not ask his middle-aged heart to drive his blood through a mass of unnecessary fat. A large abdomen is neither fashionable nor healthy. If he has to work hard, he can find some time for play and exercise.

Periodic Physical Examinations

The first step of importance is a thorough and periodic physical examination. There is a steadily growing tendency on the part of the public to desire a physical examination at least once a year, and many persons are demanding it. The family doctor can do this, for physicians are learning more and more about preventive medicine. The examination should be thorough, and it can be thorough only when the patient removes enough clothing to enable the examiner to place his stethoscope on the surface of the chest. The physician cannot tell much about the action of the heart and lungs by listening through a man's overcoat. If a person's physician laughs at him and says he knows him so well that he does not need to make an examination, then it is time to find some other physician who will make it.

The importance of a physical examination in middle life is paramount. It stands to reason that the heart and circulation cannot be as good at 50 as at 25. The tissues are less elastic; the reserve force is diminished; the heart does not respond as readily to sudden exertions or to prolonged strains. Irregularities and peculiarities develop that sometimes are important and sometimes unimportant, but it takes an expert and thorough examination of the medical history and physical signs to determine their significance. If it is important, the heart's tolerance to work and play can be determined, and life greatly prolonged, often to old age. Finally, the importance of sufficient sleep and physical rest cannot be overestimated to give our hearts a periodic vacation from constant labor.



The most intimate concern of a woman's life— should not be shrouded in secrecy

IGNORANCE of physical facts never brought happiness to any woman.

Wrong information is often worse than no information, and feminine health is too important, too vital a matter to be regarded in a haphazard way. Unless there is frank discussion, there can be no real enlightenment. The modern woman wants to know the truth and then judge for herself. She wants the benefit of every new idea.

Recent advances in practice of feminine hygiene

The recent advances in the practice of feminine hygiene have all come about as an answer to one existing evil. And that is the evil of poisonous antiseptics. Every physician and nurse is familiar with the effects when delicate tissues come in contact with bichloride of mercury or the compounds of carbolic acid. Yet until lately there was no other recourse for fastidious women who demanded an efficient cleansing agent—who demanded a true antiseptic insurance against disease germs.

Every woman has reason to welcome Zonite

But fortunately this state of affairs is now a thing of the past. No longer need a woman run the risk of using powerful poisons for the purpose of feminine hygiene. No longer need she fear accidental poisoning in the home—a calamity all too common when the poison bottle is left within reach of little children who can not read the "skull-and-crossbones" warning. No longer need she face any of these dangers, for Zonite has arrived.

Zonite is a powerful antiseptic. In fact, Zonite is a real germicide, for it actually kills germs. It doesn't merely check germ-growth temporarily like the mild, sweet-tasting and bubbling anti-

septics. It kills all the germs present and prevents their multiplication. But besides being a powerful antiseptic, Zonite is an antiseptic which, in its many uses, is harmless to human beings.

The most remarkable feature of Zonite is its great germicidal strength. It has more than forty times the strength, for instance, of peroxide of hydrogen, and is far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be safely used on the human body.

No wonder then, that Zonite has been welcomed with satisfaction. A powerful antiseptic that can even be held in the mouth! In fact, dental authorities are recommending it highly for preventive oral hygiene. Suggestion: ask your dentist or physician for his opinion of Zonite.

A booklet that every mother will want to give her daughter

The important subject of feminine hygiene is thoroughly covered in a dainty booklet prepared by the Women's Division expressly for the use and convenience of women. The information it contains is concise and to the point. A delicate subject is treated with scientific frankness, as it should be. Send for it. Read it.

Pass it on to others who need it. Thousands of women are today running untold risks through the use of poisonous, caustic antiseptics. This book will bring all such women abreast of the times in a very important matter of health and comfort. The booklet is free and daintily illustrated. Use the coupon below.

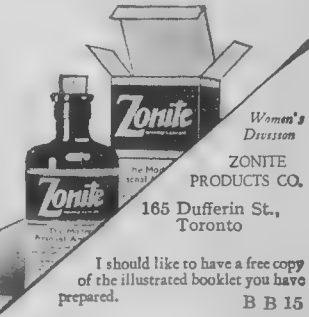
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The First Quarter of the Century

*The Greatest War, Huge Transformations in History and
Unparalleled Advancement in Science Has Been Witnessed
the First Twenty-five Years of the Century—
Whither Are We Going?*

OF THIS twentieth century that we call our own, the first quarter is complete. It has included the greatest war ever fought on this planet; the fall of three apparently unshakable military powers of Europe; the emergence of nations long suppressed; the collapse of the Manchu dynasty in China; the obliteration of the Caliphate in Islam; the emancipation of Jerusalem; the autonomy of Ireland and South Africa; a legislative constitution for India; and a scientific advance throughout the world unparalleled in any previous age. Thus P. W. Wilson sums up our progress through the last twenty-five years in the New York Times.

At this milestone on the high road of history, let us look back and forward. All the speed limits of the Augustan, the Elizabethan, the Napoleonic and the Victorian eras have been far exceeded. In twenty-five years a far greater change has been wrought for mankind than in any other like period of the previous twenty-five centuries.

Hastening, as we do, from one event to the next, we seldom realize how slow, how arduous hitherto has been the advance of civilization. To add a handle to a hammer of stone hardly seems to us to be an invention at all. Yet it was an invention for which humanity waited for thousands of years. In the passage from bronze to iron, from iron to steel, other millennia dragged out a weary length. Twenty-five years? Measured by the rocks, it is a mere instant.

Christendom itself has been, up to the present, incredibly conservative. There is, surely, no simpler, no more obvious fact than that blood flows in our veins. Even Galen felt the pulse. Yet it was sixteen centuries before Europe evolved the William Harvey who had the wit to perceive the phenomenon. And it was sixteen centuries also before Galileo announced that the earth moved round the sun. Indeed, it was only after eighteen centuries that Watts and Stephenson and Arkwright and Fulton applied the use of steam to elementary machines, as we regard them, on land and water. at which wonders our grandfathers gaped in astonishment. Yet today we are as remote in our mentality from our grandfathers as they in their day were remote from the druid in his grove or the Edomite in his tent.

Look at the photograph of a street twenty-five years ago. In China you see a wheelbarrow, in Syria a camel, in India a bullock, and in New York a horse. The pace was a walking pace; at the utmost you could only gallop; and even then, merely for a mile or two.

Today, only twenty-five years later, the automobile, then unknown, is now universal. The fairy tale of the Seven League Boots is fulfilled before our very eyes. Not only for the few rich, but for all classes in the community, the various speeds on the road are quadrupled and the range of travel extended indefinitely.

Twenty-five years ago there were ocean liners. But a displacement of 12,000 tons was still large. The fuel was still coal. The engine was still reciprocating. Today, with oil, with the turbine, with daring design, we have liners of 55,000 tons. And small craft, driven by internal combustion, skim the waters at sixty miles an hour, which, it may be said, is only a hint of what is to come.

Holland invented a kind of a submarine. And Jules Verne, whose novels are no longer fiction because they have become fact wrote of "Twenty Leagues Under the Sea". But the nineteenth century closed with no practical device of this kind more complicated than a diving bell. And the development of the submarine, its equipment, its use in war—all this is the work of the twenty-five years. And profoundly has it affected the distribution of sea power. Nor shall we forget that the construction of the dreadnaught—that is, of the all-big-gun-battleship—belongs to this period. Set the finest battleship of the nineteenth century to fight the standard battleship of our own day and it would be blown out of the waters as easily

as it would itself demolish Nelson's "Victory" or that famous frigate, the "Constitution."

In the nineteenth century a flying machine was merely a child's balloon, magnified by inflation. Aeronautics were as yet hardly experimental. Today, dirigibles, vast as ocean greyhounds, have crossed the Atlantic, swept over cities and, like Icarus, paid the penalty for daring the breezes. Nature, however, has taught us that if we are to fly with safety, it must be like a bird with wings heavier than air. And, audacious as Puck, the airplane has girdled the earth, bearing mailbags for friends and dropping bombs on the foe.

As with locomotion, so with vision. It is true that the nineteenth century bequeathed to us the telescope, the microscope, the X-ray and the photograph. But the use of these instruments in association, for healing, for research, for instruction and for amusement, marks a revolution in the capacity of the eye. For twenty-five years ago, a photograph, even if it be instantaneous, was one picture showing all life as still life. Today photography is continuous. On the silver screen we can watch the clouds drifting across the landscape, the bud slowly breaking into the flower, and the lion leaping on his prey.

Between the theatre of Shakespeare and the theatre of Shaw there is doubtless a difference. But both of these theatres depend essentially on the same art of speech and gesture.

But the continuous camera has, within a dozen years or so, scattered over the whole world, East and West, a stage where intelligence is wholly pantomimic, where a drama costing millions can be seen by millions for a few cents; a phenomenon for which art, philosophy and finance were wholly unprepared; a phenomenon of which we are only beginning to discern the effects on eyesight, on mentality and on international relations. It is today hard to realize that twenty-five years ago the picture house was a heaven not only unattained, but unprophesied.

SO WITH electric transmission. When the new century was born, telegrams were sent, if at all, over wires, a cumbrous process that, like the stage coach in parts of Spain, still survives. And over wires, too, we still are condemned to telephone. Doubtless there were men twenty-five years ago who labored in the hope of sending signals through the air. And Marconi succeeded. But already Marconi, with his mere signals, is far surpassed by the radio.

Radio is more than an unbelievable marvel. It is, like the movie and the automobile, a democratic marvel.

Science, slow at the start, is thus hurrying today headlong, and with ever increasing momentum. Like the open sesame of the Arabian tale, here is a spell, hard at first for the stammerer to enunciate, but when enunciated all-potent over material treasure. It is a key that unlocks all doors, all at once. And what has happened in this first quarter of our twentieth century is that, for the first time, this right key is in every hand. The physicist, the zoologist, the botanist, the geologist, the psychologist, the archaeologist, the astronomer and the mathematician, are all entering the cave of the universe together. It is the mobilization of mind over matter.

There are optimists who tell us that as the nineteenth century adopted labor-saving machinery, thus relieving our muscles, so will the twentieth century, by its inventions, enable us to dispense with the trouble of using our minds. Pictures will supersede print, so we are assured, and jazz and the revue will be an antidote to thought. But is this certain? It is true that many institutions are shaken with the rapidity of our progress. But the day surely will come when, in the future as in the past, our mentalities will have digested the plethora of new knowledge and experiences and possibilities and we will have caught up with ourselves.

How Sick Have We Been?

Continued from page 10

be a very large sum on which to attempt economies no matter who happens to be in power.

It is interesting to compare this with the American expenditures which during 1924 stood as follows:

Interest on Public debt	26.82%
Sink'g Funds for ret. of Debt	13.06%
Veterans Bureau(a war exp.)	11.67%
War Department	9.94%
Navy Department	9.48%
Pensions	6.51%
Good Roads	2.56%
Refunds	4.21%
Miscellaneous	15.75%

If we add interest on debt to war and navy expenditures and pensions the Americans today are paying out more on such non-productive expenditures than we are.

Raising Our Revenues

On the method of raising revenues there is also some differences between the two countries. The Americans raise less by tariffs (contrary to the opinions of many people) and more by direct taxation.

Our sources of revenue may be classed as follows:

Customs Duties	33.80%
Excise Duties	11.39%
Excise Taxes (sale stamps, etc.)	25.35%
Income Taxes	14.73%
Miscellaneous	14.73%
Income and Profits Taxes	45.92%
Internal Revenue	22.75%
Customs	13.60%
From Foreign Debts	5.53%
Miscellaneous	11.20%

The outstanding differences between the two countries in methods of revenues collection are apparent at once. The Americans rely more on income taxes and less upon customs. In the matter of expenditures they make direct provision for the retirement of the debt—we do not. I realize quite clearly that the reasons for not doing so on our part have an apparent soundness. We are told that we are a young and growing country—the burden can be unloaded on posterity, etc., etc. But posterity will have enough to do. We shall probably begin within a few years the gigantic task of deepening the St. Lawrence canals. If we may judge from the cost of the New Welland Canal, that will involve us in at least \$400,000,000 of new obligations. There are certain to be new expenditures to absorb revenues. These are buoyant days—there are good times

coming. Now would be the opportune moment to make definite preparations for reduction of debt by deliberately budgeting for it. *The next budget in 1927 should provide for sinking funds for the reduction of our national obligations.*

We Face the Open

Of course guesses at the future are difficult, and time may easily upset all calculations. One thing is certain: the growing crop in the West holds much of promise or dismay for most of us—and to just as large an extent for those who are outside the immediate sphere of its influence. If we trace the history of Canada's economic development in the last few years we will find everywhere the determining voice of the man on the land. Canada is out of the woods so far as the after-effects of the war is concerned. Who won the conflict through which we have passed? Who re-established this country after the conflict of war? Not bankers, nor millionaires, nor manufacturers, nor politicians—these had their part, all of them—but our amazing national recuperation came from the swelling volume of our agricultural production—the rapid recovery of the primary producer from the debacle of deflation. And that is the force that will continue to build up the country, mold political opinion and lay the foundations of our national greatness.

Budgets Past and Future

In time of peace prepare for war. When the budget is over begin heavy thinking in preparation for the next one. Parliament has put the finishing touches on the budget of Mr. Robb—spring pattern 1926. All the little odds and ends of schedules have been properly labeled and tucked away. The hard-shelled tory has ceased to lament on the dire calamities about to happen—the exuberant Grit no longer thunders in your ears that this is the greatest budget since Confederation. The Progressive is pleased—he commends "Jim Robb" and speaks warmly of his stability of character and firm stand in trying conditions. Delegations formerly headed for the Minister of Finance drop off at the West Block and interview the Tariff Board. Hope deferred may make the heart sick but those who seek favors live long even with a weak heart. The supplicants of today will be the mendicants of tomorrow. Ottawa is a great place for striving and endeavor.

Too Clever by Half

A young Englishman, says the Boston Globe, was walking up and down the platform of a country railway junction, looking for a carriage with a vacant seat. He couldn't find it, and so, assuming an official air, he walked up to the last carriage and announced in stentorian tones:

"All out here this car isn't going."

There were exclamations of annoyance from the occupants of the car, but they all got out with their bags and made their way to cars ahead. The young

man smiled as he took possession of a seat and filled another with his luggage.

"Ah," he murmured, "it's a grand thing to be born clever! Now I wish they'd start."

By and by the station master put his head in the doorway. "Are you the young man who said this car wasn't going?"

"Yes," said the clever one, smiling.

"Well," said the station master, "it isn't. The guard heard what you said, and he uncoupled it. He thought you were a director."

The Last Parting

By Frederic W. Gamman

And so at last we part! I still must feel
Your presence when, at close of garish
day,
Night's sad and solemn silence bids me
stray
Among past mem'ries. Kindly Time may
heal
This smarting wound, for his revolving
wheel
Smooths out all woe, or so the gossips
say.
But I, whose proud ambition was to lay

My dear-won laurels at your feet—to
kneel
Before you to receive the accolade
Of your great love—I only must behold
Your face no more, though ever to the
rest
Your eyes are stars that cannot sink or
fade,
Your smile compelling more than lust of
gold.
Yet, having loved you, I am not unblest.



By Trail or Stream--

... in lake-dotted Muskoka, by the sun-kissed waters of the Okanagan, among the hill-hidden recesses of the dark Laurentians, or on the Atlantic bordered coast line of the Maritimes, with their swift-changing pictures of human activity—wherever in these balmy summer days one's fancy calls, there will be found those who really know the merits of



Here is the new patented air-tight tin that keeps KLIM fresh and sweet indefinitely.

The New KLIM

Campers, cottagers, motorists and hikers—those who comprise the gypsyhood of summer—these are the ones who realize that the new KLIM is the perfect product for their fraternity—sweet, fresh, full-cream milk, with only the water removed! Milk that is *all milk* (previously pasteurized) in powder form; milk that cannot spoil or acquire a taint; milk that needs no ice or refrigerator; milk that is real milk, cream and all, and that is convenient to take with you on the journey.

Safer, more easily digested and cheaper than certified milk.



Send for this Free Booklet

Here is a practical Handbook for followers of trail or stream. It is written by five well-known woodsmen and contains a host of camp hints and cooking recipes, told in a racy, attractive style. A copy will be sent by return, on receipt of the attached coupon.

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Please send me copy of your booklet entitled "Camp Cooking."

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Address



Healthful *Cleanliness*

Old Dutch Cleanser

CHASES DIRT

MADE IN CANADA

THERE is nothing like Old Dutch—the safe and economical cleanser for removing all impurities, visible or invisible. It contains no lye, acids or hard grit and will not injure the finest enamel surfaces. For *Healthful Cleanliness* all through the house—use Old Dutch.



Nine Good Cooks out of every ten always ask for

Gold Standard BAKING POWDER

"IT-RAISES-THE-DOUGH"



Girls and Boys Attention!

Don't forget to try and win one of the extra special prizes, particulars of which are given on the Cosy Corner page in this issue of—

The Western Home Monthly



Hints on Housework

By Helen MacMurchy

NO "Clutter."

Clear up as you go.

Have a "Baking Morning."

Beware the Instalment Plan.

Stainless steel knives save cleaning.

Loose leaf notebooks are convenient.

Have you a Card Index for Recipes? Learn something every day about "Your Job."

Don't use tomorrow's strength for today's work.

Don't use next month's income for this month's expenses.

The dining-table can be "cleared" in three minutes.

Did you ever try a fibre dish-pan for fine china.

The best-managed house seems to manage itself. It goes like clockwork.

Putty, paint and whitewash save a lot of work and dirt.

The floor is not the place to keep anything except furniture.

Don't fill a room too full of furniture. Leave room for the people.

We do not always need a tablecloth. Try "runners" or "doilies."

Equipment and arrangement control two-thirds of house-work.

Think before you start a thing—Can you go on and finish it?

Before renting or buying a house, ask yourself, "Can I clean it easily?"

Before buying a teapot or a saucepan ask yourself, "Can I clean it easily?"

Don't make a slave of yourself. Slavery is not allowed under the Union Jack.

Don't try to see how many knives and forks and spoons and cups and saucers and plates you can use—but how few—with comfort.

Is your furniture conveniently arranged? Try the sofa on the other side of the fireplace.

Are you buying something you will use three times a day? Get it good.

Never let the basin or the bath get dirty. Everybody cleans it after using.

Enter your expenses in your account book every day. It is the only way.

Be sure that all your helpers learn to use their minds as well as their hands.

Are you sure the summer kitchen is a good plan? How many steps and stairs does it make?

The cost of keeping a house clean is from one-quarter to one-half the cost of house rent.

If there is any household task that nobody enjoys, think out some way to change or abolish it.

Making a loaf of bread or an apple pie or porridge is productive labor. Don't let anybody call you a non-producer.

Can you put your finger instantly on soap, pen, ink, paper, twine, vinegar, sugar, scissors and everything else in the house?

Don't try to do everything yourself. The manager should not do anything that she can get someone else to do.

When you have given Mary something to do, and she knows how, don't interfere with her if you can possibly help it. It is "Her Job."

Bring up the family not to make unnecessary work for anybody else. Then the lesson is learned for life. People should put away their own things.

Unselfish Mothers may make selfish children. Teach your children to do all they can for you. Don't do anything for them that they can do for themselves.

There are three Units in every house:

1. The Work Unit—Kitchen, pantry, laundry.

2. The Recreation Unit—Dining-room, living-room, and verandah.

3. The Rest Unit—Bedrooms.

Do you want your new knives to be always new? Take a piece of ticking,

line it with Canton flannel; make it into a bag with a separate pocket for each knife. Keep each knife in its own pocket.

Don't you like washing dishes? Yes—I know!

Organize the job. Classify your dishes. Buy yourself three little mops "a-purpose"—different sizes, and one with a brush on it. Wear a rubber glove on your left hand. You know if you turn a right-hand rubber glove inside out it becomes a left-hand glove. So one pair of rubber gloves lasts you a long time. Have your water just about boiling when you pour it on the dishes. Don't forget the soap. After you have "mopped" and scrubbed a dish clean, tilt one edge up out of the water with the mop and lift the dish out with your left hand. You can wash the dishes this way without wetting a finger.

Have a little wooden rack made with three holes the right size to hold your three mopsticks and two wooden pins at the end of the rack to hold out your glove to dry, till the next time. Have your dish-towels as nice as your bath-towels, so that you can be proud of them. Have a "hot-rail" to dry them on. Time yourself. It makes work more interesting.

Do you need to wash dishes after every meal? We do not wash our clothes that way. Team-work is good work—You need a "Washer," a "Dryer" and a "Putter-away." There are good dish-washing machines too, now-a-days.

Mother is the Head Chemist of the works. She is the Artist too. She needs a chance to think and plan. If Daddy's income is \$2,000 a year and Mother puts in an average of eight hours a day cooking, cleaning and managing the housework, and directing everything, then what is Mother's income? We do not know yet, but we are all thinking about it.

Don't forget the Dominion Government, the Provincial Government and all the other Governments, small and great; the Post Office, the Parcel Post, the Public Library, the Travelling Library, the Mail Order Department, the Fall and Winter Fairs and Exhibitions, the School, the University, the Telegraph, the Telephone, the R.F.D.; the Wireless, the Aeroplane, the Creamery (some Creameries have co-operative laundries in connection with them); the Women's Institutes, The Cercle des Femmes, the Home-Makers' Club, The Home Economics Club, the Agricultural College or any of the other Resources of Canada.

Don't use the frying pan every day. There are better ways of cooking.

Save every scrap of fat that comes with the meat and "render it." Save every drop of liquid fat. Do you make your own soap?

A pod of red pepper in the water will prevent the unpleasant odour of boiling meat or vegetables from filling the house.

To thaw frozen meat, place in a warm room over night. If cooked before it is entirely thawed it will be tough. Meat once frozen should not be allowed to thaw until just before cooking.

Beef suet will remain good a long time, if kept in a cool place (but do not let it freeze) or if buried deep in the flour barrel so as entirely to exclude the air.

Don't use too much white flour. You know why your husband always gives the stock some "roughage?" Rolled oats, whole wheat flour, brown bread—oat-cakes—these are our "roughage."

When properly cooked one pound of oatmeal has a nutrient value equal to

Continued on page 43

Paris Sponsors the Defined Hip Line



THE styles are kind to all of us and suit our individual needs. Though skirts are full they are adaptable to each and every figure. If one needs to express fullness, one may wear the full gathered or circular model. On the other hand flat plaits, panels and tunics with straight lines will suit the woman who is not slim.

The newest feature of summer styles is the hip flare, especially attractive as expressed in the page boy peplum, which is used on both dresses and blouses.

Skirts with tiers and flounces are shown on many of the new frocks.

The uneven hem line is seen on bouffant dance and evening frocks, in which the back is longer than the front, or deep scallops show the irregular movement.

Though street dresses for town wear show long sleeves, the summer afternoon frock for both city and country shows small sleeves or none. Usually if the sleeve is long it is transparent with width at the wrist flowing or gathered to a narrow band or a cuff.

Smart sport dresses show smocking or shirring at hips, shoulders and at yoke lines as one may prefer. Sometimes the smocking or shirring is in contrast to the color of the frock.

In pretty prints and flowered cretonnes one finds charming smocks which article of apparel is now recognized as superior to the apron for kitchen and garden service, and very serviceable for office and studio wear.

Tailored suits with short boyish jackets are shown in attractive pastel shades of covert cloth.

In spite of smoking jackets and dinner coats, the fashions show many feminine touches in the way of bows, lace, and floral decorations.

From the sash ends of tulle to the string ties, bows are much in evidence.

The two-piece dress is still with us, and is especially attractive in the new sports silks and linens.

Embroidered satins and girlish chiffons are used for evening and dance frocks, quite eclipsing the beaded and spangled creations.

Cordings, plaitings, pintuckings, metal and silk embroideries are in vogue.

Wrap around coats with tuxedo collars are among the early fall showings.

Coats in dolman style, and others with cape effects are also in evidence.

The new blouses show blousings above a wide belt or girdle.

A practical sports dress for summer may be made in the two-piece style of silk and wool jersey mixture.



The skirt may be all plaited or show plaits at the front only and if the blouse has a peplum it is really smart.

Wing draperies falling from the shoulders are a new feature which is also exploited on sleeves of evening gowns.

Plain and printed georgette, may be artistically combined in a midsummer dress.

Lace combines well with tussah or flat crepe for a street or afternoon dress.

A double peplum lengthens a smart blouse made with shoulder fullness, a new bell sleeve and a tie collar.

The fashion of the polka dot finds expression in many of the new models. Cotton and silk fabrics show the "dot" and it is altogether becoming and attractive.

A coat frock of printed crepe shows long jabot revers of plain crepe outlining a panel of the same material.

Wide revers are a feature on some of the new blouses and dresses.

Bordered crepe is used for a short sleeve summer frock fashioned with a belt that widens at the sides to form shaped sections beneath which pockets are inserted.

Striped and plain sports silk was used for a very attractive dress made with long blouse portions of the plain silk joined to a box plaited skirt, and topped by a bolero of the striped material.

A tunic shaped in panels, lengthens a straight line blouse of plain georgette that is worn with an under-dress of printed crepe.

The new apache collar is very useful on a dress of any of the soft materials now in vogue.

Grosgrain ribbon is smart for trimming on a dress of crepe de chine.

A new outfit consists of a skirt and waistcoat blouse, worn with a circular cape.

Taffeta is used for bathing suits, it is effective especially if plaid and plain taffeta are combined. A pretty model shows a wide band of plaid at the hem of the gathered skirt, and facing wide leg bands of the knickers.

A bodice of satin and two flounces of lace made a very charming evening dress. The bodice has a round neck trimmed with a band of tiny rosebuds and finished with a large sash bow.

A dainty frock of flower sprigged chiffon is made with a straight line bodice, and skirt, showing four gathered tiers at the sides.

Plain bands of velvet ribbon trim the neck and tiers.



Tea for Two

HAVE you ever tried the charm of a Sunday night supper, served on a little table in front of the fire?

You'll love it, especially if you fix things so he really enjoys his meal.

One of the things he's sure to like is McCormick's Sweet Biscuits. There are bound to be several varieties, a sandwich, shortbread, or plain biscuit, that he will like particularly, and they are always so fresh, crisp and appetizing that they are really delightful.

Ask your grocer to send over a pound of McCormick's Biscuits, assorted, with your next order.

For every occasion—

MCCORMICK'S BISCUITS

Every one of that Distinctive Quality
which makes JERSEY CREAM SODAS famous

Attractive Undergarments

5510. Plaid wool, and wool crepe are combined in this model. It is also a good design for rayon, jersey, poplin and fine serge. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size will require 2 yards of the plaid and 1½ yard of the plain material 54 inches wide if made as illustrated in the large view. To make all of one material will require 3¾ yards. The width at the lower edge of the skirt, with plaits extended is 2½ yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5512. Crepe, crepe de chine or radium silk would be suitable for this design. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires 4 yards of 36 inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5515



5309



5509. Striped tub silk with a bordered edge is here shown. Collar, belt and cuffs are of white broadcloth. This pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 4¾ yards of the striped material, and ¾ yard of the plain material 40 inches wide for facing on collar, cuffs and belt. The width of the dress at the lower edge with plaits extended is 1¾ yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5515. Percale, gingham, tub silk or linen could be used for this model. A pretty development would be green and white striped tub silk with trimming of white silk broadcloth. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size will require 4¾ yards of 36 inch material together with ¼ yard of contrasting material. The width at the hem of the dress with plaits extended is 2¾ yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5534. Flounces and tiers mark the latest expression of fashions. The model here shown is attractive in figured silk or printed materials. The skirt is joined to an underbody which may be of lining. This pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires 1 yard of 32 inch lining for the underbody, if made with shaped shoulders or ¾ yard if made with camisole top, and 5¾ yards of figured material for skirt and flounces. The width of the skirt at the foot is 1½ yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5534



5512



5527. China silk, voile, dimity, or crepe de chine would be attractive for this model. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 1 year, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 3 year size will require 1¾ yard of 36 inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5523. The model closes at the sides and at the inner leg seam. It is an ideal design for small children. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 1, 2, 3 and 4 years. A 1 year size will require 1¾ yard of 36 inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5513. Cretonne, sateen, gingham or percale would be good for this model. The pattern is cut in one size, medium. 1¾ yard of 36 inch material will be required, together with 10 yards of bias binding put on as illustrated. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

You Live Every Day—Meet Every Day —Unhandicapped



By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND
Registered Nurse

OTHER women have told you about Kotex; about the great difference it is making in their lives.

Now from the standpoint, both of practicing nurse in charge of more than 500 women and girls . . . and as a woman myself . . . I urge you to try it.

It converts most trying situations of yesterday into the mere incidents of today. You can wear your most exquisite things, your sheerest frocks and gowns without a second's thought. Once you try it, you will never again use a makeshift sanitary pad.

Millions of women—eight out of every ten in the better walks of life — have adopted this new way. Highest hygienic authorities advise it.

These new advantages

This new way is Kotex, the scientific sanitary pad. Nurses in war-time France first discovered it. It is made of the super-absorbent Cellucotton.

It absorbs and holds instantly sixteen times its own weight in moisture.

It is five times as absorbent as ordinary cotton pads.

Each Kotex pad is deodorized by a new secret disinfectant. Think of the amazing protection this feature alone gives!

There is no bother, no expense, of laundry. Simply

discard Kotex as you would a piece of tissue — without embarrassment.

You can get it anywhere, today

If you have not tried Kotex, please do. It will make a great difference in your viewpoint, in your peace of mind, and your health.

60% of many ills, according to many leading medical authorities, are traced to the use of unsafe and unsanitary makeshift methods.

Thus today, on eminent medical advice, millions are turning to this new way.

You can obtain Kotex at better drug and department stores everywhere. It comes in sanitary sealed packages of 12 in two sizes, the Regular and Kotex-Super.

In purchasing, take care that you get the genuine Kotex. It is the *only* sanitary napkin embodying the super-absorbent Cellucotton. It is the *only* napkin made by this company.

Today mail the coupon for a full-sized sample of Kotex, *free*. Note the improvement, mental and physical, this new way brings. Important booklet on "Personal Hygiene" will be sent also. Send for *your* sample today.

In this *NEW* way which solves women's oldest hygienic problem so amazingly by banishing the insecurity of old ways, and adding the convenience of disposability.

Easy Disposal and 2 other important factors

- ① No laundry. As easy to dispose of as a piece of tissue — thus ending the trying problem of disposal.



- ② Utter protection—Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture; 5 times that of the ordinary cotton pad, and it deodorizes thus assuring double protection.



- ③ Easy to buy anywhere. Many stores keep them ready wrapped in plain paper—simply help yourself, pay the clerk, that is all.

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE SAMPLE

FREE Mail this
for Kotex Sample in plain
and book: "Personal Hygiene" envelope

Made in Canada
KOTEX
The Scientific
Sanitary Pad

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Name.....

Address.....

No laundry—discard as
easily as a piece of tissue

"Ask for them by name"
KOTEX
PROTECTS—DEODORIZES.

Kotex Regular:
75c per dozen
Kotex-Super:
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WHEN USING WILSON'S FLY PADS

READ DIRECTIONS
CAREFULLY AND
FOLLOW THEM
EXACTLY

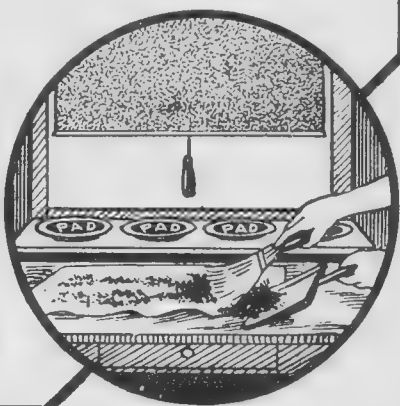


There is only one way to kill all the Flies

This is it—Darken the room as much as possible, close the windows, raise one of the blinds where the sun shines in, about eight inches, place as many Wilson's Fly Pads as possible on plates (properly wetted with water but not flooded) on the window ledge where the light is strong, leave the room closed for two or three hours, then sweep up the flies and burn them. See illustration below.

Put the plates away out of the reach of children until required in another room.

The right way to use Wilson's Fly Pads



PUBLICITY is the power that will keep your business humming. An advertisement in *The Western Home Monthly* will prove this to your satisfaction.

It Raises Fine Babies



Over a million mothers have learned by experience that Nestlé's is a clean, safe, easily digested and readily prepared Milk Food.

When necessity demands a change from Mother's milk, change to Nestlé's. It contains all the food essentials of milk,

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Nestlé's babies invariably have firm flesh and strong bones. Equally important, Nestlé's is the simplest of foods to prepare.

NESTLÉ'S MILK FOOD

The Safe Food

Made in Canada by the Makers of Nestlé's Evaporated and Condensed Milk.

Free Trial Offer and Mother Book

A package of Nestlé's Milk Food sufficient for twelve feedings will be sent free upon request. Also our well known Mother Book, which tells how to feed your baby to make it strong and well and how to guard it against diseases.



For Invalids and Nursing Mothers
Nestlé's Milk Food is a satisfactory and sustaining food for invalids, convalescents and nursing mothers.

Nestlé's Food Company of Canada, Limited

84 St. Antoine Street, Montreal

101

Something For Mother to Copy

5522. Yoke portions shaped in points between rows of shirrings make this design attractive. It may be finished with the long "peasant" sleeve portion, or with the cool and comfortable short sleeve of the large view. The pattern for this charming little dress is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. A 4 year size if made as in the large view will require 1½ yard of figured material 36 inches wide together with ¼ yard 18 inches wide of contrasting material for facing on the collar. If made with long sleeves 2¼ yards of 36 inch material will be required. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5522



5511. Figured silk and taffeta are here combined. The model shows a new form of plaits stressing width at the hips. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size if made as illustrated will require 5½ yards of 40 inch material together with ¾ yard of contrasting material for facing on collar. Width of dress at the lower edge is 2¾ yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

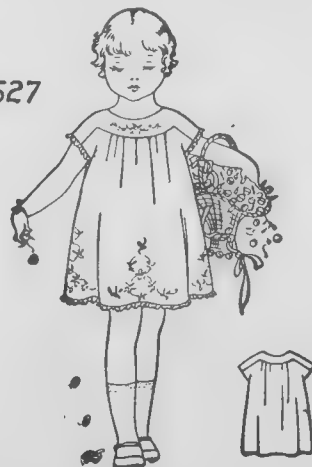
5523



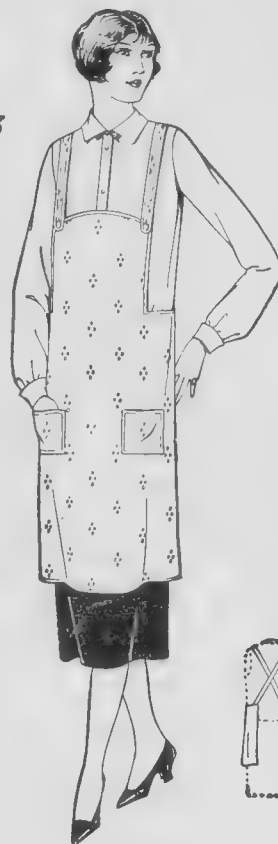
5309. This comfortable underslip is especially suitable for women of mature figure. It has plait fullness at the front and back seams, providing additional width and comfort in walking. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires 3¼ yards of 36 inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5533. Embroidered voile, printed georgette or taffeta would be very desirable for this design. The sleeve and collar are new features. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. A 16 year size requires 3½ yards of 40 inch material, if made with long sleeves. If with short sleeves, 3¼ yards will be required. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5527



5513



5514. Printed voile was used for this design, with organdy for trimming. The model is also good for linen, jersey, tub silk or rayon. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size will require 4½ yards of figured material 36 inches wide, together with ¾ yard of plain material, for plait inserts and facings on collar, cuffs and vestee. The width of the dress at the lower edge is 1¾ yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5529. For dancing, graduation or as a party frock, this model is especially attractive. It may be made up in georgette, crepe de chine, taffeta or voile. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. To make the dress as illustrated in the large view for a 14 year size will require 3 yards of 40 inch material. If made with sleeve puffs, 3¾ yards will be required. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5117. Crepe or chiffon embroidered with floss or chenille, or taffeta or chiffon with bead or other embroidery would be attractive for this design. It is also good for crepe de chine with ribbon binding. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 10 year size requires 3¾ yards of 36 inch material if made with the bertha. Without the bertha 3 yards will be required. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5531



5531. Printed voile, linen or chintz, combined with organdy, crepe or lawn, could be used to develop the attractive style here portrayed. The "peasant" sleeve portions may be omitted. This pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6 year size will require 2½ yards of 36 inch material, together with ¾ yard of contrasting material for "peasant" sleeve portions, cuffs and collar facing, if made as shown in the large view. If peasant sleeve are omitted, ¾ yard of contrasting material is required. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

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The One for the Other

Continued from page 13

his soul rest in peace!) What obscenity is this? Is it not enough that thy song rings in the ears of good men that thou should'st defile the hearing of a decent woman? Begone, thou dog!"

With beetling brows Balli Mahammad took off a slipper, and grasping it strongly in his right hand made a great show of beating Ram Lal unmercifully about the shoulders. Ram Lal, with upraised hands clasped in supplication, was gradually shoved back into the security of the banana trees. Safely behind a thick clump, Balli Mahammad's attitude changed. Giving Ram Lal a final whack, he ordered: "As thou lovest thy life, go! And speak not a word of what thou knowest!"

Ram Lal was just sober enough to think he had given the secret away, and to realize that if such were the case, he had killed the source of his income.

"I have said nothing, O Honored One of the Prophet," he vowed, "but I think that Nathu, the driver, suspects. Perhaps thou knowest it not, but Nathu used to be over-fond of the Pearl of the Singing Feet, himself."

"That is nothing to me," said Balli Mahammad, "but it may mean something to thee, that in my opinion Nathu careth for naught but silver and gold. Now get thee gone before I break every bone in thy body. Perhaps thou wilt find it to thy profit to divert Nathu's attention from thy gains. Else I cannot say which of thee will see the light of two more moons."

"But Huzur—"

"Get thee gone, thou cur!"

THE morning after the next full moon the whole bazaar rang with the news of the murder of Ram Lal. He had been found at the foot of the pergola steps with a huge gap in his side. An odor, which once smelled can never be forgotten, betrayed his condition, but though drunk, he had not fallen and killed himself. The wound that had been the cause of his death had been inflicted by another. The wonder of the bazaar people was not that the poor man was dead, but what could have been the motive to murder a drunken washerman, when, as everyone knows, a washerman is poorer than a scarecrow in a grainfield, who, while he may be in the midst of plenty, has nothing himself.

But Ram Lal had much money for a washerman, protested someone, "and he threw it about as freely as a farmer scatters grain for sowing. Probably they were ill-gotten gains. But what matters it now? He is dead."

Said another: "He was called the King of the Washerpeople. But no one knew from whence his money came, though it was observed that he had more to spend at the full of the moon than at other times."

Balli Mahammad was in the bazaar at the time.

"A drunken pig like that ought to die," he said, and none other than he connected the murder with Nathu, the driver of the red-covered oxcart.

But he stared solemnly and meaningfully into the eyes of Nathu, and was not surprised when he heard later that Nathu and all his family had moved to another village in a far-off district.

"We are rid of a beast at last," Balli Mahammad told Badru Begam.

But Badru Begam shivered as with a chill, and said: "It is a bad sign. It will be a life for a life according to the law," and thereupon she gave birth to a son with a perfect little body but with no breath of life. She turned her face to the wall and wept. But the old woman who was with her comforted her, saying: "Have patience,

daughter, thy reward will come," and lo, before another hour had passed a twin was born, also with a perfect body, and with the breath of life, oh, many breaths. He filled his little lungs and announced his arrival in a series of lusty howls.

Balli Mahammad was wild with delight.

"Now shall I have a seat with the honored among men, for that of a surety, I now have hopes of one to give me a proper burial after death, and to follow after me, and perpetuate my name. As soon as ever thou art able to travel, dear light of my liver, we will go to a far country, and we will take the noisy little parrot with us, and there we shall toil at honest work in happiness and without fear. Ah, the Prophet is good! Blessed be the name of the Prophet!"

And he spoke truly. As they were on their way, Badru Begam stopped crooning to her small son long enough to say to her lord and master: "It was written, 'the one for the other,' and so it came to pass, but surely, it was a good omen, too, that this little parrot came after to be our hearts' delight."

Balli Mahammad smiled a loving smile at the piece of humanity so small and so like himself. "Yea, it be a good sign," he said, "and the law is fulfilled."

Summer Time

By William Thompson

When it's summer in the city,
And you're hot, and steam and stew,
And you try to be good-natured—
But it's very hard to do—
And you dream about the country,
And the meadows, hills, and trees,
And the shaded roads, and flowers,
And the perfume on the breeze,
And the farm house, cool and comfy,
And the rows of peas and beans,
And the growing lines of good things—
Such as beets and spinach greens—
Of the homemade pies and cookies,
And the berries, sweet and red,
Of the chicken, fried in butter,
And the steaming homemade bread,
And the mild-eyed calf that followed
For a feast of buttermilk—
On her breath the scent of clover,
And her nose as soft as silk—
There's a peace that grips your being,
And a feeling most sublime—
When you dream about the country,
And the joys of summer time.

An Indian Cradle Song

Southern Workman

Swing thee low in thy cradle soft,
Deep in the dusky wood!
Swing thee low and swing aloft—
Sleep as a papoose should,
For safe in your little birchen nest
Quiet will come and peace and rest,
If the little papoose is good.

The coyote howls on the prairie cold,
And the owl hoots in the tree,
And the big moon shines on the little child

As it slumbers peacefully.
So swing thee high in thy little nest
And swing thee low and take the rest
That the night wind brings to thee.

Father lies on the fragrant ground,
Dreaming of hunt and fight,
And the pine leaves rustle with mournful sound

All through the solemn night;
But the little papoose in his birchen nest
Is swinging low as he takes his rest,
Till the sun brings the morning light.

A Chaser

Visitor: "Do you like to recite dear?"

Child: "No, but Mummy always asks me, because it makes people go."—Punch.



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Federated Women's Institute

A Message to the Women's Institute

We are glad for the spirit of true democracy that rings in our Women's Institutes. In the world there are all classes of Women; in one Women's Institute there is only one. There is no dividing line. We meet on one common level—inspired with the lofty ideal of developing into better citizens and finer and nobler womenkind.

In these meetings we realize that where two or three or more are gathered together, with an earnest purpose, the heart glows and the spirit of success is kindled, such is the power of unity.

"In Union there is Strength"

In this united strength let us stand true for all that our Country, our Community demands of us in our Citizenship.

News from British Columbia

KEREMEOS Women's Institute held regular meeting on May 11th. Topics discussed, "Empire Day" and the "Supernatural." The speaker on the latter was Mrs. J. W. Lewis. The Secretary reports: Being the Empire Day meeting it was opened by singing 'God Save the King.' The Roll Call was answered by patriotic quotations. \$15.00 was voted to be donated to the Victory Hall. Mrs. Lewis' paper was followed by a most animated discussion, everybody talking of all the 'ghosts' they had ever seen or heard of.

"Arrangements were made for taking charge of the supper for the dance on May 24th and for running a tea room on that afternoon.

"This Institute has largely supported the building of our Victory Hall both financially and in other ways. Now they have shown their appreciation by building us a beautiful Institute Room in the basement, 32 feet by 16 feet, with our own entrance. This is to be turned over to us to use or rent as we wish."

Hazelmere Women's Institute held regular meeting on June 2nd. Topics discussed: Flower Show and Fall Fairs, Ways and Means of Raising Money for W.I. Work. The secretary reports: "Plans were completed for Rose Show and ice cream social on June 9th, when we will also give prizes for school work from three schools. Prize list prepared for Flower Show in September. At the end of July we are to have a garden party as a means of raising money for prizes. Meeting adjourned for two months."

Sooke and North Sooke Women's Institute held their regular monthly meeting on June 1st in Sooke Hall. The Secretary reports: "A letter of thanks from Dr. Wace with receipt for \$35.00 donation of Institute. Means of raising funds for Institute. Appointing committees for ice cream social and dance to be held on June 16th, Sooke Hall. A number of visitors came to see the excellent demonstration of candy making and chocolate dipping by Mrs. Holmes."

Armstrong Women's Institute in the Okanagan District held an interesting meeting consisting of a musical contest. At a later meeting a most interesting talk on the work of the Prairie Institutes was given by Mrs. Mallilieu. Miss Vance spoke on the Chautauqua programme. The sick visiting committee reported acknowledging flowers for the patients. It was decided to hold a Flower Show and serve tea on that occasion. The community betterment committee reported the planting of flowers on the grave of the first public health nurse who came to the district. It was arranged to hold a garden party for the children of the members.

Valdez Island Women's Institute reports splendid month's work. Child Welfare Committee reports: "Paid for the Doctor's visit to a needy child; will arrange for three or four cases of tonsils and adenoids to be operated on, as parents unable to meet the expense."

Cemetery borders were weeded by three members.

Community Betterment Committee reports: "A cleaning bee on the 17th of June—five members did the work."

Agricultural Committee reports: "Collecting Exhibits for the coming Fair."

Better Schools Committee reports: "Renewed the glass on the Travelling Library Book Case."

Publicity Convener reported "sending accounts to the local paper, the Agricultural Department and The Western Home Monthly."

Rev. Allan Greene gave a graphic lecture on an Eastern trip. The lecture on a 9,000 mile ramble across Canada and back proved to be very interesting and entertaining.

Okanagan Falls Women's Institute met at the home of Mrs. Parham, Vaseau Lake. The picnic of June 3rd realized \$48.20 which is to go towards the community hall. On June 16th at the regular meeting arrangements were completed for a garden party to be held on July 8th at the home of Mrs. Hodge. The members decided to send \$6.00 to the Lady Byng presentation. It was decided to call a public meeting on Saturday, July 10th, when it is hoped a decision will be reached as to the action in regard to the cemetery site.

Oliver Women's Institute held regular meeting on June 2nd at the home of Mrs. Mar. The programme for the afternoon consisted of three minute talks on either a description or interesting event of their childhood. The secretary reports: "Committee on Education and Child Welfare reported installation of drinking fountain for school grounds was practically completed, cost \$72.00. When the school board pays the share promised, namely \$25.00, it will leave the cost to the Institute of \$47.00."

Nelson and District Women's Institute held regular meeting on June 18th. The programme consisted of a canning demonstration using the new vacuum jars. The secretary reports: "Mrs. G. A. Hunter in her usual capable manner showed how this new jar worked both for cold and hot pack, and drew the attention of the members to the fact that the jar was Canadian made. Being all glass there was no danger to the fruits or vegetables from metal as was the case with other makes. \$15.25 was turned in, the proceeds from a card party. Cook books still selling and adding a little to the treasury."

At a previous meeting the lecture demonstration was an Egg Salad. The Secretary reports: "Sent \$5.00 towards the gift from the women of Canada to Lady Byng. Also \$10.00 to the fund for the Wood family who lost their home and three children through fire at Yaak. Mrs. McHardy and Mrs. Terril were appointed a committee to interview the doctors re delicate or sickly children crippled as a result of infantile paralysis and report when they had made the necessary inquiries."

Garden City Women's Institute reports a concert held June 18th in aid of the Queen Alexandra Solarium. Programme was given entirely by the children of the district and realized the sum of \$58.85.

Point Grey Women's Institute held meeting on June 3rd. The principal topic discussed was Home Nursing Demonstration by Mrs. Plant. The Secretary reports: "Sewing circle very good, 25 articles made and given to Wall Street Home and Children's Aid Home, Vancouver. Afternoon tea and whist given at home of our president; proceeds \$15.80—most enjoyable affair. Community picnic to be held July 7th in place of meeting that month. We were visited by members of Central Park Institute. Concert was put on with local talent for the Crippled Children's Fund—\$47.50 to be donated to same."

Grindrod Women's Institute held meeting on June 2nd. It was decided to donate \$10.00 to the Enderby Hospital, to put up swings in the school grounds and Mrs. E. Skyrme gave a demonstration on Salad Making. It was decided to hold the first annual Flower Show August 26th.

Denman Island Women's Institute held regular meeting on May 13th. The Secretary reports: "The social committee gave a report of the dance held in aid of Comox Hospital and also presented the arrangements so far made for the coming event. The meeting was largely employed in discussing the various phases of the May Queen crowning picnic on May 24th, and arrangements were made for clearing the picnic grounds. Proceeds are to be given to the Crippled Children's fund."

This page is open to discuss any of the problems that arise during the meetings; also for questions from members.—Editor.

Hints on Housework

Continued from page 36

two dozen eggs or one and three-quarter pounds of beef.

One pound of beans contains food elements equal to one and one-half pounds of beef.

Three pounds of potatoes and one pound of cheese are equivalent to three and one-quarter pounds of beef.

Have a Reserve Shelf

Surprises at the table are usually successes. Keep a cook's note-book and diary that you can look at and see what you had last year. We sometimes forget to use our favorite recipes and foods.

To Render Fat to Use for Cooking

The fat should be finely chopped, heated over water, and strained. If done in this way there is no danger of burning, and a white fat is obtained. If the fat has a strong odour, soaking it in salted water before rendering, and adding a pinch of soda during rendering will remove the odour.

How to Tell if a Dry Yeast Cake is Good

Drop the yeast cake into a cup of lukewarm water. If the cake rises to the top, it is good. If it stays in the bottom of the cup, it is not good. Keep yeast cakes in a cool place.

Vacation Days

By Barbara B. Brooks

MOST of us look forward to our summer holiday with keen anticipation, for it means the change and relaxation so necessary to good health. If there is any time from which we sincerely need to get "value received" it is from our days of recreation. For this reason weigh the values which different plans offer and choose the one which suits you best.

It sometimes happens that for financial or personal reasons one cannot leave home during the vacation period. In this case plan to fill your time with tasks and pleasures as different as possible from your usual routine. This is an excellent chance to exercise your hobby. If you have not had one before, choose it now. Take up golf, swimming, tennis, walking, bird study, botany, gardening, sketching or writing prose or verse.

"But," some busy mother will say, "how can we exercise a hobby with three children to care for?" In a case of this kind make your objective a change of route. Picnic several times a week. Let the children play in rompers or bathing suits. The sunshine is wonderful for them and the fewer clothes they wear the better. This will also simplify your laundry problem.

If it is too much effort to go to the park, woods or lake for a picnic, have it at home, in the yard or on the porch. If you use paper plates, spoons and napkins, dishwashing will be reduced to a minimum.

A picnic meal does not necessarily mean one that is not wholesome and well balanced. It is atmosphere—not pickles—that makes the picnic. Children will drink milk out of a tin cup and eat bran bread sandwiches with a filling of chopped lettuce and grated carrots with an enthusiasm not always shown at the home table.

Do not let picnics interfere with naps or early bedtime. All the good of the hours of recreation can be undone if the health schedule is upset.

The most important element in a vacation which will be of real benefit is your attitude of mind. Don't worry over trifles, laugh as much as possible and a good time is assured.

How It Got There

Husband: Mary, here's a hair in the pie crust.

Wife: Looks like one of yours, John. It must have come off the rolling-pin.

"Marriage," said the philosopher, "is like a railroad sign. When you see a pretty girl you stop; then you look, and after you're married, you listen."



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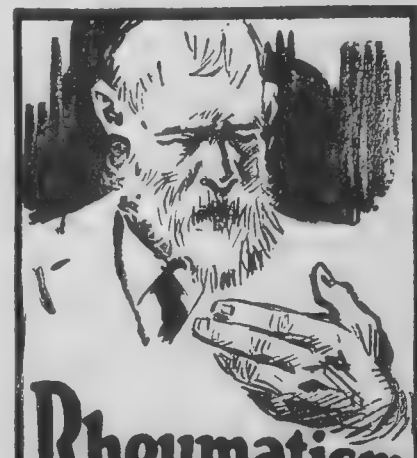
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Do You Know What You Sleep On?

By W. Keller

A GREAT deal has already been written about hygiene and the prevention of contagious diseases, but very little has been said about the humble mattress—that indispensable article upon which one-third of our life is spent.

How many people ever pause to think about the article from which they expect to derive much rest and comfort? We might quite safely say that the percentage is very small.

There is no doubt that the element prevailing in most people's minds these days is to satisfy their desire for articles that are pleasing to the eye—their general utility is more or less side-tracked to make way for appearance. The majority of us will first of all see that our clothes are clean and attractive in appearance. Most of us demand cleanliness in our houses and spotless utensils which are used in preparing our daily meals. We are particularly anxious to see that our meals are served fresh and clean and that our food is wholesome. We demand these things, but there is one article that we generally overlook and is not given very much consideration. This is the mattress upon which we sleep. Do you know what is in your mattress?

How many of us would allow ourselves to wear clothing which had been previously worn by a person suffering from tuberculosis, or any other contagious disease? We would be horrified at the very idea and yet there are today in this country, countless hundreds of people who are sleeping on mattresses filled with material which may be laden with disease germs, the origin of which they are in absolute ignorance. A lady will go into the store and purchase a mattress and her greatest desire will be to select one which is covered in an attractive ticking. She very seldom will ask what the mattress is filled with as this seems to be a secondary consideration.

We come to the mattress which, from every standpoint of sanitation and bodily comfort—you should purchase. A great quantity of mattresses are made of new material which—from a sanitary standpoint—is quite satisfactory but it stops at that, but will not give the body complete repose. There are as many different kinds of sleep as there are mattresses on the market. Some people will go to bed after a hard day's work and arise in the morning feeling absolutely rejuvenated and full of pep for the dawning day's activities. Others will go to bed feeling just as tired and yet they will lie awake for sometime, unable to tempt sleep to come; consequently, they begin to wonder what is wrong. Do they ever stop and think that it is probably the mattress? If careful investigation was made, it would be found that the differ-

ence in the quality of the sleep between these two people could be directly traced to the mattress upon which they are lying and it is an indisputable fact that cheap mattresses will not conform to the contours of the body as will one of a better quality.

You would not for one moment entertain the idea of sleeping on a board after a hard day's work. Why? Because we all know that a board is rigid and will not give perfect rest to the numerous muscles which require rejuvenation and yet, sleeping on a cheap mattress which has been in use for but a short time, is the same as sleeping upon a "common plank."

The cheap mattress will not conform to the various curves of the human frame, consequently, the spine is subjected to a great strain, practically as great as that to which it is subjected in the course of the day's activities. If the spine does not lie naturally at night, the result will be that you will arise in the morning feeling languid and stiff and sore in every joint. The latter feeling is caused largely by the fact that the blood is not allowed to circulate properly.

We do not intend discussing the question as to which is the most expensive—the cheap or the better mattress, as it has been found that a cheap mattress will cost 2 1/4c per night, whereas the better grade will cost as low as one-third of a cent per night. We are merely here to show what effect a mattress will have upon the body also upon the general condition of the health. We are merely doing ourselves a serious injury in buying a cheap mattress, especially when we take into consideration that no less than one-third of our life is spent in bed. Even greater injury is caused to our young children who, through necessity, have to lie in bed for practically 24 hours each day. In the case of young babies whose bones are in the soft state, it is really a hardship for them to have to sleep upon a cheap mattress, because they are not getting the thorough rest which their little bodies demand. In many cases a mother will be worried because her baby will not sleep soundly and imagines that all sorts of things are wrong with the child's constitution. We are willing to assert that in the majority of cases, this restlessness is caused through a mattress of inferior grade.

You can obtain all the better grade mattresses at your store without difficulty, but we would like to impress upon you, for your own general well-being as well as that of your children, the next time you purchase a mattress, you do not merely be satisfied with the outward appearance—find out what the mattress is filled with and if you find it is constructed of new pure snow white layer felt, you need have no fear of enjoying perfect sleep for years to come.

My Country

Old Adam Zoffox corners me
When'er I pass his gate;
He paws my vest and thumps my chest
And sings a hymn of hate.
"This climate is a crime," says he;
"I'd freeze a buckskin cow,
I fain would be across the sea,
Where flowers are blooming now;
In fair Pagoosha by the sea
We have the best that is;
The sun does shine from six till nine
And blizzards never bliz.
Your government's a crooked thing;
The goods you sell are bad.
So when I'd buy a Sunday tie
I send home half a sad.
In fair Pagoosha I'd pay ten cents
And get a ton of tripe,
But here I pay your butcher jay
Two bucks apiece for snipe."
This tale of woe when heard each day
Oft' makes my vision red,

"Why knock," says I, "the land whereby
You earn your daily bread;
We all do love, and rightly so,
The land that gave us birth,
But if you'd stayed in that fair glade
How much would you be worth?
Such freedom and prosperity
You never knew before,
But still you rave and misbehave
And make good voters sore.
If fair Pagoosha has such charms
What's holding you from there?
Don't tarry for a minute more,
But vamoose, fan the air.
The trains are running every day,
Don't stop because of me;
Or, if the train should burst a vein,
Start walking, it is free."
We have too many knockers now.
They're here at every hand
To heave a brick at every trick
That helps this happy land.

Summer Rain

By Fred S. Rawlinson

Clouds of care obscure the sunshine—
Withered hopes and broken vow;
Life seems gray, not worth the living,
Love is vain, not worth the giving—
O, let Nature heal us now!
Comes burst of tears like summer rain,
Then joy and hope revive again.

Cool, clear air and glorious sunshine;
Star-tipped flowers, dew-moistened grass;
Life refreshed and joy abounding;
Birds their joyful lays are sounding,
Bidding care and trouble pass.
Comes tempestuous summer rain,
Then joy and hope revive again.

Mantrap

Continued from page 7

which the tackle expert assured him were necessary.

For a first adventure in outfitting, Ralph had really been very self-denying, when it is considered with what dreadful hypnotized fascination he looked at tents with phonographs and folding ice-boxes and portraits of Roosevelt; at lovely duck-hunting suits of grass, like the costumes of Hawaiian dancers; and compellingly real wax models slumbering with every sign of comfort in eider-down sleeping bags.

It was done. Ralph shook hands with six several clerks and the concierge, and took proud leave. All his purchases went with him in the taxicab. They were too delightful to wait for, and in their knobby suggestive packages they surrounded him on the seat and the floor of the taxi.

At home he did on his armor and stood before the long door-mirror which so recently had frightened him. He was a splendor of wide-brimmed hat, canvas jacket with huge pockets for game—yet uncaught—red and black checked shirt, whipcord breeches, boots, and the startling, the ferocious, spectacles which he had picked up at the oculist's on the way home.

"Heh! I don't look so bad! I look like the real thing. I—"

Inexplicably all the magic was shattered, and he was no longer a child playing at being a hero, at being free and swift and strong; he was only a tired scholar on the slope of middle age.

"Hell, I look like Ralph Prescott, dressed up in baggy clothes! I look like amateur theatricals! Those clerks at Fulton & Hutchinson's are probably laughing themselves sick at me!"

He was suddenly as deep in self-conscious doubt as he had been high in selfless joy. In his costume of the wilds, stained as yet by no streak of mold, no drop of blood, no blot of rain, he sat miserable again and doubtful in a humorless red leather chair.

But out of his melancholy came one fact: He had a friend!

All his life he had known tepid and cautious acquaintances; loyal enough and sufficiently charted, intelligent and easy, but afraid of life, sore afraid of the sacrifices and hot partisanship of veritable friends. And in the same E. Wesson Woodbury at whom he had often laughed as a noisy and shallow fool, he had found the one enduring friendship.

"We'll have a bully time in the wilds. Wes is a real he-man. He'll make me get over my confounded cautiousness."

With a pale reflection of his afternoon's ecstasy, Ralph began packing. But it had come to him that this expedition might be perilous, and as he fussily arranged his treasures in the vast duffle bag, he thought of canoes smashed in rapids, of broken legs in the wilderness, of bears prowling about lonely tents, of city weaklings lost in pathless forests.

WHEN Ralph awoke and rolled up the blind, the train was steaming through the Manitoba prairie.

He had seen the immensity of the Alps, he had seen steamers dwarfed in the unending round of ocean, but he had never felt the boundlessness of the world so sharply as now, looking across these level acres broken only by distant farmhouses with scant cottonwood windbreaks. It was a land valiant and young. As he lay relaxed and expectant in his swaying berth, he wanted to ride on forever.

They saw the pleasant city of Winnipeg; they had a night at Bearpaw

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When the family rebels against monotonous meals

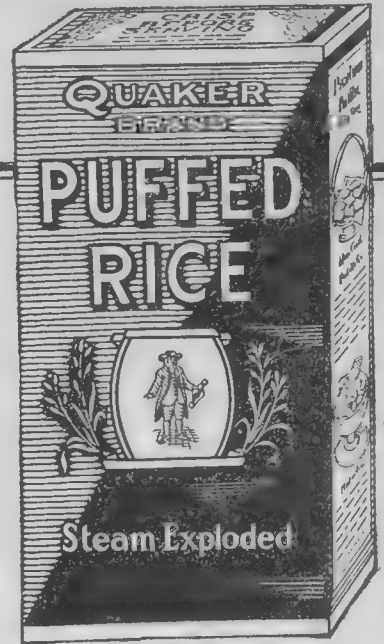
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Quaker Puffed Rice—brightens breakfasts



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D41



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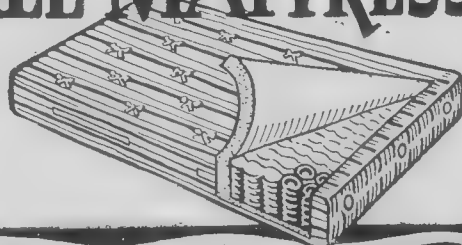
And so they discovered the MARSHALL at their nearest dealer. Saw for themselves the wonderful workmanship—the perfectly tempered springs—the even smoothness of the layers and layers of cotton felt—the great strength of the ticking—the years and years of perfect sleep refreshment built into a mattress that costs less than many and is better than any.

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Winnipeg, Man



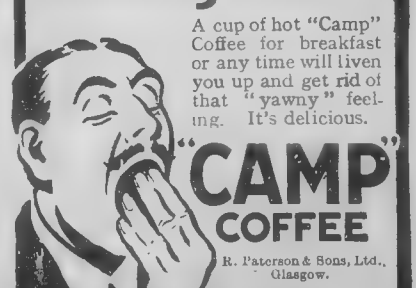
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That delicious flavor of fresh mint gives a new thrill to every bite. Wrigley's is good and good for you.



Mantrap

Continued from page 45

Junction; then all day long they lumbered through swamp and jackpine forest on the mixed train to Whitewater, which is on the Flambeau River.

The train had a caboose and an aged passenger car behind the long brown creaking line of freight cars. Trains had to Ralph been affairs of steel Pullmans, disdaining the country through which they dashed, and it had never occurred to him that it might be agreeable to talk with a trainman. Now he sat in the caboose, tilted back in a wooden chair, and listened to the aged conductor, who had woolly hair in his ears and a drawling endless wisdom in his gossip of weather and government and traveling-men and the reason why wives are, of many, accounted irritable.

It was Woodbury who had secured for them the chance to ride in the caboose, sacred to trainmen, instead of in the crammed passenger car. Woodbury was the sort of man who knew how to get passes to theatres, discounts on tires, and tables in restaurants on a holiday eve. By the time they had been aboard for five minutes, he knew that the conductor had a grandson in business college, he had advised the brakeman regarding his dyspepsia, and moved Ralph and himself into the caboose.

It was like the office of a lumber camp, the interior of the little red car at the end of the train. There was a desk, a shelf-table which could be folded up against the wall, and hard-looking chairs. Here gathered the aristocracy of the train: the conductor, a traveling salesman for groceries who knew every person and every scandal from Bearpaw to Kittiko, and a real sergeant of the Royal Mounted Police, as good as a movie in his taut scarlet coat, his broad hat, his incredibly well-cut riding breeches.

The train jogged on so slowly, the earth, seen through the open rear door of the car, was so close, that Ralph felt identified with its drowsy strength. He no longer belonged to the hectic city. No, he was one with these brown swamps stretching to a far horizon tragic with black skeletons of trees burned in forest fires. He liked the roughness of the caboose; he was released by it—released from all the stuffy neatness of offices and polite flats. He was strong and serene and ungarrulous; he was—

Then he was highly uncomfortable, jarred out of his reverie by the talk of the policeman.

"Terrible thing—never found his body—must have smashed all to pieces among the rocks—found part of his canoe and a paddle—never could understand how as good a waterman as he was ever tried to shoot Singer Rapids" the policeman was fretting.

"Wh-what rapids are those?" Ralph mumbled to Woodbury.

"Singer Rapids, on the Mantrap. The sergeant was just telling us about how a half-breed—corking good canoe-man he was, too—how he got drowned in 'em."

Suddenly Ralph knew that he was a coward.

He knew that he was afraid, and deathly afraid, of rapids and of all the unknown risks of the wilderness. And because he was afraid he sought to sound careless as he chuckled:

"Hum. Really? Well, then, I hope we won't shoot 'em, Wes!"

"No. We go up 'em. Our route is up river."

"I see. But would, uh—What do you think about that sort of thing? Would you take a chance and try to shoot 'em if they was so kind as to be going our way? And what do you do? Line up 'em, or what?"

"Prob'ly portage around 'em. Time enough to think of that when we come to 'em . . . They getting much moonshine up here now, sergeant?" said Woodbury, with booming amiability.

"Time enough to think of them . . ." Ralph's time to think of them, he shuddered, began right now.

"Am I going to be afraid all the while?" he agonized. His joy in adventure had dimmed; it almost vanished as he listened to the chatter, as he heard of wolves, of forest fires, of canoes capsized while sailing on lakes ten miles wide, of canoes sinking in a storm when they struck hidden snags.

And with his dreary apprehensions was a certain boredom.

For nearly four days he had been constantly with E. Weson Woodbury, and he was a shade weary of that barking laugh, that loud patronage, that story about monkey glands which he had heard now seven times.

"Just as well we'll have separate canoes. Wes is a prince, but he never learned to be quiet," Ralph sighed; and, "Now if we were in the rapids—if the canoe struck a rock and you had to swim—What if the current banged your head against a rock?"

Thus afraid of being afraid, which is of all fears the most unmanly and pitiful, Ralph sat paralyzed; and hour by tedious hour, as they crept through the dusty jackpines, as the train stopped at every lone wheat-elevator, and switched box cars for interminable vacuities, his torpor was broken only by irritation at Woodbury's manly laughter.

It was a relief when the train reluctantly staggered into Whitewater, on the Flambeau River—end of rail, jumping-off place, end of what is called civilization—and it was a relief to see his first rapids and get it over.

The Flambeau crawls like a bloated boa constrictor through the shaggy woods. At the edge of town, beside the railroad, it breaks into the Whitewater Rapids. The whole stream is flung between two black granite bastions, gushing as smoothly as though it were poured from a million-gallon bottle. But below, among the slippery boulders, it is broken up into a welter of milky foam. No canoe could live in that chaos, where the tortured water is dashed up in rainbow-streaked foam, to fall in a curdle of snowy whirlpools.

Yet Ralph was comforted.

Like most silent and too-imaginative men, he was chiefly afraid of what he could not see. He had pictured all rapids as cloaked in menacing darkness, and however turbulent this cataract, it was something real and conquerable, under the light of the tardy northern sun. Swim it?—certainly he could swim it—well, perhaps he could—if he had to!

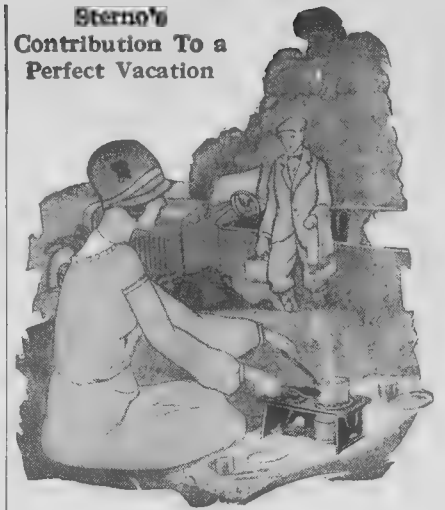
With a renewed joy of adventure and, tangentially, a renewed liking for E. Weson Woodbury, he climbed down from the train, his shotgun and fishing tackle clattering and his new boots making the most touching and satisfactory clump on the plank platform, and came to his first frontier town.

WHITEWATER was once a sawmill town of fifteen hundred persons. But the patriotic lumber company has slashed away all the timber, that is, all the timber that was not carelessly burned, and the place has dwindled to a hundred souls—a cluster of tumbling shanties in a prickly wilderness of stumps and bogs.

The chief adornment is a tall iron sawmill chimney, covered with a dome of wire netting to keep in the sparks. But the chimney is ruined now and

Continued on page 47

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A Double-Service COOK STOVE for 75c

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Mantrap

Continued from page 46

likely to collapse in the next storm. The secondary pride of Whitewater, rising loftily among the tar-paper shanties, is the Bunker House: Meals and Lodging.

It rises three whole stories. It has never been painted, and the dinginess of its gray clapboards is broken only by the clean yellowness of such new boards as Mr. Bert Bunker has been compelled to tack on to keep out the rain. Most of its windows are broken. Where once the lumber kings, or at least lumber knights, had suites of two rooms (both without bath—one room to sleep in and one to play poker), where once the dining-hall banged to the tread of lumberjacks' clogs, now Mr. Bunker is lucky if he has a single roomer, and six mealers festive over pork and beans.

But Mr. Bunker in poverty cannot forget that once he was powerful. It hurts him to have to do anything for guests. It disturbs his games of solitaire and his sense of seigniority to receive perfect strangers.

Ralph and Woodbury were to spend the night here before taking the river steamer *Emily C.* Just up the Flambeau River to Kitiko, where they would finally embark in canoes. They came mildly into the office of the Bunker House. Behind them was the sergeant of Mounted Police, as respectful as they. The Royal Mounted are not noted for timidity, but Mr. Bert Bunker was the only person in Whitewater who could provide food and lodging.

The office was rather like a pigsty. Then again it was like an attic filled with furniture of 1870. It was a largish room. On one side was a pile of rickety chairs and warped tables. Beside them was a porcelain bathtub, indecently public. Probably somebody had intended to install it in a room upstairs and connect it with water-pipes sometime; probably nobody ever would connect it with anything any time. (It must not be supposed that it was the only bathtub in the house. There was one other, in a room the key of which Mr. Bunker had chronically lost. But this was a scaly structure of tin with peeling paint, an extraordinarily rough object for plump and meditative persons to sit in.)

The rest of the office was agreeably filled with a pool-table of torn green cloth, a round pine table on which rested, for hotel library, a copy of the *Montreal Star* of six weeks ago, and the grained pine counter behind which Mr. Bunker played solitaire with cards over which soup—at least—must have been spilled.

Of the dust in the corners, of the spider-webs in electroliers without electricity, of the general mixture of red mud, sawdust, and cigarette butts, it would not be refined to speak.

As Woodbury and Ralph and the sergeant filed up to the desk, Mr. Bunker raised his head in irritation.

"Could we get a couple of rooms for tonight, and supper?" inquired Woodbury in his most flamboyant good-fellowship.

Mr. Bunker (and a skinny little man he was) carefully placed the nine of spades upon the eight thereof, dusted his hands, looked learned, placed the ten upon the nine, looked up again, and groaned, "Huh?"

"We'd like two rooms, and I guess the sergeant wants one. Be all right, eh, all right?"

"Oh, I suppose so," sighed Mr. Bunker. "Will you guys register? Now who the hell has taken that register away? Somebody always monkeying with things here! I'm getting good and tired of it."

Ralph, genially permitted by Mr.

Bunker to carry his own bag and find his own room, discovered that it had most of the legal equipment of hotel rooms, namely, a bed, a bureau, and a chair, though the bed was of so sensitive a nature that it squeaked when he merely looked at it, the bureau drawers would not open, and the lone chair had been unsuccessfully repaired with fence-wire. But one thing generally found in hotel rooms it did vigorously lack: breathable air. He found that the window had been nailed down. As a substitute for air there was an ancient scent of pink soap, crushed insects, and moldy linen.

He dumped his duffle bag on the floor, took out only a handkerchief or two, and fled into the corridor.

Woodbury was fleeing with him. They met at the stairs.

"Fierce place! I think I'll tell Brother Bunker how much I love him before we leave here," growled Woodbury, and Ralph admired him again for that surly hardihood.

It was half past five now, and the Bunker supper was at six. But they had to see that their Indian guides, their canoes and tents, had arrived. Ralph lost the feeling of desolation which had oppressed him, as they passed through the street of rotting log cabins and crazy shacks and came to a camp of white tents and wigwams in the shadow of jackpines.

"I really am in the North, among Indians!" he exulted.

Their Indian guides, who had come on by themselves from Bearpaw, escorting the supplies, were encamped with a band of Crees. When Woodbury inquired for them, they came filing out of their tent.

Ralph Prescott had been brought up on the Fenimore Cooper tradition of Indians. He expected all of them to look like the chieftain on the buffalo nickel, like the statue which in all proper parks stands between Goethe in marble and General Sherman in bronze—a sachem eagle-nosed, tall, magnificently grave. His heart was pinched as he saw shambling toward them four swart and runty loafers, introduced as Jesse, Louey, Charley and Nick.

They did not look in the least like lords of the wilderness engaged in watching, under lean, shadowing hands the flight of a distant eagle. They looked like undersized Sicilians who had been digging a sewer, and their only human expression was their supercilious, self-conscious grins. Feathers and blankets they wore not, but rusty black suits from the cheaper kind of white man's back-street shops. The one sign of Indian art was their mocassins, and one hectic bead belt displaying the Union Jack. They spoke only Cree, except for Charley, an older Indian who could do well enough with English when he was not too bored.

Ralph was regretful that Woodbury had taken Charley for his own canoe, leaving himself in the hands of two smoky men whose language was as intelligible as that of a woodchuck. Still, Woodbury was the captain of the fleet; he would have to take the lead.

Woodbury was greeting the Indians with boisterousness: "Well, well, well, boys! Here we are! Ready to pull out tomorrow! Got all our stuff on the steamer?"

Charley grunted, "No, not yet." "Then what are you doing hanging around your tent? Got most of it aboard?"

"No-uh."
"Got any of it?"
"Not ye-et."

Continued on page 48

Clearing Film from teeth whitens surprisingly Restores cloudy teeth to clearness

Please accept full 10-day tube of this new dental achievement, urged by world's authorities. Note the difference in the color of your teeth and health of your gums as film is cleared off in this new way.



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Dental science now traces scores of tooth and gum troubles to a germ-laden film that forms on teeth. Run your tongue across your teeth and you will feel it—a slippery, viscous coating.

That film absorbs discolorations from food, smoking, etc. And that is why your teeth look "off color," dingy and cloudy . . . why smiles are often dull and unattractive.

It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It lays your gums open to bacterial attack. Germs, by the million breed in it. They, with tartar, are a chief cause of pyorrhea and decay.

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Ordinary dentifrices and cleansing won't fight film successfully. Feel for it now with your tongue. Note how your present cleansing method is failing in its duty.

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NO Meal Can Be So Beneficial as Breakfast

—If It's a Right Breakfast!



NOTHING to eat all night—the body ready and waiting to extract the maximum amount of nourishment from food, nourishment which will supply all its varied needs—surely breakfast should receive the most careful thought of any meal of the day. Yet, too many people today eat a skimpy, hurried breakfast—a breakfast which is frequently deficient in some of the vital elements of nutrition.

Don't think this means that everyone should eat a large breakfast. Just eat as much as your appetite dictates. But make sure that what you do eat contains the proper varied nourishment. And so that you can do this—so that you can receive from a large or small breakfast, the five essential food elements—an expert in food values created Grape-Nuts.

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Grape-Nuts furnishes dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates for heat and energy; iron for the blood; phosphorous for teeth and bones; protein for muscle and body-building; and the essential vitamin-B.

And Grape-Nuts is *crisp*! It encourages the thorough chewing which is necessary for perfect digestion and for the health of teeth and gums.

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Mantrap

Continued from page 47

"Not yet! Not yet! Not yet! What do you think this is? Why didn't you—what's your explanation?"

Charley exchanged with the others a glance half sheepish, half amused at the rage of the tenderfoot over the insignificant matter of catching a steamer this week or next or a month after. Crees were not made for clocks. When Woodbury had finished his raving, ending with a powerful "And you get busy right now," Charley pacifically answered, "All right." He lounged toward the pile of supplies, contentedly followed by the others.

Charley was a moral man and a great canoe-steerer, but he was only fifty, he had only thirty-five years of experience in guiding white men. He was perfectly willing to do anything he was asked, but he never, by any chance, remembered to perform such duties as pitching tents or preparing meals or bailing out a canoe with three inches of frigid water gurgling about the miserable feet of his employer until he was reminded.

Woodbury's rage made him take the longer in checking up their supplies, heaped under a tarpaulin: tent, blankets, canoes, paddles, sails, motor, gasoline, food. It was nearly seven when he finished barking items for Ralph, who looked like a diffident bookkeeper, to mark off on the list, and they started back to the Bunker House. As they entered the disheveled lobby, Mr. Bert Bunker, in shirt-sleeves and sweat-stained suspenders, picking his teeth and scratching his head, was resting from innumerable labors, tilted in a chair with his feet on the decayed billiard table.

Woodbury was cheerful now, and he boomed fondly at Mr. Bunker, "Supper ready?"

"Yeh—and et!"

"We better wash and skip in."

"Wash all you want to, and skip all you want to, but you don't get no supper here, not this time o' night! Supper's over."

"Supper's ov-er—at six-forty?"

"Supper's ov-er!"

"Then have the cook shake us up something."

"I will not have the cook shake you up nothing! The cook's had all the work he wanted, feeding these hogs of railwaymen and teamsters, without working till midnight for a bunch of galoots that haven't got the savvy to come to their meals on time. I'm the cook!"

"Then why didn't you call us? We were at the Indian camp, not a hundred yards—"

"I've got enough to do, without going out and hunting for folks that're too lazy to come to meals."

"Then where can we get something to eat?"

With delicious enjoyment, punctuating his drawl by sucking his toothpick, Mr. Bunker drawled, "No place a-tall!"

"Then by thunder—"

Woodbury was off again. He shouted, he shook his fist; he would have the law on Bunker; if they didn't have supper at once, he would do something dreadful.

The dirty little man looked at him with contempt. Suddenly Ralph had enough of this dog-fight.

"Oh, don't make so much noise!" he snarled at Woodbury; then, apologetically, "I mean—there's no use talking to a swine like this."

"Who you calling a swine?" yapped Bunker. You better be careful who you go calling names around here!"

As to the shooting of rapids, Ralph might be timorous enough, but he was

accustomed to handling angry men and threatening men in courtrooms, and he ignored Bunker with a disdain more infuriating than words, as he continued to Woodbury:

"No use wasting time on this poor white trash. It's his inn—such as it is. Can't force him to cook after hours. Let's have our Indians prepare some bacon, and have 'em put up the tent. We'll take our stuff out of the rooms here and camp tonight."

"You can," bawled Mr. Bunker, "sleep in your tent all you damn want to, but you'll pay for your rooms! You registered. It's the law!"

Woodbury emitted a portentous "Oh, it is, is it!" but Ralph cut him off with a sharp, "And I'm a lawyer! See here, my man!" (But that was a mistake. Bunker was so far down in the social scale that he didn't even know he was being insulted by "my man.") "The Mounted Police Sergeant is over at the railway station. Just go to the door and shout for him, will you? Please ask him to arrest us for jumping our board-bill. Please! And then you listen while I ask him a few things about the *lex talionis nisi sub super cum poena*, code 47! Just call him, will you, while we go up and pack!"

Woodbury was swelling with desire to spoil the chill judicial effect by throwing another of his rotund and pumpkin-like orations into the debate, but Ralph held him with an unfriendly eye, with a sound half-way between a grunt and an exasperated sigh, and led him to their sour-smelling rooms.

"That was a good bluff you threw," Woodbury admitted. "By golly, I'd rather pay a hundred-dollar fine and a lawyer's fee than give him the three dollars for our rooms!"

"Yes. Lawyers love to hear people talk like that, said Ralph. "I wouldn't. And it isn't the principle of the thing—it's the hundred dollars. But I'll do that hog out of anything I can."

"You called him fine! Great stuff! He won't dare holler for the sergeant. That was a bully stunt of yours, to walk out on him. He won't do a thing."

Woodbury was for the first time adoring—and Ralph liked his pompous adoration as little as he had liked his undisciplined rage.

"Come in my room. Look," said Ralph. He pointed to the station platform a few yards away, where the sergeant of Mounted Police was talking to the local Provincial Policeman. In a moment he saw the raging Bert Bunker—but respectable now, with his coat on and even an aged tie—run across to the two functionaries.

"Bluff's called!" said Ralph. "Nothing we can do, I fancy. We registered, and got in too late for supper. Let's move anyway, and not let him make anything on our breakfasts. But we pay for the rooms."

Woodbury was instantly the oratorical business man, going-to-by-golly-do-something-about-it.

"We do not pay! If any man thinks he can get away with the stuff that fellow's trying to pull on us in this God-forsaken rat-hole, then let me tell you, let me tell you—"

Ralph left him abruptly, stalked downstairs, to meet Bunker and both the policemen as they entered the lobby.

Bunker shouted at him, "Now we'll see—!" But Ralph ignored him, and of the Mounted Policeman, who looked sympathetic, he demanded, "From what I've heard of Canadian law, you have certain magisterial powers?"

"Yes."

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The Canyon of Lost Souls

Continued from page 9

Mrs. Baxcomb knew from bitter experience the relentless law of the North—a law within a law. She conceived how impossible it would be for this slip of a girl, unhardened as she was to the cold and privations she would have to undergo, to rebuff the snow-clad mountains and ice-coated rivers, and a hundred-and-one other dangers that lurk and leap and kill. She knew how hard, relentless, merciless the North was. But the fixed, unflinching pertinaciousness that she saw in Betty's face warned her to say no more.

III.

BEHIND the rim of two giant mountain peaks the pale, frosty sun sank low. The snow turned a pale saffron and crystal pink and glittered vividly. The cold sapphire sky grew white, then gray, broken here and there by a few low-hanging, snow-laden clouds.

Silhouetted against a low hill-top and the sky hung a lone figure. The figure was motionless, erect, beseeching, with arms raised, as a mourner praying before a tomb.

The sharply increasing wind blew out some whiffs of black hair, lashed the face and curled hungrily around the padded body.

The streaks of light quivered, sank, died—and the momentary twilight faded; to grow black with a sweeping darkness, then wanly lighted again as there arose above the tree-tops, squinting between some blankety clouds, a pale orange half-sphere of a moon.

Unmindful of anything the figure moved. The cold lips opened:

"My lover—come . . . come back!"

But only the wind gave answer.

"Irwin! Irwin!" the lips cried. "Oh come . . . rue the day we ever parted!" The head sank to a tumultuously heaving breast, and there came a sigh.

She had left Dawson with hope in her heart, and now—

Mrs. Baxcomb's entreaties had been of no avail. Then had Mrs. Baxcomb strongly urged the taking of a guide, but Betty had refuted the suggestion. She had hired a team of dogs and a sled, equipped herself with snowshoes, a sleeping bag and blankets and a small canvas tent, a rifle that she could use fairly well and an adequate supply of ammunition, some provisions and a compass, also a small map, crudely made, perhaps, but having the position of The Valley of Mystery clearly marked; and then, amidst the shaking of many wise old heads, she set her face mountainwards.

She had crossed one hill, that was really a small mountain, and had entered the pass to The Valley of Mystery. A few days' search and she had realized the hopeless task she had set herself. Then had she conceived that the North must hold her lover, never to be released.

But was it her fault? Was she to blame? No, no! Willingly, gladly would she have become his, no matter what the cost. And now he was dead. That big handsome body and that fine strong face with the soft brown eyes, never to see again? She visioned the picture in all its ghastly reality, and pitifully she cried out against the injustice of it all; and miserable in body, sick at heart, she sank down upon the sled, unconscious to the shivering and whining of the dogs.

The cold wind blew stronger, fiercer. Bobs, the leader of the team, a fine big husky, yelped as the wind cut his flanks, and half turning looked at the girl, a sort of savageness on his face.

A frenzied blast hit the girl on the cheek, leaving a red weal, and she moaned and hid her face in the folds of her coat.

The orange moon faded from sight behind a large cloud. Other clouds blended into one great tarpaulin and the sky was blotted out. Hissing shrilly the wind rushed down the mountain slopes, tearing at the trees and hurling great masses of snow into the air.

The clouds broke and a mad river of snow fell, to be picked up by the wind, hurled into the girls' face, covering her body, filling her eyes and mouth and ears, and choking her.

She was filled with a deadly fear; the warm flush of her cheeks faded, giving place to an awed white; her lips were purple and stiff.

Suddenly something heaved beneath her and she stumbled into the snow. Sitting up she lifted one mittened hand to clear away the veil from her eyes. For the moment her senses were dimmed. She couldn't understand. Then a yelp drifted to her ears. Her eyes pierced, or tried to pierce, that whirling curtain ahead, but she could see nothing. Then came another yelp, and another and another, each more terrible than the last, and each fainter. And she understood. The dogs had left her. Nothing remained. On that sled were her gun and provisions and all the rest of her things. Starvation faced her—and death.

Though it was hopeless she called on the dogs pathetically, pleadingly. Her words were whipped back into her mouth. She scrambled to her knees, her hands covering her face. Her thick woolen hat, that somehow had become loosened, was torn from her head, and her black hair flew out behind in madly spinning blades.

Choking she struggled forward, not knowing, or caring, where. She crashed into a pine and for a moment lay as one stunned. But panting, she was on again, dazed, moaning, with a pitiful expression in her eyes.

At last, as her strength gave out, there loomed ahead a massive rock. She crept around its base, feeling her way with numbed fingers, clinging to whatever hold she could get. Another great rock loomed up, the top overlapping the first rock, with only a narrow crevice between the two.

She had never seen this place before. The crevice was so small, so dark, so natural-looking that it could easily have been passed unnoticed. Perhaps shelter would be found on the other side. At least, it was the only place that offered escape from this fiendish blizzard.

She squeezed through the crevice; but once her hair got entangled on a sharp-pointed piece of rock, and she tore her head loose, but leaving a tuft of black hair behind.

The inner side of the rocks revealed a ground of solid white, like crystal ice, which it probably was. There was little snow, for the place was protected by huge, projecting cliffs, that only stopped when almost touching each other. Hovering around was a sort of ghastly grayness and whiteness, with black Cimmerian shadows thrown off by the cliffs. It was bitterly cold—far colder than it had been on the outside.

Betty smiled shakily. Her body grew fresh and relaxed. Then strangely, in less than a minute afterwards her body became almost warm. Next there came a numbness, and the last prick of cold had gone.

Suddenly, so as to jar her senses, around the side of the rock she saw an arm outstretched, as if to draw and seize and hold. Two rigid limbs, a gaunt, sandy-bearded face, with hanging tassels of crisp, shaggy hair, designed into every fantastic shape. Clothes? Betty wonderingly touched

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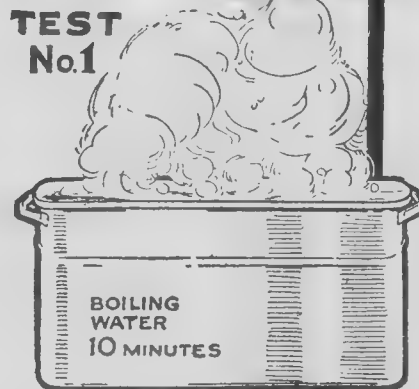
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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, WINNIPEG

the clothes. They were stiff as a sheet of ice, the heavy fur coat shining in a patched lattice-work of silver.

But it was the face. Involuntarily she cried:

"Irwin!" And again and again, "Irwin! Irwin!"

Not an answer, not a whisper, not a look came from that stark statue.

"Irwin—it is I, Betty."

Only the sinister shadows mocked.

Gently did she pat the cold, stiff hands, in one of which was grasped a lump of gold; then softly did her arms creep up and around his neck. Listlessly she patted his cheeks. They were stiff and glazed like chunks of solid ice. Then she touched his hair. But his hair was curled like ivory bones and hard as poker.

She looked into his eyes, that were open. They were staring at the crevice through which she had come, as if that crevice had been his goal, his aim—when he had stopped, to stand forever.

She stared aghast. A terrible realization filled her heart, stunning her, overwhelming her, dazing her already blackened vision.

"Irwin! . . . Oh, Irwin! I have come." It was only a half-choked whisper. She could not speak again, for over her lips stole a purple hue, sealing them as effectively as anything ever was sealed. She caressed the strings of hair; she patted the firm, icy cheeks; she, with a last effort, stretched up her face and kissed him upon the lips; then with her arms about his neck, her hair mingling with his long, shaggy locks, her face gazing up into his, she sighed.

"THE Valley of Mystery, at last, you say?"

"Yes, thank th' Almighty, at last!"

"That blizzard sure was a buster. What say to pitch camp? I'm about all in."

"An' so are the dogs," exclaimed the other. "They wur pretty badly hit in that drivin' snow, but I wanted t' make this valley afore pitching camp. Eh, feel the freezin' cold?"

"I was thinking so. What's the answer? It's far colder here than it was over the hill on the other side. My heart seems to be freezing and my skin stretched over my body like rawhide."

"Ah, there's many bane puzzled over that. But vary few seem t' know that at one particular spot th' ground is a solid field o' glaciers. That's the answer far th' freezin' cold. This valley is rarely always at th' same temperature—even in the heat o' summer. Better kape goin', or you'll freeze where you stand."

In fifteen minutes a tent was raised and a pile of comparatively dry brushwood had been collected; and soon a comforting blaze was going. After eating and seeing to the dogs the two men sat before the fire smoking.

The blizzard had broken some hours before, and now the sky was nearly cloudless, and clear from snow. Quietness reigned supreme.

I'm anxious about Betty," said the younger of the two men, his clean-cut face filled with something akin to fear. "That blizzard might—might have got her."

"Sure an' I won't gainsay that," answered the other, a small, thick-set man, a guide that Jimmy Moir had picked up at Dawson. "I don't hold out no false hopes. Far I tell you her chance in that howlin' snorter was one in a thousand—if she lasted t' th' time o' th' storm. We was lucky in gettin' some shelter. Maybe your sister wasn't sa lucky."

The other said nothing for a moment, then:

"That—that hat we found. Maybe—maybe it was Betty's."

The Canyon of Lost Souls

Continued from page 49

"Mabbeso," answered the old man, shortly.

The young man sighed and peered long and sorrowfully into the fire.

That night the two men stood turns on watch. It would not do to allow the fire to die down. If they did, but stark corpses would greet the dawn.

Early in the morning, when the cold sun turned the hills and the valley into a maze of gold, on foot the two men left camp on the search.

By twilight of that same night no trace of Betty had been found. The valley had been gone over thoroughly, for it was not large. The realization that the girl must have perished gripped the two men, though all along they both had been half-expecting it. If there still was a spark of hope remaining in Jimmy Moir's heart it was extinguished with the finding of a sled, three-quarters covered by snow and wedged firmly between two rocks. On top of the sled, among other things, were some bundles of provisions, frozen fish carried for the dogs, a sleeping-bag and blankets, a tent, and on one side was strapped a gun.

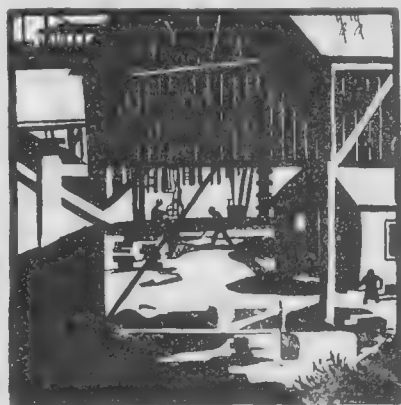
Gaban, the guide, confirmed his suspicions when he dug from beneath the snow the carcasses of seven frozen dogs.

"Yep," he said, quietly, to Jimmy; "them's the dogs that your sister hired from Old Mugs at Dawson. I guess though he is frozen stiff I know th' old leader, Bobs."

Jimmy sighed, and said nothing.

It was decided between them that next morning they would start back for Dawson. During the trudge back to camp Jimmy was quiet and thoughtful. Gaban respected the young man's disinclination for speech. He was an old and toughened warrior, was Gaban, but sometimes some things will soften the hardest of hearts.

They were still a few hundred feet from their camp when Gaban stopped abruptly. Leaving his companion's



side he walked into the gloom of two overlapping rocks. Then he peered earnestly at something black that showed up against the white crystal of the rock, and which his keen eyes had noticed when by his companion's side. He straightened, gave a sharp call, and almost instantly the young man was by his side.

"What have you found?" licking his lips.

"Nawthin' much, mabbe," answered the guide. "But, if that ain't a bunch o' hair I'm an Injun. Look, hangin' from that piece o' rock."

"Where? Let me see." Jimmy leaped forward. "—It is! And Betty's hair was black. My God, it must be!"

"Then," said Gaban, slowly, "she squeezed through that crevice. You see—atween them two rocks."

"She's—she's in there?" whispered Jimmy, hoarsely.

"Yep—mabbeso. But—." His next words came slow. "In there is

known as Death Basin. A year ago I was here. I tried t' go in, but I was too stocky to get through that crevice, an' th' cold was sa intense, an' as I had my suspicions, I didn't care t' keep a-tryin'. There's nat many as knaws o' this place—an' t' my knowledge there's na man alive now who has seen the place. A pal o' mine tried t' go in



once, but he came out mighty quick—an' he hadn't gat in far enough t' see anythin'. He told me that when half way in he had gat skeered o' the cold, an' that was enough far him."

"Then Bet?"

Gaban shook his head. "Lad, that place in there is sure death. They say that's where th' glaciers are. As I said, th' ground is one field o' 'em. You couldn't stay in there half a mo' without freezin' stiff."

"I'm going in."

"I guess you are. You'll be able t' squeeze through that crevice. I'm nat built thataway. But take warnin', lad. Don't breathe once—and don't breathe twice!"

A COLD, yellowish-pink moon had arisen high above the tree-tops, shedding vivid rays into Death Basin. A few stars blinked and winked and glittered in the velvety sky, forming lacy patterns around the moon. Death Basin was immersed in a beautiful maze of color. Down the centre of the narrow fissure between the two portions of projecting cliffs was a straight streak of gold and pink, with circles and loops and squirming lines of the same blending hues branching off in different directions, and all fading as they were caught in the grip of the Cimmerian shadows. Over it all hovered a ghastly grayness, like a mist, that seemed to dip within a few feet of the crystal ground, then to curl up again in the shape of a sail when it fills with wind.

And in different postures, some extremely grotesque, stood a number of strange, immovable statues, with marble faces and bearded cheeks. One statue held a gun, another clutched a handful of gold pebbles, and a third stood with locked hands and bowed head.

At the pass into Death Basin stood a man transfixed. Slowly over his face passed three expressions—bewilderment, fear, horror. He opened his mouth to speak. No words came. Then slowly he covered his eyes with his hands. Facing him, staring at him, was a tall, erect figure, with bearded face and long, shaggy locks. One arm was raised as if beckoning, one hand clutched a lump of gold.

Another figure stood with arms about the first figure's neck, body pressed close, face raised, lips pursed as if about to kiss. The lights playing upon the two faces were beautiful with a horrible realism.

Jimmy dropped his hands to his sides. One word moaned through his gradually-growing-purple lips:

"Betty!"

Now did he feel a numbness stealing over his body and limbs; the fierce cold appeared to be fading away, its place taken by a glowing warmth.

But in the nick of time did his eyes lift; and as he saw that horrible picture again his brain fired, and commanding the one spark of life that remained in his body he staggered back, forcibly fought against that power that seemed to be holding him, beat himself loose and scratched his way blindly through the crevice, and reeled out into Gaban's arms—the only man, perhaps, who, going in, had ever come out.

And some days later when Gaban reached Dawson he had in his care a babbling, deranged lunatic.

And back in Death Basin stood a statue, standing as a sentinel over the pass, one arm outstretched, warning all who might come, commanding all to go back and leave him and his lover to their lonely, eternal vigil.

THE story had ended, and for a long while we sat silent. What my thoughts were it is hard to say, for they were so mixed that they seemed vague and unreal. Professor Quintilian was staring into space, as if he was visioning something—and that something was not here.

After awhile, realizing that this silence, worse than all the Northland could give, was breaking my nerve, I spoke to him. But I had to speak twice—and then he turned upon me suddenly, almost fiercely.

"You believe the tale?" I stammered, scarcely conscious of what I was saying.

His lips curled back in a scowl—then he smiled.

"Still sceptical. Yes, I believe the story. Why should I dispute it—when I have my eyes as proof!" He laughed softly; while I stared unbelievably, I believe.

"Yes, my eyes as proof," he continued, quietly enough. "I told you that I follow the methods of a detective. Then, thus: When my story was complete, but minus the catch, I picked up Gaban, the guide; and together we went to Death Basin in The Valley of Mystery. Wearing specially made clothes, and with a hollow helmet, like a diver's head-piece, over my head, lined with paper, cotton and wool, I entered Death Basin. Even with my specially-made clothes and helmet I could not stay there longer than one minute and a half. But I saw what I had come to see—and there, the catch." He stopped.

I looked curiously at this strange old—if he could be called old—man, and I found myself with a puzzle that I haven't unravelled yet. It is not necessary to state what the puzzle was.

I looked away from him; then looking at him again I asked him to stay the night. He had looked as if he had been expecting it, as if it was but his due.

And he accepted. but without thanks.

Stand Back!

The street was thronged with thousands of hurrying pedestrians. Suddenly a woman's cry rose shrilly above the noise of the passing throngs. "Give me air!" she shrieked. The crowds gasped and stood aside—and a woman triumphantly drove her car, with one flat tire, into a filling station.—Sample Case.

Mantrap

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"Then will you permit me to treat you as the court, and pay you the three dollars which we owe for the two rooms which we shall not occupy? You know the opinion that every decent person must have of this man. I hate to trouble you about this, but may I say, without libel, that he's so dirty that I'm really afraid to hand him the money myself."

The Mounted Policeman looked beautiful. "So am I," he crooned—straight and formidable in his scarlet and blue, turning a razor glance on the infuriated Mr. Bunker. "I'm a little afraid of germs myself. I think we'll leave the job to the Provincial Policeman here. The Mounted are expected to get shot and frozen, but I don't believe they ought to take a chance on an infection like this."

Both policemen radiated delight. They knew that for a hundred miles about—gossip flying from frontiersman to frontiersman as though it were a boarding-house of old women—for a hundred miles and for ten years, everyone who had suffered under Mr. Bert Bunker would yelp at the tale of the man who said Bunker was so dirty he would not hand money to him.

Their ecstasy was not lessened when, as the Provincial Policeman handed him the money, Bunker tore up the three bills and hysterically trampled on them.

But in Ralph there was no delight. His rage had gone dead. He left the lobby abruptly, clumped up to his room, and answered Woodbury's rumbling query with a curt "All settled. Let's pack and get out."

He sat on the edge of his frowzy bed, brooding.

It was his misfortune as a private citizen, and his blessing as a lawyer, that he could see both sides of any controversy, both of two conflicting personalities, even when one of them happened to be himself. Yet he was too thin-skinned for heroism—not so resolute as often to act on the knowledge when he saw that his opponent was right. It is such men who flee to monasteries, to narcotic reading, to a gregariousness hateful yet protective; unable either to tolerate or to change the childish hurts and squabbles with which we poison life.

He loathed himself, suddenly, for the cheapness of his triumph.

"Lord, how petty! So proud of myself for actually thinking up a way of insulting that mangy alley cat. Brought up in a log stable—how should he have courtesy? And is he any worse than the city lad who seems polite when he really hates you? And I so cocky! Oh, yes! 'Call the cop! I'll tell him something about *lex talionis sub nisi*!'"

"The great I! The great lawyer! The clever city man! Worse than Wes. He's simple and courageous. And he too—I've been feeling so superior to him, with his anecdotes—"

He perceived that much of his depression was due to the enfeeblement of his admiration for Woodbury. He perceived how necessary authentic friendship had become to him in a world left vacuous and bewildering by the death of his mother. In such circles of thought as had maddened him in his lonely flat, in black and sleepless reveries by night, he began to admire Woodbury again.

He did not veil the man's irritating qualities—his boasting, his noisiness, his fuss over inessentials, his pretentious ignorance—but he found assurance in that driving self-confidence, that cheerfulness which made Woodbury of good flavor between tantrums,

Continued on page 52



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Mantrap

Continued from page 51

that physical strength, gone flabby now.

He sprang up, flung into his duffle bag the few things he had taken out, and closed it before Woodbury appeared at the door with his own luggage.

"Sorry I started all this scrapping, Wes. Do forget it. Let's get out of this absurd place and sleep on the decent honest ground."

Five minutes before, Ralph's hard fury had turned Woodbury into an anxious follower.

(You could see Wes as a boy, a puffy boy, the butt of his gang, more ingenious than any of them at devising plans for stealing melons and torturing cats, but the first and only one to be, in a most unhygienic manner, initiated into the fraternities they founded and forgot within a vacation-time week; a wistful fat boy, complaining "Ah—gee—quit, can't yah?" and with drooping bulbous lips following a sharp-nosed little leader half his size; always longing for someone to bully as he had been bullied.)

Now, instantly, he bounded back into command with:

"I tell you, son, you got to learn to never fuss, up here in the woods. Take things the way they come, Ralph—take things the way they come—just the way they happen to come. No sense in cussing and discussing with that pup Bungler. I'd just have handed him one and walked out. This trip'll be a fine thing for you; teach you to pack all your troubles in your old kit bag and smile, smile, smile—that's the ticket—that's what we said at my officers' training camp—that's the stunt up here, in the big outdoors—pack up your troubles and smile, smile, smile. Well, we'll forget it now. Tell you"—brightly—"what we'll do. We'll sleep on the ground. That'll make you husky."

Thus, wavering with his duffle-bag, Ralph followed the generalissimo who had thought up all these plans and beneficial ideas, and he had the manner of meek discipleship.

But he was again dreading a plunge into the wilds with no protection from Wes Woodbury's nobleness.

THEIR tent, as the Indians set it up for them, was to Ralph not a mere shelter but a symbol of the wilds and of every gallant exploration. It was of balloon silk, with the bottom sewed to the sides, so that there was no crevice through which the man-eating mosquitoes of the North could creep. The five windows of netting were protected by silk flaps which in rain could be lowered by cords cunningly placed inside the tent.

There was a playhouse quality about these windows which roused in Ralph a gay childishness uncommon in that grave life of his. He chuckled as he lowered and raised the window-flaps, and Woodbury chuckled and exclaimed with him, and in wide good-humor they crawled out under the mosquito-netting to attack their first camp meal—the tea and bacon and bannock which old Charley, the chief guide, had prepared for them.

Now bannock is, technically, a variety of bread. But only among the copper-stomached Woods Crees is it considered to be an edible bread. It is well thought of as ballast, as a missile or an anchor, but for internal use it ranks with tripe and pemmican. Bannock is made without yeast. It is flour and water, caused to cleave together by boiling it in lard in a frying-pan over a maddened fire. Yet Ralph managed to swallow it, with liberal butter and marmalade; he found him-

self relishing the tea diluted with condensed milk; and he imitated the great Woodbury in eating the bacon with his fingers.

Woodbury was a zealot at showing how lusty and he-mannish he could be in the Great Open Spaces of which all city-dwellers speak so admiringly. He had as much pleasure now in acquiring grease as in New York he would have had in avoiding it. And he was mighty in discovering sportive events for the evening.

Now in June, in the far north, there was light until eleven, and they felt disinclined to go to bed, though they had to be up at five to catch the river steamer. The evening did rather drag. Ralph struggled to appreciate Woodbury's companionship, but he became a little melancholy over undiluted conversation about municipal bonds and the beauties of the stocking business.

Other entertainments were few in the hamlet of Whitewater. There had never yet been a movie in town; the last theatrical company had been the Lionel Lornton Big London Tent Show in "Little Lass o' Tennessee" and "The Perils of Limehouse," seven years before; and, even had Ralph particularly relished prayer-meetings, there was none tonight in the bleak frame chapel. Their friend the Mounted Policeman had driven into the country to examine a Swede who wanted to be naturalized. So the two explored the place, craving excitement—and they discovered a social gathering.

In front of the "British Jack General Supply Company: Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, Clothing and Table Delicacies: Furs Bought at Best Prices and Whitefish Forwarded: Our Motto a Fair Deal to All," which was a log cabin covered with tar-paper, the tin discs holding the paper rusted by years of rain, sat three men in overalls.

Ralph and Woodbury sat with them, greeted by not unfriendly grunts of "Haaryuh."

For seventeen minutes the assembly argued as to whether hay could be grown north of Reindeer Lake. For nine minutes they discussed, with ardor, the reason why Pete Wzrska's outboard motor—the one on his red rowboat, not the old motor Pete bought from Harry Larssen, two years ago—had not started this morning.

Ralph and Woodbury fled on to the next soiree; the four men and a woman in an apron standing in front of the doctor's cottage and listening to the doctor's account of the state of old Mrs. Bjone's rheumatism. But this seemed a choosey, private affair, and they felt they could not intrude.

"Tell you what we'll do—tell you what we'll do!" rejoiced Woodbury. "You know that Provincial Policeman stationed here. Well, they're always good fellows—real hard-boiled birds. We'll rout him out and get up a poker game! You've never seen any poker up here in the North. Boy, they're the boys can play! Trappers and traders and everybody, and some of the Injuns. Bluff on two deuces. Why, I've seen, I've seen a fur-buyer that was down to his last twenty dollars in the world—I've seen him bet every cent he had on the turn of one card. Great stuff! Playing up there in the woods, log cabin right among the thick pines, rough pine table, with one smoky ol' oil lamp, playing till dawn, then all of 'em jumping into the lake for a swim, just as the sun came up across the water. Boy, that's living!"

Ralph felt that to him it was a peculiarly painful way of living, but he warmed up his smile and, in as lively and anticipatory a way as possible, he followed as Woodbury galloped toward

the Provincial Policeman's house, emitting poker enthusiasts punctuated with "You'll see—he'll be wild for a game—tickled to death—they always like to get us tenderfeet into a game and try to trim us—but not me they won't—you'll see!"

Ralph was appropriating thirty dollars as the amount he would lose, and framing a treacherous play for escaping from the game before midnight.

It was nine-thirty, and the sunset was still burning across the muddy current of the Flambeau, beyond the willows along the bank, beyond the gaunt sheet-iron chimney of the abandoned sawmill. At the shiny yellow and white cottage of the Provincial Policeman, there was silence, no answer to their knock.

"This is fierce," said Woodbury. "Nine-thirty is a little too early to go to bed in this metropolis—about a quarter of an hour too early—but it certainly is too blame late to be out indulging in the giddy delights of visiting. Something gone wrong. Probably Bert Burger's murdered the policeman in bed."

From the whitewashed log cabin next door, with its brave posy-bed of pansies and pale white roses, a gaffer with silvery chin-whisker and spectacles half-way down his nose came crouching out to bawl:

"Looking for somebody?"

"For the policeman."

"For the policeman?"

"Yes."

"Somebody done something?"

"No."

"Well. Well! Strangers here, ain't yuh?"

"Yes. Say has—"

"Going on the river steamer tomorrow?"

"Yes. Say, has the policeman gone to bed, or what—"

"Heh?"

"Has he gone to bed?"

"The policeman? Gone to bed?"

"Yes!"

"Why, no! Course not!"

The aged one felt wounded surprise. "Him and his missus have gone down to Milligan's to do the cross-word puzzle in the Winnipeg paper that come today."

"Think he'd like a game of poker?"

"Him? The policeman? Why, he's a Seventh-Day Adventist! He ain't got a single vice, not one. Oh, maybe except chewing tobacco, and lapping up a little moonshine, just a little, when he pinches a still. No, sir. That's a good moral fellow. Now me, when I was a trapper, years ago, that was before I went with the trading company—I worked for them quite some time and then I come down with the rheumatism, but my daughter she married Ed Toggerman, a fine steady hard-working fellow he is, too, when he keeps off the booze, he sends me sixty dollars a month regular as a clock, he's got a new job over to Regina in a lumberyard, got a good thing of it. Zis saying, when I was a trapper I played some, but don't know's ever cared much about cards, always rather get in a little sleep. Still, I guess if you gentlemen'd like a game, try to oblige you. Guess I remember how to play all right, and maybe we could get my grand-daughter. She ain't only twelve, but she's smart's a whip—she ain't Ed's daughter, she's my other daughter's daughter that works in the Bon Ton Store, and I don't know if she plays poker, but I know her and her ma play casino sometimes—"

They averted the calamity of family poker. They sat in front of their tent, on a bucket and a box of canned pears, and watched the river run.

It kept running.

Before eleven they were abed.

For Ralph, his bed-roll had something of the ingenious fascination of

the tent. It was a sleeping-bag covered with festive green and brown canvas, lined with blankets filled with soft eiderdown. There were buttons, straps, snaps; there was a flap to cover his head in case of rain. It was in itself a little house and, feeling at once adventurous and secure in privacy, Ralph crawled into its cave.

He had started to undress, but Woodbury had snorted, "What do you think you're doing? All you take off in the North is your shoes and coat, you poor fish! And— You don't mean to tell me you've brought a pillow along?"

Ralph had, and a very nice little pillow it was, of the best down. To him a pillow was the noblest part of sleep. He liked to snuggle into it, to tuck it up about his sound-wearied ears as a protection from the intrusive world. He had felt proud of the practicality of his new travelling pillow. It was so conveniently small, and it was covered with gay dirt-proof calico in a pattern of parrakeets and orchids among which anyone ought to be glad to sleep.

"Why not a pillow?" he squeaked.

"Good Lord! Takes up enough room for a three-days' ration! Besides, everybody will die laughing at you up here, if you are going to be such a mollycoddle. Roll up your coat and sleep on it, like a real man!"

Ralph rolled up his coat, but he was not so successful at sleeping on it like a real man.

For a second, weary with the day's cramped riding and the Burger squabble, he stretched out luxuriously between his blankets. But this trodden ground beside the river was curiously hard. In ratio as he grew more downy, it thrust up the more viciously against him. It fought him. It heaved up and hit him. He discovered the importance of his shoulders and the points of his hips. They were sore with the incessant banging.

Woodbury had for a moment dropped snoringly into sleep, but he too was roused by the unyielding earth, and he stirred with the obscure cloudy sounds of night-time. The tent was not yet dark. Ralph lay studying the re-enforced seams along the ridge: suffering with sleepiness and unable to sink into it—there was no sinking about this resolute ground.

And the manly rolled coat was like a pine board to his ear.

"Awake?" grunted Woodbury.

Ralph was silent.

"Awake?"

Still Ralph restrained himself. For no very definite reason he longed to hit Woodbury with something—something heavy, but smooth to the clasp-hand.

"Doggone earth's so doggone hard it makes every bone in your doggone body ache. Well, got a get used to it," Woodbury said illuminatingly, then turned again and apparently slept.

While Ralph lay in the clutch of creeping paralysis, he remembered and tried to forget and remembered again that he conceivably could desert Woodbury—and that this was his last chance to leave him. He pictured camp hotels in Maine: the pines as gracious as here, the lake as joyous, but with food meant for self-respecting stomachs and reasonable beds in fragrant log-cabins. He recalled a friendly old inn on a hilltop in New Hampshire. He saw a pension in the Bavarian Oberland, with mountains beyond the carved eaves of peasant houses; an inn on the Breton coast; a path through the Highland heather. In six days he could be on a steamer, among civilized people who would talk of something besides municipal bonds and the stocking business; in twelve days he could be landing at Southampton—see again the

Continued on page 55

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YOUR SUMMER DIARY

DON'T forget your summer diary boys and girls, to be mailed to Bobby Burke before August 25th. There are good prizes for the best diaries, and lovely gold C.C.C. buttons (like the picture at the top of the page). Make your dairies neat and interesting, and at the end say which prize you would like if you win one!

SOMETHING TO LEARN IN THE SUMMER EVENINGS

The Brook Song

Little brook! Little brook!
You have such a happy look—
Such a very merry manner, as you swerve
and curve and crook;
And your ripples, one by one,
Reach each other's hands and run
Like laughing little children in the sun.

Little brook, sing to me!
Sing about a bumble bee
That tumbled from a lily bell and
grumbled mumbly
Because he wet the fin
Of his wing and had to swim,
While the water bugs raced round and
round and laughed at him.

Little brook, sing a song
Of a leaf that sailed along
Down the golden-hearted centre of your
current, swift and strong,
And a dragon fly that lit
On the tilting rim of it,
And rode away and wasn't scared a bit.

And Sing—how oft in glee
Came truant boy like me
Who loved to lean and listen to your
lilting melody,
Till the gurgle and refrain
of your music in his brain
Wrought a happiness as keen to him
as pain.

James Whitcomb Riley.

BEING POLITE TO NATURE

IF you were invited out to tea at some friend's house, and you went there and found the dining room all filled with lovely vases of flowers, the furniture dusted, the floor shining and the table cloth spotless and white, (as you would) do you think you would throw the flowers on the floor, and trample on them, scratch the furniture, spill milk and food on the floor, tear up the magazines and papers and leave them around, and spill food on the table cloth and crumple it all up? Well, if you did, you would probably be taken off to the asylum, as you should be, and yet—there are hundreds of people who do this and worse to the lovely rooms that Mother Nature prepares for them in the summer time. There she has spread her loveliest grass, sprinkled with wild flowers, her green trees sway overhead, her shadows beckon to coolness and rest, her river sparkles and gurgles such music as no expensive gramophone can produce. Along comes a group of people who think they are civilized. Rip comes the lower branches of the trees, up come the lovely flowers to be cast aside in a moment, into the river go the tin cans. When those "civilized" people leave, the dead grass speaks eloquently of a wide spread fire, crumpled newspapers fill every corner, the broken dish sticks up through the grass at the water's edge, ugliness and ruin are everywhere in the lovely room that Mother Nature had prepared for her guests, and sometimes worse, much worse the fire has not been trampled out and in a few hours that lovely wood, and home for birds and little animals, that thing of beautiful greens and whispering coolness is a charred, blackened ruin.

REMEMBER ON YOUR PICNICS
TO BE POLITE TO MOTHER NATURE,
SHE IS YOUR HOSTESS.

SOMETHING TO PLAY IN THE SUMMER TIME

Mother Bird

ONE child is chosen to be the hawk, and another child, the Mother bird. The children are divided into several groups, each group choosing the name of a bird. The groups then take separate places at the end of the lawn or all stand together in an irregular group. In one corner, some distance away is Home, large enough to contain all the baby birds, and here the Mother bird stands. In the other corner a small Home is drawn for the Hawk.

The mother calls for each group in turn to come home to the nest; the children run home, and the hawk catches as many as possible and places them in his home where they remain prisoners.

Children's Cosy Corner

CONDUCTED BY
BOBBY BURKE"IN READING THERE
IS KNOWLEDGE"

Bogey Ball

For this game you need a football or large heavy ball. The players all collect at one end of the playground, and at a signal start running to the other end as hard as they can. The leader rolls the ball after them, and the object of the game is to reach the other goal before the ball overtakes them.

it was gone. In his wallet was fifty dollars and some valuable papers. Kontz came to the conclusion that he had lost it when he got out of the car to throw rocks at the dog. It was now good and dark, and so Kontz decided that after a night's rest he would get an early start and go back to where he had lost his pocket-book, hoping to find it in the road.



Holiday Time at the Beach

THE DOG THAT CAME BACK

Ernest W. Owen

WILLIAM KOUTZ, merchant tailor of Boonville, Indiana, declares that "dogs come back as well as cats." Koutz owns a shepherd dog that became addicted to eating eggs. Koutz also had a large flock of hens, and he couldn't break the dog of this habit, so he decided that the best thing he could do was to give the dog away. This he tried—giving the animal to three successive friends. Every time the dog came back. Then Koutz thought that the best thing to do was to take the dog away from town and lose him. A few days ago he went to French Lick Springs, a distance of sixty-five miles, in his automobile and took the dog along on the trip. On the return trip and at the outskirts of the town, Koutz put "Spot" out of the car and then threw stones at him to drive him away. He then speeded up the car and soon Spot was a mere speck in the distance.

When Koutz got back to Boonville he looked for his pocket-book and found that

About daybreak the next morning he heard the dog barking in the yard. Going to the door he found that the dog had come back, and in his mouth was the missing pocket-book with bills and papers unharmed. Koutz will keep the dog.

SOMETHING TO TAKE TO A PICNIC

When you are going on a picnic and you are going to be very hungry could you think of anything nicer than creamed new potatoes to eat? Well now you girls who cook a little might try this. Boil enough new potatoes for the party (boil them in their jackets and peel them afterwards), then make a cream sauce (this will do for six people) by melting a piece of butter as big as an egg in the saucepan, and when this is melted mix into it carefully and smoothly a heaping tablespoon of butter, then pour in and mix slowly a pint of milk, stir until the flour and butter are thoroughly mixed with the milk, then add salt and pepper, and your potatoes which have been peeled and cut into small



pieces, now chop up a few sprigs of parsley very fine, and mix with the potatoes, and put the whole thing into an old covered saucepan, or better still, a covered tin pail. When your picnic ground is reached and the fire is built, arrange a forked stick over the fire so that the pail will hang not right over the flame but near it, and when the tea is ready you will have a pail of lovely hot creamed potatoes and won't everyone like them? **DON'T FORGET TO CLEAN UP PICNIC GROUNDS AND PUT OUT FIRES.**

A LETTER ABOUT BIRDS

Dear Bobby Burke,

We live in a part of Manitoba where birds are both plentiful and beautiful, and I think that of all the wonders and beauties of nature these little feathered songsters are the best. I like one bird especially. It is a bright blue with a white ring around its tail, and a soft gray breast, and it sits saucily on the path you are approaching it on, or flies to the nearest clump of willows and asks in its high, sweet voice, "Who are you? Who are you?" It is quite tame, and you can get to within a few feet of it, and I think nothing looks so pretty as its bright blue feathers in the green foliage. The only thing I don't like about it is that after asking who you are it will not come quite close enough to make your acquaintance.

Another bird I like very much is the common robin with his rather drab looking back and his bright red breast. He has not a very sweet voice, but says rather sternly, on a high sharp note, "Yes you will! Yes you will! Ha, ha, ha! Yes you will." I do not know what he is talking about or what he is laughing at either, but I suppose he found something funny in the situation as he gazed at me from his perch in the tall poplar tree. There is a little brown bird with a gray downy breast that comes and sits outside my window on one of the swaying trees and says in a sweet, shy, little voice, "Really? Really?" as if he could hardly credit it!

The other day a cheeky little gray bird with a black band around its throat let me get quite close to him, and just as I thought I was going to catch him the little pretender flew away, and laughing at me from one of the fence posts, said in a mocking voice, "You didn't get me, me, me!" Of course I didn't get him! He was far too wise to let me, but I wonder if he had known I was not going to hurt him, but only wanted to feel his soft downy little form in my hand, and to stroke his sleek little head, would he have let me catch him? I really believe he would! being such a cheeky fellow he would not mind being praised and petted by the girls.

A very pretty bird is known as the blue jay. He is a pretty sky blue with a touch of gray, but has a rather harsh voice as he sings in a kind of monotone way, "More rain, more rest! More rain, more rest!" I noticed that this bird comes especially when you're working and sings his monotonous strain. Still, the beauty of his colors makes up for his want of musical talent, and I would put up with his harsh melody all day if I could but stand and gaze at his pretty plumage.

There is a very timid bird that I like in particular. I do not know its name, but think its warbling is the sweetest thing I have ever heard. The bird has a rather long beak, and is all gray except its dark brown head, wings, and tail, and it sits on the very tip top of a leafy tree, or right down on the soft black ground, and if you watch you can see its little throat throbbing in and out as it warbles its lay, that, starting on a high sweet note comes trilling down to a low one, and reminds me of sparkling water falling over the stones of a rippling brook. I love this bird and stood one day for a long, long time listening to its warbling, and looked after the little speck retreating into the distance with a feeling of regret. I would that it had lasted for ever, but the bird had something to do somewhere else, and so I was left standing alone in the sunlight and stillness while it charmed some other heart with its golden melody.

Jean F. Pielou (15).

The Price of Existence

Old Hen: "I'll give you a piece of good advice."

Young Hen: "What is it?"

Old Hen: "An egg a day keeps the axe away."—London Daily Mail.

Mantrap

Continued from page 53

chimney-pots and the Bovril advertisements and sniff at the smoky exhilarating odor which meant distant London.

To escape from this narrow companionship with Woodbury, from this raw and traditionless land, from this senseless discomfort . . .

"The most blatant of all our American myths: roughing in the wilds!

"The virile open spaces—Wes Woodbury trying to play poker!"

Then he swore:

"No. I won't do it. I don't like this place. It occurs to me that I don't like this man Woodbury. But I've lived too soft. I must stick by it. Only—"

As though he were defying a throng of accusing sportsmen he clamored, and mighty was the noise, though it was entirely within his brain:

"Only let me tell you fellows right now that baseball bores me, and I think fishing is dull, and poker is duller, and even if it makes me lose my American citizenship, I maintain that sleeping on the ground is rot!"

Exhausted by this declaration of agnosticism, he slept for half an hour, and awoke to a further defiance so dreadful that his cloud of accusers gasped.

"And I'd just as soon shoot a duck sitting as on the wing. I don't know that it makes such a whale of a lot of difference to a duck whether he gets murdered sportingly or otherwise. Understand?"

"And I won't throw away my little pillow! I'll sneak it along with me!"

The September instalment of "Mantrap" brings many interesting characters and many complex situations into the story. Does the New York attorney, with his culture and higher philosophy, continue in the company of the self-made and self-assertive E. Wesson Woodbury? It is in this next portion that the irrepressible Alverna comes on the scene. The whole situation is depicted in that terse and intensely descriptive language of which Sinclair Lewis is one of the great masters.

Every reader will be enthralled with his delineation and treatment and the great variety of experiences and circumstances that enter into one of the most captivating bits of fiction produced in many years. It is no wonder that the author is classed as one of the four great American writers. Sinclair Lewis is not only an American author, but like the great men of any country is world-wide property, and at no time has he demonstrated that more effectively than in his novel "Mantrap" which is Canadian throughout.

The Surgeon and the Dog

By Susie B. Curtis

Dr. S. was the "last word" in surgery. One morning his daughter found a dog which had been injured by the trolley and brought him to her father.

Dr. S. put ten stitches in the front paw, bound it up, and Mr. Dog stayed with him for a few days, and then went home. He was somebody's dog for he wore a collar. Every morning he would come to the rear door and when the maid let him in, would run into the doctor's office to see him.

One morning the doctor's daughter called her father to hurry to the window. Coming across the park was the dog, and with him another dog painfully walking on three legs. On they came, around to the rear door and on into the office. As plainly as words, the dog's looks and barks told the story.

Dr. S. treated the strange little dog's foot, while his friend stood by, seemingly greatly relieved and interested. The two dogs then went back over the park again.

Dr. S. is now sure that he will have a large practice in "dogdom."

Make a Movie of it with a Ciné-Kodak



NEW, Kodak equipment presents you with a new pleasure—movies you make yourself. The camera is the Ciné-Kodak and it's as easily worked as a Brownie. Press the release—the spring motor starts and the movie's in the making. The projector is the Kodascope. Turn on the switch and you're seeing the action over again on the screen.

Vacation adventures, the children at play, Ed's golf, Mary's dive, the roadside picnic—but you know the things you'd like pictures of—now that the magic of movies is yours.

Nor is this new sport expensive—quite the contrary. The cost compared with "standard" movies has been cut about five-sixths.

Safety film is used and the price includes finishing by Kodak experts in Kodak laboratories.

Works at eye level or waist height.

Works at waist height or eye level.

Write for booklet that gives you the whole story of Motion Pictures the Kodak Way!

Professional Movies, too

THERE'S fun enough in your own movies, but the sport doesn't stop there. Kodascope Libraries rent you reasonably from a choice of over 100 subjects, feature photoplays, dramas, comedies, travel and animated cartoons so that your program may have the professional touch when you want it.

The Ciné-Kodak Model B, with Kodak Anastigmat f.6.5 lens, is priced at \$80; with Kodak Anastigmat f.3.5, at a hundred and ten. The Kodascope Model C projector is \$70. A complete outfit now—Ciné-Kodak, Kodascope and screen—as low as

\$162

Many Kodak dealers are now prepared to demonstrate the Ciné-Kodak. If your dealer is not yet ready, write us for Ciné-Kodak booklets.

If it isn't an Eastman it isn't a Ciné-Kodak

To show the movie, just turn on the switch.

Canadian Kodak Co., Limited, Toronto

A Useful Book For Sufferers

An instructive book has been published by Dr. A. S. McCleary, the noted rectal specialist of Excelsior Springs, Mo. This book tells how sufferers from Piles can be quickly and easily cured without the use of knife, scissors, "hot" iron, electricity or any other cutting or burning method, without confinement to bed and no hospital bills to pay. The method has been a success for twenty-six years and in more than nine thousand cases. The book is sent postpaid free to persons afflicted with piles or other rectal troubles who clip this item and mail it with name and address to Dr. McCleary, C578 St. Louis Ave., Excelsior Springs, Mo.

DON'T THROW AWAY YOUR COMBINGS

Send them to me and I will make them up in a switch for \$3.00.

I carry a full line of
HAIR GOODS

WRITE FOR PRICES
AND CATALOGUE

Miss D. Lapointe

319 Garry St. Winnipeg Man.

FRECKLES

Don't Try to Hide These Ugly Spots; Othine Will Remove Them Quickly and Safely

This preparation is so successful in removing freckles and giving a clear, beautiful complexion that it is sold by all drug and department stores with a guarantee to refund the money if it fails.

Don't try to hide your freckles or waste time on lemon juice or cucumbers; get an ounce of Othine and remove them. Even the first few applications should show a wonderful improvement, some of the lighter freckles vanishing entirely.

Be sure to ask for Othine—double strength; it is this that is sold on money-back guarantee.



'SALADA'
TEA

Fragrance

From every steaming cup of Salada comes the fragrance and bouquet that can only be drawn from fine tea. You have not enjoyed the best if you have not tried the genuine Salada. Sold everywhere. Buy a package.

We can heartily assure you that
"MANTRAP"
is a most worthy successor to the
"Flame of Courage"
which we know you all enjoyed reading so much.

Another big instalment next month of
Sinclair Lewis'
epic of the Canadian North West.

Be sure you don't miss it!

Simple Way to Get Rid of Blackheads

There is one simple, safe, and sure way that never fails to get rid of blackheads, that is to dissolve them. To do this, get two ounces of peroxide powder from any drug store—sprinkle a little on a hot, wet cloth—rub over the blackheads briskly—wash the parts and you will be surprised how the blackheads have disappeared. Big blackheads, little blackheads, no matter where they are, simply dissolve and disappear. Blackheads are simply a mixture of dust and dirt and secretions that form in the pores of the skin. The peroxide powder and the water dissolve the blackheads so they wash right out, leaving the pores free and clean and in their natural condition.

Does Baby Cry?

Then something's wrong! You should have Woodward's Gripe Water handy to soothe the baby during teething, to correct diarrhoea and to keep the little stomach in a wholesome, healthy condition.

Mothers have found Woodward's Gripe Water a safe, sure remedy. Get a bottle today.

The most famous of all correctives for Colic, Teething, Indigestion, Flatulence, Looseness, Disordered Stomach, Acidity, Peevishness.

At all Druggists

SALES AGENTS

Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Limited
19-18 McCaul Street, Toronto

WOODWARD'S
"Gripe Water"
KEEPS BABY WELL

CLOTH REMNANTS

We are offering a wonderful trial assortment, arranged in remnant lengths, suitable for useful and necessary purposes such as Ladies' and Misses' suit lengths, waist, skirt, and dress lengths; also odd lengths and pieces of all kinds. Latest styles, colorings and materials. Money cheerfully refunded if not satisfactory. Big value bundles at \$2, \$3, \$5, and \$10 postpaid.

THE REMNANT STORE
New Glasgow — Quebec

What the World is Saying

Household Item

Something that runs in the best of families—silk hose.—Neepawa Press.

The Varied Resources of the West

If they can call it "Oilberta," why can't we say "Mine-atoba?"—Pilot Mound Sentinel.

In Moose Jaw, as Elsewhere

The girls are up to the neck in style and knee deep in hosiery.—Moose Jaw Times.

No Monotony

Things change quickly out here in the Great West, especially wind, weather and women.—Vegreville Observer.

Or Any Political Candidate, Either

It isn't probable that any radio announcer really is as genial as he sounds.—Calgary Herald.

True North and South of the Line

Not only do the farmers feed us all, but they provide the politicians with special food for thought.—Minneapolis Journal.

A Wise Crack from the Coast

One reason there is so much humor in the world is because there are so many people who take themselves seriously.—Vancouver Sun.

Where Hauls are Bigger and Better

New York Bandits got \$75,000 worth of diamonds the other day. Of course that would be mere chicken feed in Chicago.—Buffalo Express.

When the Cutworm Strops Himself

It's getting to a pretty pass in Manitoba when you see cutworms in the hardware stores buying safety razor strops on which to strop themselves.—Regina Post.

One Way of Looking at the Senate

The senate rejected the old pension bill. This means that any old person in Canada who wants a pension will need to get into the senate himself.—Vancouver Province.

Statistical Note

It is estimated it costs \$6,167 to rear a girl until she is 18 and \$6,077 to bring up a boy, the difference representing about the cost of four permanent waves.—Seattle Times.

Lady Astor Ought to Know

When someone said to Lady Astor, "You can't speak for your husband," she retorted "Don't you be so certain about that." So that's how things stand in the Astors.—Brooklyn Eagle.

What Some Rich Men Learn

Many a rich man who has worked hard all his life, when he comes to view the kind of son he has raised, realizes sadly that all work and no play has made jack for a dull boy.—Springfield Republican.

The Long-windedness at Ottawa

It's a great mistake not to broadcast the speeches in the Dominion house. After a few trials of it the public would insist upon cutting down if not cutting out the speeches, and thus incidentally save the country much time and money.—Stratford Beacon-Herald.

Florida's Swampy Building Lots

The report that alligator shoes are coming back must be cheering to those who have been wondering what to do with their suburban villa sites in Florida.—Los Angeles Examiner.

Pretty Easy for the Hohenzollerns!

The German people have voted in favor of their former rulers retaining their property. They could have done no more even if they had won the war.—Washington Star.

This Canada of Ours

Rex Beach, the well-known U.S. novelist, has been paying a visit to Canada, and in an interview with the Ottawa Journal he ended up by saying that in his opinion Canada was "a singularly beautiful and entrancing land." This is merely the truth. But it is just as well that we should be reminded of it occasionally.—Port Arthur News Chronicle.

A Rapid Era

In California the century plants are blooming every twenty-five years. It's a fast age.—Victoria Colonist.

Strikes and Wars

A strike is like a war. It settles nothing and it bankrupts winners and losers alike.—London Saturday Review.

Political Note

The election is not very far off, when prospective candidates are able to recognize you cordially across the street.—Halifax Herald.

Fashion Note

"What," queries the fashion department of the Omaha Bee, "has become of the old-fashioned sash?" It still abounds, dearie, only nowadays it is called a skirt.—New York World.

Another Slam at the Bagpipes

Sir Harry Lauder suggests that Boy Scouts should learn the bagpipes. Every Boy Scout who does should perform an extra good deed a day, by way of compensation.—Hamilton Spectator.

A Warning to Wives

Another way to retain the love of a husband is to warn him in time that you have painted the kitchen chairs.—Sault Ste. Marie Star.

Poor Shooting by Politicians

Two Polish celebrities have fought a duel in which neither was hurt. This is the only type of duel that we would approve of.—Kingston Whig.

Representing the Bawl-kin States?

Memphis man has 49 children. Arrangements are now being made to give him a seat in the League of Nations.—Windsor Border Cities Star.

The Good Old Times

Well, we have to say this for the early days: no one was ever hurt by going around a corner too fast in an ox cart.—Owen Sound Sun-Times.

Possibly

A four-legged, four-winged, double-bodied fowl came out of an egg in Vancouver. This suggests that somebody was seeing double.—Vernon News.

Fearsome Apparel

A woman in Arizona has a wardrobe made of rattlesnake skins. When a woman wants clothes there is no hope even for a rattler's hide.—San Francisco Bulletin.

He Went Far, But Fared No Worse

A professor from Chicago has been robbed in Berlin. Imagine a Chicago man going all the way to Germany to be robbed!—New York Tribune and Herald.

The Gasolene Age

A trade journal says that the automotive industry gives employment to 3,500,000 people in the United States. And that's exclusive, too, of policeman and undertakers.—Omaha Be.

A Joke from London

A girl whose ear was nipped while she was being shingled by a lady hairdresser has been awarded damages. We should have thought a lady hairdresser would have known that ears are worn long now.—Punch.

The Forgotten Banana Song

Nearly a billion bananas were brought into this country last year; but it doesn't make any difference now. The song is dead and forgotten.—Saskatoon Star.

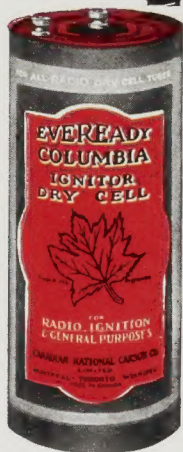
Jesting About a Serious Matter

Chicago chalked up its ninety-eighth gang murder on Monday night. What antiquated methods! Why don't they use an adding machine?—Detroit News.

Surely Not a Brandon Man!

A book agent tried to sell a man an encyclopedia for his children, but the man refused to buy, saying he had to walk when he was a boy and it didn't do him any harm.—Brandon Sun.

Here's pep and power



Eveready-Columbia Hot Shot Batteries contain 4 or 5 cells in a neat, water-proof steel case. It is not a "Hot Shot" unless it is an Eveready-Columbia.

1½ volts. Fahnestock spring clip binding posts on the Eveready-Columbia Ignitor at no extra cost to you.

When you need dry batteries, ask for Eveready-Columbias. You'll get the most battery, the most electricity ever put into a package. And you'll buy them less often, for Eveready-Columbia Dry Batteries are so packed with electrical energy that they give long service. There is an Eveready-Columbia dealer nearby.

Popular uses include:-

radio "A"
gas engine ignition
doorbells
buzzers
heat regulators
tractor ignition

motor-boat ignition
telephone and telegraph
starting Fords
ringing burglar alarms
protecting bank vaults
calling Pullman porters

electric clocks
firing blasts
lighting tents and
outbuildings
running toys

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**EVEREADY
COLUMBIA
Dry Batteries**
-they last longer





2½ Tons Heats 5 Rooms

"There is no heater to compare with the Bulldog. I burned 2½ tons of coal last winter and heated five rooms and a bath". So writes Mr. Walter Geary, of Gloucester, Mass. That's

"My Bulldog Saved Me \$100!"

"I have given the Bulldog Furnace a fair trial during winter of 1925. It has been very satisfactory, simple to install and regulate, also saving on fuel, considering my house is 28 x 28 and rooms on second floor. From the time I installed the furnace to April 15th, used about 6 tons of Drumheller coal; keeps fire a good length of time. I consider the Bulldog has saved me about \$100 from prices quoted on other furnaces not as good."—R. Milani, Indian Head, Sask.

"The Greatest Furnace I Ever Used!"

"We have used the Bulldog Furnace all winter and it is the greatest furnace I ever used, and I have used a few in my time. I have run three Hotels and I never had anything like the Bulldog Furnace. Next fall I can get you five or six orders around here, as everybody has a fit when they come in my house, it is so nice and warm, just like summer. I only fix the furnace twice a day, morning and night, and I can hold fire in it for 48 hours and that is going some, but I can do it."—H. T. Smith, Valjean, Sask.

Bulldog Heats Better Than 4 Stoves!

"We never knew what comfort was until we got the Bulldog Furnace. Our house is one and a half stories and has seven rooms. We have never been able to keep the upstairs warm in the winter until we got the Bulldog Furnace. I used to run four stoves all winter and then the top flat was cold. I have taken out all but the cook stove and we had the window open all last winter on account of the house being too warm."—M. S. Dimmick, Box 68, Invermay, Sask.

Heats Seven Rooms Instead of One!

"Your letter received asking about the Bulldog Furnace. We have had ours in about six weeks and so far it does all Babson Bros. claim for it. We have seven rooms, four on the first floor and three on the second, and it heats them fine. As for being a fuel saver, we find it takes a little more coal to heat the whole house than it did to heat one room with a stove using chestnut coal."—J. B. Smith, 19 Elm St., Somerville, N. J.

That's just *one* example of the marvelous record now being made by the Bulldog Pipeless Furnace all over Canada and the United States. Here are a few more of the *hundreds* of letters in our files:

Keeps Warm While Neighbors Freeze!

"In regard to our Bulldog Furnace: The surprise came when Jack Frost really came upon us with his shrivelling cold. All our neighbors were complaining of the frozen state of their rooms in the morning after a 20° below night, or more, whereas we were able to get up in the morning and walk about anywhere in the house, without looking for a heater to comfort us. I wouldn't be without the good old Bulldog, having now experienced its capabilities and worth."—Arthur H. Walker, Redwater, Alta.

Cuts Coal Bills in Half.

"I had a hot air furnace in our 7 room house before I got the Bulldog and our house was always cold. With the Bulldog it only takes *half as much coal* and we had weather below zero, and the house was nice and warm in the morning when we got up. We never have the draft on more than a half hour at a time, and it has the place red hot. It is easy to regulate and keep the fire all day in mild weather."—Jess T. Conrad, 1211 W. Arch St., Shamokin, Pa.

No Money Down

Comes Completely Erected. You Install It Yourself

The Bulldog is sent to you for *free inspection*. Then, if satisfied, you make only small monthly payments at our remarkably low price. Write today! *Don't miss this chance to cut down your fuel bills! Get all the heat you want—right where you want it—and save money, too! Install a Bulldog Furnace.* It comes to you completely erected—goes through any door—fits any height of basement—and you install it yourself in less than two hours! In fact, H. B. Keater, of Libertyville, N. Y., says he installed his Bulldog in 28 minutes!

And the comfort you get! *Don't put up with the old fashioned stove heat or some outworn furnace—when you can so easily get the latest and greatest advance in scientific heating at an astonishingly low price.* The Bulldog burns almost *any* kind of fuel, from hard coal to cheap screenings. Keeps a wood fire over night. And it gives so much for so little fuel that Bulldog users are amazed. **We have factory connections in both east and west and we ship from the nearest point.**

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Without obligating me in any way, please send me free catalog and special offer on the Bulldog Pipeless Furnace.
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Let us show you how to have all the heat you want—where you want it—and when you want it—and save money! Learn how our amazingly low price has been made possible by standardization. Remember the Bulldog is *different—and better*—with many patented, exclusive features—all fully explained in our free book. Complete combustion of gases saves 25% of your fuel bill. The exclusive Gable-Top Radiator receives *all* the direct rays of the fire. The exclusive oblong fire-pot is not only ideal for coal, but enables you to keep a wood fire over night. But get our free book and find out *all* about this wonderful furnace. Remember—the Bulldog is sent for *free inspection*—then small monthly payments. Get ready *now* for the winter blasts to come! Give your wife and kiddies the best there is! Send the coupon *TODAY!*

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